MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

ISSUE #292
SEPTEMBER 2007

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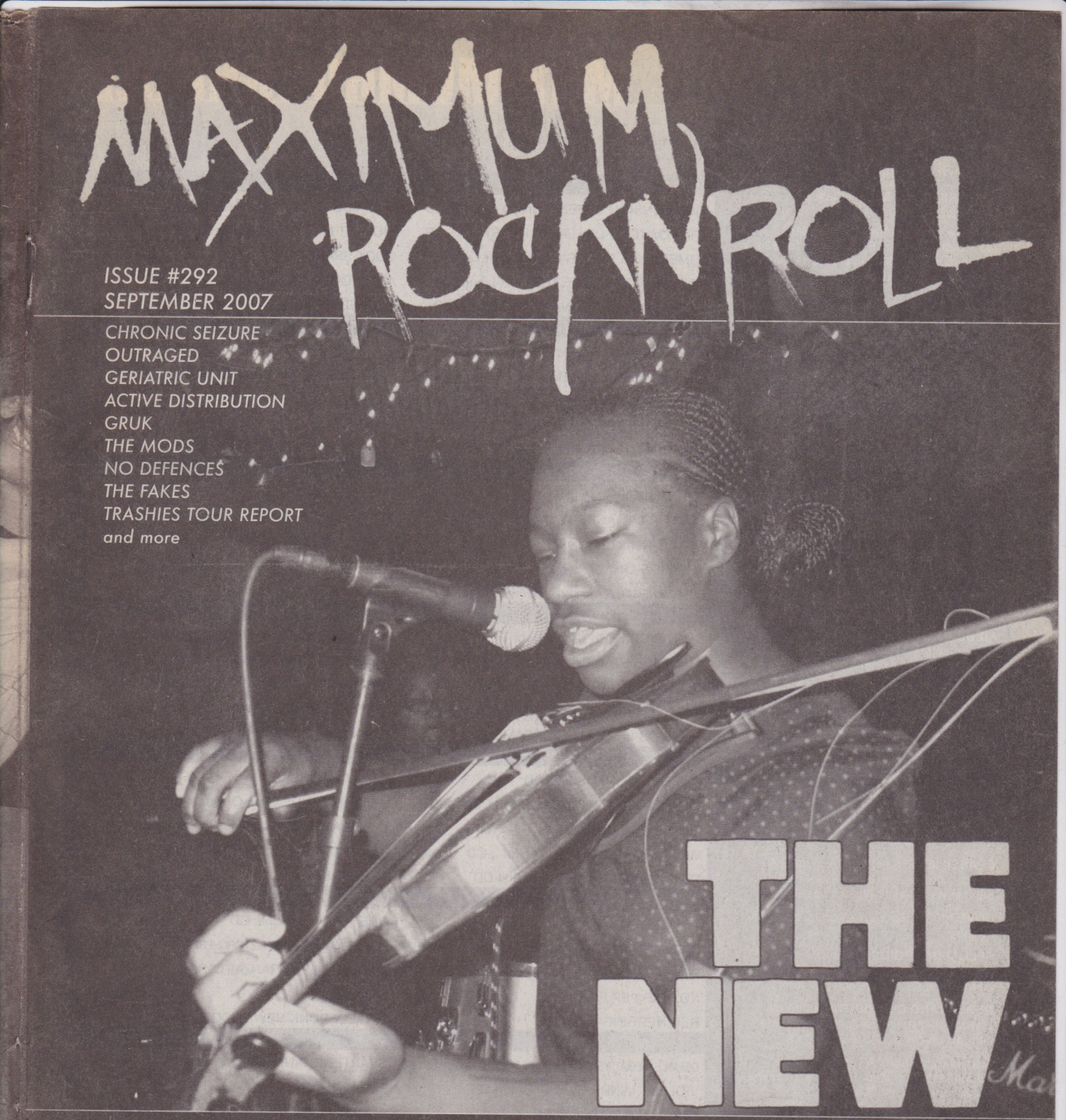

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 174-175, 179-197, 199-181, 184-210, 214-215, 218-227, 229-291
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- HIGH TENSION WIRES-Midnight Cashier-CD
- TRANZMITORS-LP / GIANT HAYSTACKS-LP
- ARMEDALITE RIFLES-Flux Idea for Cover-LP
- CONSTANT STATE OF TERROR-Liberation-EP
- SELF ABUSE-You Carve Me Into Pieces-EP
- THE KIDS-LP / GULAG-Nada Cambia-LP
- VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP
- COCK SPARRER-all
- ANTI YOU-Pig City Lifer-EP
- FUCKED UP-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE TIME FLYS-Rebels Of Babylon-LP
- CHEAP TIME-Spoiled Brat-EP
- GAYE BLADES-I'd Brave Anything For You-EP
- RED ROCKETS/TOUCH-ME-NOTS-split EP
- TUFF BANANAS-Dance to Rock 'n' Roll-EP
- THE ALRIGHTEES-Gonna Be Free-EP
- FLIPTOPS/YOKOHAMA HOOKS-split EP
- MOTO-7"
- THE KIDS-LP
- PLUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES-live

ROB COONS

- TRANZMITORS-LP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS-We Are Being Observed-LP
- GULAG-Nada Cambia-LP
- THE KIDS-LP
- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Wonderful and Frightening World of...-LP
- TERVEET KÄDET-all
- POHJASAKKA-Maailma Täynnä Vihaa-EP
- COCK SPARRER-all
- VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-live

PAUL CURRAN

- CHRONICITY-War on the Poor-EP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS-LP / THE NOJONS-EP
- DRUNKEN BOAT/BLOTTO-split EP
- THE ERGS!/GRABBASS CHARLESTONS-split EP
- THE KIDS-LP / KILLER DREAMER-LP
- LEBENDEN TOTEN-8" EP / MEN WHO LUNCH-CD
- ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE-Ghosts of the Sidewalk-EP
- THE POINTED STICKS-45 / RED HERRING-EP & 45
- RICH WHITE MALES -We Ain't No Musicians-EP
- THE SIDEWALKS-Rhythm Kids-LP / TRANZMITORS-LP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- THE HEX DISPENSERS-CD
- HIGH TENSION WIRES-Midnight Cashier-CD
- KILLER DREAMER-LP
- METHADONES-This Won't Hurt...-CD
- TERROR VISIONS-World of Shit-CD
- TRANZMITORS-LP
- VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP
- TUFF BANANAS-Dance to Rock 'n' Roll-EP
- DAN PADILLA / GLEAM GARDEN-split EP
- ARRIVALS-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- TERVEET KÄDET-all
- LEBENDEN TOTEN-Death Culture Deprivation-8" EP
- POHJASAKKA-Maailma Täynnä Vihaa-EP
- NO AGE-5 EP Frenzy
- RED HERRING-both EPs
- GREYHOUSE-double CD
- MISS ALEX WHITE & THE RED ORCHESTRA-Space & Time-CD
- MARBLES-LP / TRANZMITORS-LP
- SEX VID-live
- FINALLY PUNK/NEW BLOODS-show

CHRIS HUBBARD

- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Wonderful and Frightening World of...-LP
- VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP
- LEBENDEN TOTEN-8" EP
- THE POINTED STICKS-My Japanese Fan/Found Another Boy-45
- ANTI YOU-Pig City Life-EP
- SVARTENBRANDT-demo
- THE KIDS-LP
- AQUI D'EL ROCK-Ha Que Violentar o Sistema-EP
- THE JAM-Strange Town Chicago-LP
- SNAKE APARTMENT/CONVERSIONS-live

KENNY KAOS

- THE ELECTRICUTIONS-Sedition, Subversion, and Espionage-EP
- SNOWBALL-Baby's Got a New Deal-EP
- TUFF BANANAS-Dance to Rock 'n' Roll-EP
- BLONDSAI/THE LEXINGTON ARROWS-split EP
- THE CLASH-An Acoustic Toon-EP
- THE POINTED STICKS-45
- GAYE BLADES-I'd Brave Anything For You-EP
- FLIPTOPS/YOKOHAMA HOOKS-split EP
- BIG FUN-Passing The Time/Hold On-45
- CHEAP TIME-Spoiled Brat-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

ON VACATION

WILL KINSER

GULAG-Nada Cambia-LP	VAI VICTUS-Pro Patria Mori-EP
FATAL-Follow the Blind-EP	VIOLENT MINDS-LP / TERVEET KÄDET-all
POHJASAKKA-EP / COCK SPARRER-all	JEFFIE GENETIC & HIS CLONES-Killed By Jeff-LP
TRIOXIN 245-Ward off Evil-EP	PISSCHRIST-Pisslickin Singles-CD
DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Wonderful and Frightening World of...-LP	WHITEHORSE-live / RV EVANGELISTS-live

RAY LUJAN

TRANZMITORS-LP / THE TIME FLYS-LP	CIRCUS ACT-Sleepwalking the Tightrope-CD
HIGH TENSION WIRES-CD / SHARK SOUP-CD	MY BIG BEAUTIFUL-The Way Things Are-CD
MISS ALEX WHITE AND THE RED ORCHESTRA-CD	THE NOJONS-California 1983-EP
HOLLYWOOD GODS-CD / GUFF-Symphony of Voices-CD	BRIDGE AND TUNNEL-Location, Location, Location-EP
METHADONES-CD / CUBAN MISSLES -Applaud-CD	V/A-Summer Sounds Four Reasons for the Season Vol. 2-CD

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

OUTTA TOWN

MR. BRIGGS

VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP	SNAKE APARTMENT-split 7" & live
REALITY CRISIS-Discharge Your Frustration-CD	POHJASAKKA-Maailma Täynnä Vihaa-EP
FUCKED UP-Year of the Pig-12"	ANTI YOU-Pig City Life-EP
LEBENDEN TOTEN-8" EP	TERVEET KÄDET-all
DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Wonderful and Frightening World of...-LP	FIX MY HEAD-demo

BRUCE ROEHRS

ANTiSEEN/HAMMERLOCK-split EP	COCK SPARRER-Shock Troops-LP
VIOLENT MINDS-LP / DOUBLE NEGATIVE-LP	ANTI YOU-Pig City Life-EP
GULAG-LP / APPARATUS/PISSCHRIST-split EP	TIPPER'S GORE-Snapped in Half-LP
DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR-Count Me In-LP	TRIOXIN 245-Ward off Evil-EP
POHJASAKKA-Maailma Täynnä Vihaa-EP	86 MENTALITY-live / FUCKED UP-live x2

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

GULAG-Nada Cambia-LP	ANTI YOU-Pig City Life-EP
TERVEET KÄDET-all	FLIPTOPS/YOKOHAMA HOOKS-split EP
DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Wonderful and Frightening World of...-LP	SELF ABUSE-You Carve Me Into Pieces-EP
VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death-LP	POHJASAKKA-Maailma Täynnä Vihaa-EP
WE MARCH-The Choice-EP	APPARATUS/PISSCHRIST-split EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Dig It #40	*Profane Existence* #52/53
Dropout #3	*The Rise and the Fall* #10
Hluboka Obra	*Start by Walking* #2
Incoherence #2	*Toinen Vaihtoehto* #203
No Quarter #2	*Welcome to Flavor Country* #11

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiflo, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oi!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

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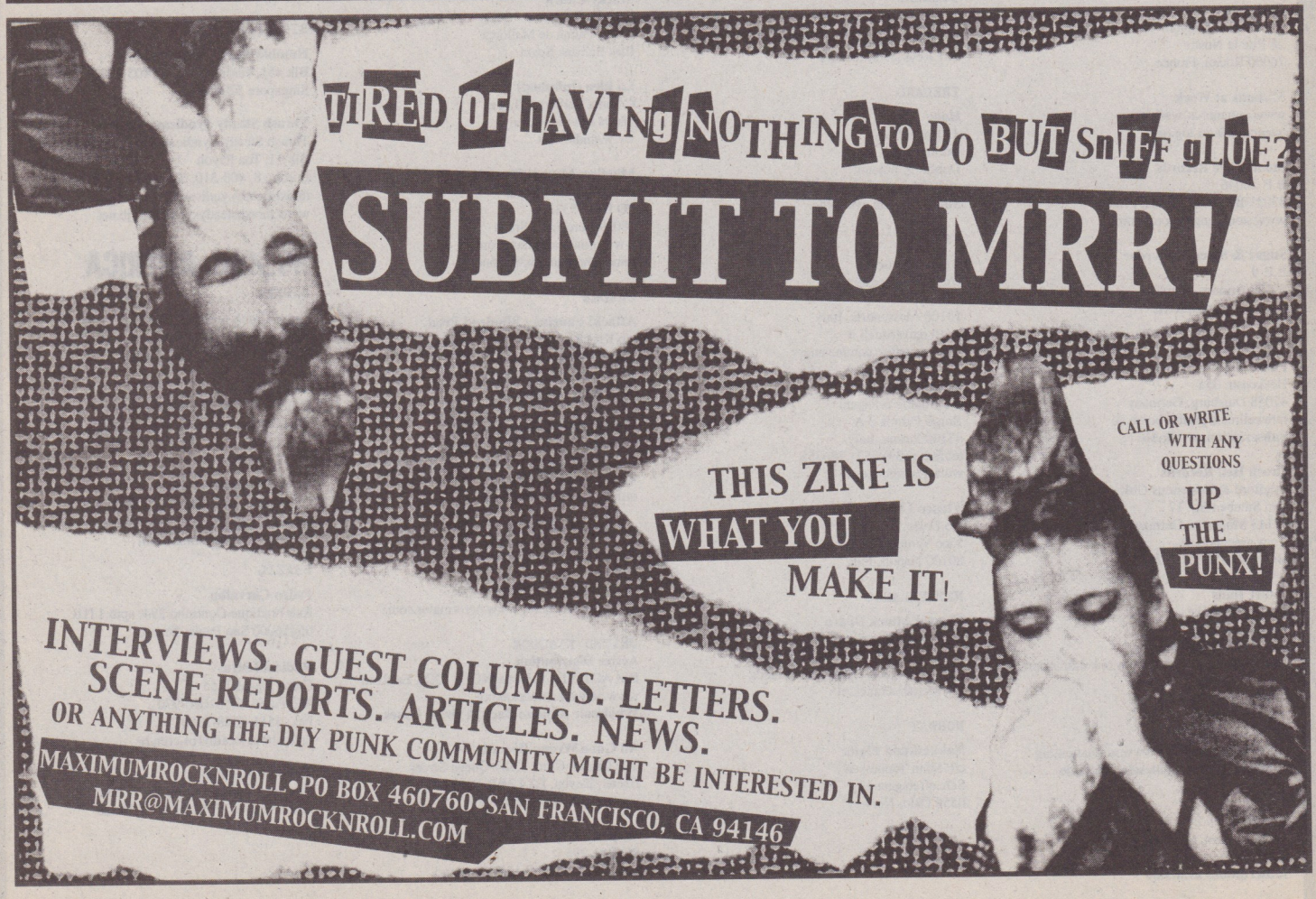

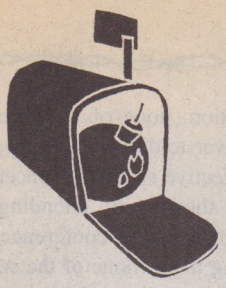

LETTERS

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MRR—

Greetings to those with fancy homes and IKEA furniture; as well as the true punks, thrashers, dirtheads, and otherwise disenfranchised music fans that are closer to the street level. It has been several years since I last picked up an issue of *MRR*, and many more since I last took the time to share my thoughts in this forum. Although sitting in front of the computer with a Northern Soul comp on the stereo and a Pall Mall in my hand is decidedly not the best way to spend a sunny afternoon, that's just how it is at the moment. I promise I'll go outside after this is all said and done.

While attending a benefit show for John the Baker at the Hazmat warehouse in Oakland, I ran into Prank Records mogul (ha ha) Ken Sanderson, and a conversation regarding the state of "da scene" ensued. I have a lot of respect for Ken and his contributions to our music scene, so I'm usually very interested in getting his perspective on the way things are locally. It was no coincidence that as Verbal Abuse bashed through their set, the subject of the conversation turned to the multitude of new-ish punk bands aping the sounds and fury of 1980s American hardcore. Ken has expressed his disinterest in this trend in a number of forums, and his reasons for it make sense. After all, he lived through '80s hardcore in its original form and context. It's no surprise that he's not terribly excited about the fact that a lot of bands and audience members are emulating the sound, as well as the fashion sense and outlook on life in general. On my end, I'm not exactly frothing at the mouth over the idea of a potential trend towards grindcore and powerviolence. The Slap-a-Ham Fiesta Grande, the summer of 1998, and the great Excruciating Terror are still too fresh in my mind for me to accept that. Therefore, I understand Ken's position completely. It's just that I'm younger and better looking. Ha!

I give Ken my respect, but I can't say that I offer as much to certain ex-members of bands that were Gilman regulars in the late '80s and early '90s. I'm not naming specific names in the hope that perhaps they will read this and get something out of it, and if I did name them, that'd give this rant and rave session an even more adversarial tone than it's about to take on. In print, some of these people offer sentiments along the lines of "back in my day, we were ORIGINAL, dammit! INNOVATIVE, BAH GAWD! Anything you whippersnappers do will forever reside in our ominous shadow!" Call me crazy, but I hardly think any of those bands popped out of the ground like a zombie in a bad Lucio Fulci movie, fully formed and never imitating the sound of one single band. Any truly astute listener of this music could tell you otherwise. But hey, don't let the facts get in the way of a good story, right? Face it, you are the punk rock equivalent of the now-60-year-old ex-hippie droning on and on about how *they* single-handedly ended the Vietnam War, formed the Black Panther Party, and pitched the first tent at Woodstock; while still having time to do a mountain of drugs, have sex with a bunch of toothless scags, and write a book about it all before grabbing a frappucino at Starbucks. Shut the fuck up. Take those experiences and use them for something better than simply beating us over the head with them, especially when you've done little to nothing of note since your most well known bands broke up more than a decade ago.

While I can only speak on the Bay Area punk scene, it is a fact that many of these bands are/were putting out their first 7-inches and going on their first tours. In other words, they're only doing the same thing you "old farts" did at their age! Why is it that the older punks were allowed to be inexperienced musicians playing the music they wanted and knew how to play before progressing and becoming better players, but not the next generation? I do wish that the local HC/punk bands would step out of the limited confines of '80s hardcore (heaven forbid you play a song that's at a slower pace, or longer than 90 seconds, or influenced by some non-HC entity!), but I also understand why they haven't. Unlike those that assume too much and clearly suffer from middle child syndrome...ponder that one for a moment.

At one point, I was in a position to potentially shape our local music scene and the way it was perceived by others, and spent a long time trying to do just that. After removing myself from that process, I'm having an interesting time in seeing and trying to predict the direction that things will take around here. I find myself most interested in seeing what people 8-10 years younger than me have to offer with their bands and other contributions. With that in mind, I'd like to take a moment to tip my hat to local bands like Crucial Cause, K-Bar, the Rotten Fux, Second Opinion (even though your Void cover blows major ass), Nightstick Justice, Steel Toe Disaster, Brutal Death, and Warkrime. Some of these younger folks are getting more involved by putting out zines (*Thrashers Monthly*, yes!), setting up shows wherever they can, and even building a practice pad and recording studio in their parents' houses! All of this is great to hear, and I generally feel like the future of our local HC/punk scene is in good hands. A lot of these bands are so solid; it's hard to believe they're as young as they are. I can't help but feel a bit envious of these kids at times though. When I was their age, young punk bands received little to no encouragement from our elders. If any of our bands ever actually got to play with the bands we liked to go see, it was often because we set it up ourselves at places that rarely lasted more than one or two shows. And we had no idea what we were doing. Gilman was no help in the slightest, and we didn't have a Burnt Ramen or Hazmat warehouse to teach us how to do things right. I'm not being bitter when I say that today's punk kids have it a helluva lot easier than we did. For their sake and longevity, I'm damn glad they do. Kudos to good older folks like Jeff and Athena/Six Weeks Records, Bill/Instant Asshole, Scotty Karate, Will from Born/Dead, John the Baker, and undoubtedly others for attempting to correct the mistakes of the past and trying to show these kids a better way. Sure, these young musicians are not particularly "original" or "innovative" with what they're doing, but a lot of them work hard at their craft and their hearts are in the right place. Just imagine how good their future bands will be as they get older, find out about different music, and try new things! This is why I see this "retro" thing as a period of transition hopefully leading to a bright future where bands do step out of the box more.

But I imagine that the old guard of the East Bay will simply thumb their noses at the very idea. After all, they did the same thing to us,

and why should I expect them to suddenly change?

All right, I've ranted on for long enough. Perhaps this has provided some food for thought. Feel free to write me with your thoughts, and despite my limited email access, I'll try to get back to you within a reasonable time frame. Thanks for reading, and have a good day. I'm going to keep my promise and go frolic in the sun now.

—Jake Kelly aka THEE EVIL LOKI
PO Box 71422
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Dear MRR—

Sad news. Scott "Slim the Drifter" Sturtevant recently passed away. Now, most of you have no idea about whom I am talking about. Some history: 1981, Bakersfield band by the name of the Lizerds breaks up. Scott starts a new band with two of the ex-members and calls it Teen Suicide. This new band is great and totally over-the-top crash-and-burn punk. I am pretty sure that they would be legends today had they released a record back in '81. Too bad. There are however some scarce as fuck recordings that are hopefully in transition to vinyl as I write this.

Anyway, Scott was a good guy and had many great stories to tell. Somehow I don't think he got to reveal them all. He will be missed by many.

—Mark Velo

Hi MRR—

I'm writing because of Bruce's column where he talks about ANTiSEEN's latest record. What's bugging me what he writes about the anti-immigrant song "Melting Pot."

"This tune is a poignant portrait of life in America in this deeply troubled day and age. This frighteningly accurate assessment of our world was co-written by Mr. Alan King of Hellstomper. *The lyrics deal with the loss of jobs and opportunities for the families that built this great country.*"

What the fuck??????? What families is he talking about? The Chinese, African Americans, Mexicans?

I usually don't bother reading his column anyway, except for laughs at his expense. But fuck man, in *MRR*?

Anyway, I wanted to say something because it bothers me.

Ok, bye!

—Nick

Dear Readers—

A few issues back, in my review of the Crow 12" I quoted Robbie Redcheeks and Rain on the Parade's line "Hardcore and metal will never gel." I realized after re-reading that review that the singer of ROTP was Ronnie Little and not Redcheeks. Oops. Crucify me!

—Justin Briggs

Dear MRR—

I enjoyed the Hit the Deck CD review in the June issue. Christian "punk" bands need to be called on that shit. Its too bad you guys didn't catch Dry Rot (members of Hit the Deck) at the same game. It was depressing to see a band blatantly thank Jesus Christ in their lyric sheet and get a good review in *MRR*.

—Eduardo
T-Town HC, CA

Dear MRR/Comrade Hooligan—

It seems "Lefty" just can't ever help himself from descending into anti-anarchist screeds... But that doesn't mean that anarchists in general, or those he directly attacks, should just walk away shaking our heads in dismay and incomprehension.

In contrast to having supposedly principled objections to the presence at a conference of one person (Bob Black) who has stepped over the arbitrary moral lines of those who sit in judgment of others' wrongs, what does it mean for the organizers of an ostensibly anarchist event to invite/sponsor/subsidize the presence and presentations of non-anarchists? I'm specifically referring to the historical dearth of (even tenuously self-identified) anarchists as featured speakers at the San Francisco Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair. No amount of objection (principled or otherwise) has substantially altered the constellation of speakers and authors who are politically unaffiliated as well as liberals, reformists, Maoists, and other authoritarians. Also included in this incoherent lineup is at least one person who took out a restraining order against a political opponent—but that's not snitching, right? Of course we can't expect "Lefty" to object to anything that happens at an event sponsored by the publisher of his novel.

As an original, and publicly known, co-organizer of the annual BASTARD anarchist theory conferences, I can attest to the fact that exactly zero principled complaints about Bob's presence at our event, or at the CAL Press table at the Book Fair the previous day, were directed to me, or even brought to my attention. In addition, none of the other co-organizers were ever told about the supposed "personal and collective security" concerns of people who had thought of attending and decided not to come to the conference as a result of Bob being there (none of the sectarians who refuse to attend our explicitly anti-sectarian event have ever needed this kind of excuse not to participate). Of course, nobody said anything directly to Bob either. Whoever these concerned anarchists were, and whatever their worries might have been, nobody ever expressed anything to us collectively or as individuals. There were, of course, plenty of the usual cowardly anonymous and pseudonymous attacks on us and our event, for the most part limited to internet forums. Due to the fact that no "protestations" were sent our way (in good faith) as subjects for discussion and possible resolution, it's hardly accurate to say that we "dismissed" them. There was simply nothing to dismiss. In the perspectives of moralists like "Lefty," however, we will forever remain "puerile nihilists." Oscar Wilde once quipped that "morality is simply the attitude we adopt towards individuals whom we personally dislike."

I am forced to wonder why it took "Lefty" two years to remark on Bob's presence at the 2005 BASTARD conference, at an evening of public speaking and music at the Long Haul info shop and at the SF Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair. I can't imagine that it's been gnawing at him for that long; his latching onto this un-"principled praxis" is just typical Leftist anti-anarchist opportunism.

As far as principled praxis goes, it depends on what one's principles are in the first place. Part of my principled praxis is to avoid telling deliberate lies about another person or their politics. Another is to avoid cheap shots, like condemning an entire political philosophy because of the mistakes of some people who espouse it.

Not knowing where "Lefty" places himself in the political world other than as part of the explicitly anti-anarchist Left, I can't say with any accuracy if the specific tendency he identifies with has a similar history of fuck-ups. So, "Lefty," which Leftist victories do you embrace as your own? Here's a sampling: Carranza smashing the original Zapatistas; Bolsheviks suppressing the independence of the factory committees and soviets, ambushing the Makhnovists, and massacring the Kronstadt Communards; the German Social Democrats crushing the Bavarian Council Republic; Mao abandoning the Shanghai Commune to the troops of the KMT; Lister conquering and destroying the Council of Aragon and its agricultural collectives; Ho Chi

Minh purging rebellious North Vietnamese peasants; Castro criminalizing anarcho-syndicalist unionists...

It is incontestable that many anarchist experiments fail because of anarchist stupidity. But none of the above examples and experiments melted away because of a lack of "principled praxis" or because of anarchist incompetence; they were all actively and deliberately destroyed by Leftists in the name of their revolutions. So many to choose from...

—Lawrence Jarach
co-organizer, BASTARD Anarchist Theory Conferences
co-editor, *Anarchy; A Journal of Desire Armed*
CAL Press
PO Box 3448
Berkeley CA 97403

"Lefty" Hooligan replies:

Lawrence Jarach's letter smacks of such State Department, even Christian, reasoning and moralism, it's hard to know where to begin.

I'm not making a moral judgment by calling Bob Black a police snitch. In Playing Ducks and Drakes, Black confirmed that "Right from the start I've acknowledged that I was a police snitch" in calling the cops on Jim Hogshire. To call Bob Black a police snitch, then, is simply to recognize what he himself acknowledges to be true, that he is a police snitch.

Oddly enough, after Jarach falsely implies that I stand in moral judgment of Bob Black, he chastises me for not passing moral judgment on, of all things, the Anarchist Book Fair's list of speakers, because I don't want to offend the publisher of my book. The implication here is that I'm not being fair, or even-handed, the evocation of a goody-two-shoes moralism that is mildly amusing coming from Jarach. Never mind that, in the past, I've dismissed the book fair as a joke, a circus, and a lifestyle zoo, and that the powers-that-be can rest easy knowing that this is what opposes them. Because I did not immediately and unequivocally denounce the Anarchist Book Fair's speakers list after I disparaged the BASTARD conference for having police snitch Bob Black as a speaker, any critique I might have can be dismissed.

That sounds an awful lot like the line of reasoning employed by government officials during the Cold War. Whenever someone criticized American domestic or foreign policy, the automatic reply was "But what about the Soviet Union? Why don't you criticize the Soviet Union?" Then the anti-American criticisms would be dismissed out of hand because those making them had not also denounced the Soviet Union.

This is State Department reasoning, and Jarach resorts to it in other parts of his letter. Those who refused to attend their self-proclaimed anti-sectarian conference are sectarian. Kind of like the US proclaiming itself and its allies to be "the free world," thus defining any opposition as unfree.

Bob Black is not just a self-acknowledged police snitch. The essay quoted above and many others make it clear that he's proud of being a police snitch, and that he would not hesitate to use whatever means necessary—presumably the police, the courts, and the federal government—against anyone he perceived as a threat. There are a number of people with personal and collective security concerns about Bob Black. What Jarach essentially claims is that those people did not express their concerns in the proper way, in person, and in good faith. Funny, that's pretty much exactly what the Bound Together book fair committee told BASTARD in response to their open letter. BASTARD didn't go to the book fair meetings to express their concerns and thus their open letter was not written in good faith.

"There were, of course, plenty of the usual cowardly anonymous, and pseudonymous attacks on us and our event, for the most part limited to internet forums." So writes Jarach. Never mind that a search of the broader debate about Bob Black on one of those forums, anti-politics.com, reveals that several individuals used their real names in expressing their concerns about Black. Never mind that, in all probability, Jarach knows most of the individual identities behind the pseudonyms. And never mind that Jarach himself uses the pseudonym "Grammar Hammer" to publish his own denunciatory screeds on that forum. For shits and giggles, lets do a comparison.

A BASTARD rep arrives at the wrong meeting, the Bound Together general meeting, with an open letter he wants to present. The representative BASTARD says that he will read their open letter out loud, but that he will only allow "clarifying questions" afterwards. This BASTARD rep insists that, because BASTARD as a group is entirely ad hoc, it doesn't really exist, and that he is not really a representative of BASTARD, so he can't talk to Bound Together, but only read the open letter written by a group that doesn't really exist. Then, when BASTARD doesn't get the response from Bound Together that they want, they post their open letter all around the internet, anonymously. There are no individuals with the guts to sign their names as writers of the letter. I'm glad to see that Jarach grew the cajones to sign his letter to MRR as co-organizer of the BASTARD Anarchist Theory Conferences. The BASTARD open letter, however, was a cowardly anonymous attack on the Bound Together book fair event, pure and simple.

I was an anarchist, of one shade or another, for twenty years. I was an ultraleftist for about as long. I don't call myself either, at the moment. I'm highly critical of both anarchism and left communism. At the same time, they're the only two revolutionary traditions for which I'd go to the barricades. That means that I identify with the original Zapatistas, the Makhnovichina, the Spanish Anarchists, Cuba's anarcho-syndicalist unions, the Russian revolutionary factory committees and soviets, Kronstadt, the Bavarian Council Republic, both Shanghai Communes, and rebellious North Vietnamese peasants.

But let me point out how Jarach plays fast and loose with sympathy for these revolutionary moments. First, over half, the last five out of the nine examples in fact, are not anarchist at all, would never have called themselves anarchist, and would have been insulted to be called anarchist. Anarchists have sticky fingers when it comes to revolutionary history. They tend to appropriate what's not nailed down under some other recognized political label.

As for the minority of examples cited by Jarach that are actually anarchist, he out-and-out bullshits us when he claims that "none of the above examples and experiments melted away because of a lack of 'principled praxis' or because of anarchist incompetence; they were all actively and deliberately destroyed by Leftists in the name of their revolutions." The best illustration to the contrary is the Spanish anarchist experience. After July 1936, there was a working revolutionary anarchist society on the ground throughout much of Spain. Yet the failure of Spanish anarchists to consolidate and defend their revolutionary society, and their willingness to defer to a Republican government dominated by hostile social democrats and Leninists, even to accept ministerial positions in that government, all but guaranteed that Lister would conquer and destroy the Council of Aragon and its agricultural collectives, and that Spanish anarchism would be sabotaged by Leftists in the name of their revolution.

I'll conclude with Jarach's most curious piece of logic, that I condemn an entire political philosophy because of the mistakes of some people who espouse it. When I used to argue with fundamentalist Christians, and after I'd detailed all the inquisitions, massacres and wars conducted in the name of Christianity, I would get the inevitable response that I shouldn't condemn all of Christianity because of the mistakes of a few Christians. At the time,

LETTERS

I decided to go beyond Orwell's quip that the worst advertisement for the Christian religion was its adherents, to contend that, after two thousand years of ignorance and brutality, it's well past time to condemn all of Christianity.

Let's give modern anarchism the benefit of the doubt and say it began in 1800, with William Godwin. After two hundred years of abject failure and utter defeat, it's time to acknowledge that anarchism is incapable of realizing a revolutionary anarchist society of any duration. What is needed is not more post-left anarchism, but a little post-anarchism.
—"Lefty" Hooligan

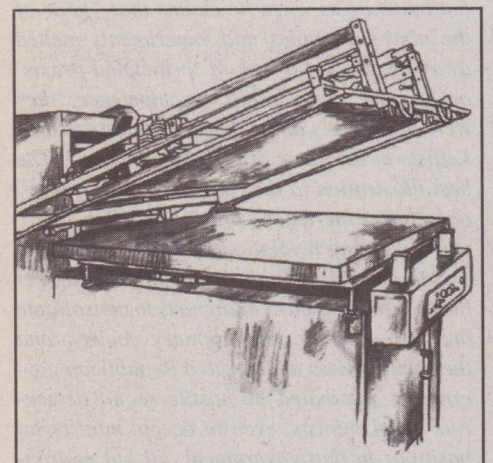
Dear MRR—
I don't understand why you have a full-bore metal column. Labels like Osmose, Century Media and Relapse do not need your support. They dish out good money for glossy ads in other mags, but you're giving them free publicity. Most metal bands don't embrace *MRR*'s values and in some cases they take a firm stand against them. All the recent gushing over DISSECTION's singer is particularly disgusting. He was only a racist murderer, but boy he had a great voice! Then there's quite a bit of space wasted on ANGELCORPSE, who's frontman's politics are highly questionable (look into ORDER FROM CHAOS, REVENGE, and his book *The Conqueror Manifesto* for more info).

Stop being hypocrites by supporting these jerks. Ditch the metal column.
Thanks for listening,
—Julie

Hi Julie,
Thanks for writing. It wasn't lost on me in espousing my admiration for bands like Dissection and Angelcorpse that some MRR *readers might be bothered by it. Jon from Dissection was not a racist, but it is true he was convicted of being an accessory to a murder. A guy from Fang is a murderer too but you still see Fang ads in* MRR *from time to time. Darkthrone always says "We are not a political band". Well, Don't Try is not a political column. It's a column about music, metal music, and that's all—just by writing about someone's art doesn't indicate agreement with whatever life philosophies they may hold. And yes, metal has never been so concerned with the values I believe you're referring to. However, plenty of people who like the music do have those values (all this talk of values has us sounding like the Bush regime—what happened to No Values?) but listen to metal anyway.*

Most of the people I surround myself with would call themselves punks, yet they all listen to metal (even if they won't all admit it). So, a metal column does have a place in MRR. *A lot of stuff in the regular reviews section is heavy enough musically to be called metal. As for the labels you mentioned, it's true those labels don't necessarily need* MRR*'s support, and I've called in the column to receive more from smaller DIY labels and that stuff is always given priority space wise. I go out and buy stuff for review as well. For every one Relapse or Osmose write up that makes it into the column there's 15-20 "big" label releases that get tossed - but again, because they're horrible, not because of the label. But if something worthy comes up on those labels, like the Disrupt reissues on Relapse, or the outstanding album by Melechesh on Osmose, then I'm going to talk about them because it's musically valid and I believe there's enough* MRR *readers out there that would be interested and into it. There's plenty of labels dishing out money for glossy ads that also advertise in* MRR.

So I don't think one little metal column in MRR *is going to bring about the collapse of your value system anytime soon, but I certainly can appreciate your opinion.*
—Dave



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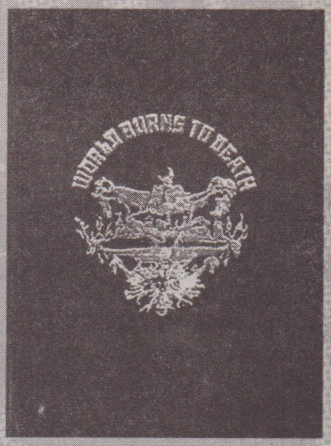

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COLUMNS

Before I composed last month's column, I didn't realize that it would appear in MRR's 25th anniversary issue and I can't let that milestone pass without comment. It's no lie when I say that I've been reading this esteemed publication since day one. Almost. I own every issue except the first one. I remember that when MDC came through town for the first time, in the late summer of 1982, they had copies of that first issue with them but, for some foolish reason, I didn't pick one up. I also remember seeing the first issue sitting on the floor of my old friend Chris Corkum's bedroom. When he was selling off some stuff a few years later—I got an original pressing of the Subhumans' *Incorrect Thoughts* off him for like four dollars—I didn't snag it then either.

Still, my purpose here isn't to beg and plead for a copy of the first issue. Merely grovel. Ah, fuck it, why not beg a bit. PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE!!! Someone sell me one for a price that won't bankrupt me. I also have an extra copy of the tenth anniversary issue of *Flipside* to trade. I'll xerox ya the first few issues of *Suburban Punk* and you can have a good laugh at my expense.

Sigh…let's move on. It's also no lie that this zine has meant a lot to me over the past quarter-century. People like to rip on it, question its relevance, question its dogmatism. One of my dear friends originally contacted me online because she was a fan of my column in another magazine that shall remain nameless here. When I told her that I felt more privileged to write for MRR, she sniffed that this zine is elitist. I told her that she was entitled to her opinion but getting the opportunity to take up 4000 or so words of valuable space in each issue was something that I truly appreciated.

MRR really meant a lot to me during those first few years after college, where I had a lot of confusion/anxiety over what direction my life would be taking. Was it going to be a so-called straight career path? Within six months after graduating, that was clearly not the case—or so I thought. I still ended up taking a job at a bank as a teller and simultaneously got a one-room studio apartment in Lynn, MA. I alluded to that period of my employment history in my column for this past April.

In any case, by then hardcore and punk had become a bigger part of my life. My zine, *Suburban Punk*, was around five months old and I'd already managed to publish three issues. I actually started about a month after MRR so this year also marks the 25th anniversary of my own zine and, yes, I'm going to try like hell to actually publish a print issue to mark the occasion. The first record I played in my new apartment was "What We Want Is Free," by Articles of Faith, and I remember the sun shining into the apartment while the strains of "Bad Attitude" reverberated off the walls. I was on my own—and there were no parents to order me to turn down the racket. In fact, in my two and a half years in that place, I only got one request from a neighbor to turn it down. Considering that I often put on Blitz's "Fight To Live" at 7 am at a pretty loud volume to help me face eight more hours of work that I disdained, that's quite remarkable.

I remember bringing my copies to work with me at the bank where I worked and perusing it in the lunch room, wondering if I'd be in trouble if one of the bank's officers came in and saw the cover of whatever issue I was reading. How would they react to the cover of issue #6, the infamous "The Dicks: A Commie Faggot Band???!"? Nah; one of 'em, Tom, was probably too busy harassing female employees. I found out later on that he got into some hot water over that. Anyway, all of those issues are in plastic bags but quite yellowed since I didn't take care of 'em for a long time. That musty newspaper smell isn't all that pleasant on the occasions when I'll pull them out of the plastics, but it's more than compensated for by having an opportunity to once again read a first-hand history of hardcore as it was unfolding.

It's a time capsule, if I can indulge in cliché here—hell, this column is already an exercise in self-indulgence, but there's a *point* to it, dammit. Maybe I had something of a knee-jerk reaction after reading the anti-corporate, anti-governmental screeds that appeared in the pages of this zine, along with the eye-opening coverage of a burgeoning national and international punk and hardcore community. A community that wasn't always all that communal—with all the different factions, arguing back and forth and the like. Right-wing skinheads, who denied they were punks, doing battle with anarcho/peace punks and the like. But, hell, I felt as though I belonged. I like to say it planted a seed of sorts—made me realize that I didn't have to do what was expected, that my life was my own, to state it in simple terms.

It's incredible and interesting how things have changed, not only with the zine itself but also the methods of communicating, of exchanging music and the like. One of my favorite things back then about MRR and even more so, *Flipside*, was the fact that both zines were a great source for making connections with people and bands. *Flipside* had an extensive classified section. MRR didn't add classifieds until later on, but I'd write to people who had penned scene reports. And it wasn't just for ads to sell records and the like, but a tool to find people to communicate with.

Ah, yes, the dark days before the internet. I just recently did a guest lecture at a punk rock class—another sign of the times, I suppose—about the importance of zines in punk's history, and talked about how, with the advent of so much online content, the printed zine had diminished in importance, sadly enough. I talked about a thing called pen-pals where I'd write letters and wait a few weeks for a reply. I started corresponding with people all over the country and overseas, swapping tapes, records, zines and flyers. I even put in my own classifieds from time to time and folks found me that way. Thanks to those contacts, I have some pretty cool records from Finland, Sweden, Italy, Germany, the UK, Australia and other places. The high point of my day would be to come home and there would be packages waiting for me by the mailboxes. I still have almost all of the records. I still have all those mix tapes. I still have all the flyers. I suppose I'm something of a packrat, but not on a pathological level. Everything's where I can find it. Unfortunately, I didn't save that many of the letters I received back then. I also regret the fact that I haven't stayed in contact with any of my old correspondents. Actually, that's not entirely true. Once in a great while, I will hear from an old pen-friend. I even found one of them on MySpace recently. We've stayed in touch sporadically over the years but it'd been awhile since I'd last heard from him. I also had a brief relationship with a young woman from Sacramento with whom I've corresponded and stayed friendly over the years.

Indeed, these days, it's email, MySpace and file sharing. The immediacy is cool but it doesn't have the same feeling, of course. Back then, it was cut and paste. Even MRR had a paste-up format and it was fairly primitive in those early issues. Computers make it easier and add to a sharper, dare-I-say more professional look, I suppose—but I kind of miss the days of the Xacto knife and *eau de rubber cement*, as my wife

Ellen called it. I know that there are people who still use mail instead of email, who still cut and paste, who eschew net content for print, and I think that's also cool.

There are other differences—not as many scene reports anymore and a much smaller letters section. I don't know if that's because there are fewer letter-writers or the coordinators just don't feel it's worth the space. I suppose I should have asked Chris or Golnar, before she left, about that. The spirited letters, in the early issues, were always a source of entertainment and outrage. It also made me realize that the same themes kept repeating themselves: What's punk and what isn't? What's selling out? And a question raised as early as issue #14, in the spring of '84—Does punk suck? That's something that *hasn't* changed—those questions are still batted around. And now there's a barcode—which I'm sure that one of the zine's founders, Tim Yohannan, would *not* have approved of.

Of course, I can't write about *MRR* without mentioning Tim. He was certainly a polarizing figure. He was dogmatic and seemingly intransigent in his beliefs. I didn't always agree with the guy, but he always treated me very well. I was contributing to the zine by then, doing scene reports and the occasional interview, so I was already acquainted with him. On my first trips to the Bay Area in '85 and '86, I stayed at two of the old MRR headquarters, the one in Berkeley and the SF one on Clipper Street—damn, that was one hell of a hill to walk up. Tim made me feel at home. People would always comment about his hilarious seal-like laugh and that was one of the first things I also noticed when I met him. I wasn't really following baseball at that point, but he seemed excited that the Red Sox were in the '86 World Series against the Mets (let's not mention Bill Buckner, OK?) and, now that I'm more of a diehard Sox fan than ever, I'll note that any native of New Jersey who roots for the Sox is OK in my book.

Tim made fun of my Mass. accent, which was a lot worse then than it is now. I cringed when I recently listened to a tape of one of my two appearances on the MRR radio show back then (I've also recorded some sets for the show in recent years) and understood why he joked about it. For my second appearance, he came up with the brilliant (devious?) idea of having me interview the Virginia band Unseen Force, even though I'd never heard their music and only knew some of 'em were in White Cross. Incredibly, I managed to get through it without making a complete idiot of myself—at least I don't think I did.

Tim did give me crap about being a fan of Agnostic Front and the FU's—I think he believed I was some kind of right-winger or at least tolerant of those elements because of the reputation of certain segments of Boston's hardcore scene. That was far from the case, though. And when my politics took a sharper turn to the left after the '94 Republican takeover of Congress and their Contract ON America, he made a positive note of it in a letter to me just before he passed away. I'm running the risk of being called emo, but I cried when I got the sad news about his death in 1998.

MRR lives on, though, and I'm grateful for that. Once I'm finished here, I think I'm going to take some more early issues out of the plastic sleeves and ponder how things have changed and how they've stayed the same (for good and bad). Look at the ads and fantasize that I could still send off money to the addresses listed for the records I'd missed out on getting back then. It's a trip seeing Die Kreuzen's *Cows and Beer* EP and AOF's *Wait* EP advertised for $2.50. Realize that Mykel Board will probably still be an MRR columnist after all of us have passed on. And hope that people never stop being inspired, outraged, getting a laugh, or all of the above from reading this publication…

MUSIC REVIEWS

ALARME-Walk Together, Thrash Together (Give Praise, 7" EP)

There's definitely a predilection towards an older hardcore sound here, and it's not given away only by the title and Deep Wound cover, although the latter is part of the equation. Plenty of thrash, some double-speed and slower parts as well, and tightly played. The production is in-your-face without being too slick. Lyrics in Portuguese, with English explanations. Could have been part of the thrash "revival" in the earlier part of the decade but the songs have more presence than a lot of those bands. (PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 02630-0494, www.givepraiserecords.com)

BILL BONDSMEN / OUT COLD-split (Schizophrenic, 7" EP)

For a band that has been around for awhile, the Bill Bondsmen's output has been a bit scant. They have a slightly different twist on hardcore. I've always had a tough time trying to describe this band's sound. There's a complexity here, with jolting stops and starts and an abundance of burn. "Owaranai Wa," the second of the pair of songs here, has a melodic intro and bridge, sandwiched between the speedier segments and Gabby's braying vocal. Meanwhile, the always reliable Out Cold slams out three more songs. "Instinct" is a standard Out Cold speed bomb. The short "You Have My Word," meanwhile, is a hard-rockin' medium speed tune and "Make It Disturbing" follows more of a galloping tempo, a cool combination of clipped guitar lines underpinned with hornets'-nest buzz, and it comes out sounding different from their typical stuff. (17 W. 4th St., Hamilton, ON L9C 3M2, CANADA, www.schizophrenicrex.com)

CHRIST ON PARADE-Sounds Of Nature (Prank, LP)

Sounds Of Nature was originally released as an 11-song 12" on Pusmort in the mid-80's, and has been out of print for a long-ass time. This reissue has that recording on one side and, on the other, there are two songs from a *Thrasher* compilation, the *Isn't Life A Dream* EP that came after *Sounds Of Nature* and an unreleased cover of the Avengers' "The American In Me." Also, as reported in an MRR review, the tracks on *Dream* are an earlier mix with original mouth Barrie on vocals. Looking at the photos on the insert, the guys don't look as though they were out of their teens when they played these songs with skull-rattling aggressiveness. An ugly clatter with flailing guitar and bass-lines, trash-can drum bash and Barrie's semi-hoarse vocals. Listening to this album made me realize that some of the more recent Bay Area rippers drew some inspiration from this band. More than 20 years later, I'm also drawing inspiration from their no-bullshit sound. (PO Box 410892, San Francisco , CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

CHRISTIAN CLUB-Final Confession (Sorry State, 7" EP)

This San Diego band were around for three years—they had a previous 7" on Get Revenge Records—and here are the last rites for Christian Club. Clever? Nah. Every song has a bug up its ass about religion, taking aim at Jehovah's Witnesses, Catholics and people who put Jesus fish on their cars. Revved-up thrash with brute force and rage and pissed-off vocal tradeoffs. (1102 N. Greensboro St., Carrboro, NC 27510, www.deepfrybonanza.com/sorrystate)

DESTROY L.A.-Vandalize (No Way, 7" EP)

Snotty skate trash. Ranty vocals that sound like they could be coming from the kid brother of Martin from Career Suicide. The thumpa-thumpa bass and drums are actually the prominent instruments here, along with the stripped-down guitar sound. Actually, there's only one song about skating—the rest deal with personal and interpersonal pressures and disappointments. Good stuff. (3211 Idlewood Ave., Richmond, VA, 23221, www.nowayrecords.com)

EVEN KEEL-Pain Cave Sessions (demo)

A new Boston hardcore band with Andrew Jackmauh (ex-Cut The Shit) on vocals. A slightly different approach, here. A few of the songs remind me of Career Suicide, in that it's a combination of thrash and some rock 'n roll ("Circle The Drain," especially). No lack of aggression and I'm looking forward to hearing a better-quality recording from them 'cause these songs hit hard. (tightenthescrews@gmail.com)

FINAL SOLUTIONS-Songs By Solutions (Goner, CD)

Hyper punk minimalism done with a variety of styles—for instance, there's the stomping garage punk of "In A Coma" and they follow that up with the mechanical drum drill-press of "Lightning Bug." The whompalama of "Rubber Stamp Test" begins with a hearty 1-2-3-4 as the drums bash (provided by the always-busy Jay Reatard) through the floor. The single note piano plink for the final song, "I Am the Now," momentarily conjures the Buzzcocks' "Something's Gone Wrong Again" in a different jarring and thumping setting. Nervy, driving and buzzing a hole through your brain. (2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104, www.goner-records.com)

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-s/t (Tuska &

Ahdistus/Hate/Spild Af Vinyl, LP)

After a few 7"s, Kykloopp... um, I'll shorten it to KS (yeah, I'm lazy) have unleashed a hell-ride of an album. Frantic and frenetic hardcore presented in hammering and crazed permutations. Comparisons are lame, I suppose, but I thought of Kaaos' craziness, Void without the feedback, and NoMeansNo, due to the complex rhythms and heavy bass-lines. It's more in spirit, just a part of the muse instead of the whole description. This isn't accessible, it doesn't follow a simple pattern, it's just chaotic. Great packaging with a colorful sleeve that has raised letters and a foldout insert. The lyrics are in Finnish and have English translations. A summary could be "My Head Is A Bomb," which states "my mind is loaded fully, it's rims are squealing just to keep everything in." OK, it doesn't translate perfectly but you get the idea and there are also critiques of consumer culture, environmental destruction and dehumanization in the face of oppressive forces. I cheated and found out that a couple of these guys were in the 80's Finnish hardcore band Tampere SS. This is quite a bit different and shows that making in-your-face music isn't bound by age. (Karhuntie 5 B 24 65350 Vaasa, FINLAND, www.elisanet.fi/tuskajaahdistus)

POLICE & THIEVES-s/t (Higher Conscience, 7" EP)

These guys are from DC and take a page from some of the late 80's "emo-core" bands but it's fused with a punchy, energetic hardcore sound. Police & Thieves' songs veer more towards the latter and that adds to the songs' impact. I suppose I dropped the "e" word because of former Worn Thin vocalist Carlos' emotion-packed vocals that surge over the music like a clarion call. (2821 13th St, NW, Washington, DC 20009, www.higherconsciencerecords.com)

REAGAN SS-Bon Apetit (Rabid Dog, 7" EP)

Fast and ripping—sometimes to the point where things are so sped up that Matt Average is struggling to get in all the words. The music is played with a lethal precision. The opening song, "Don't Harsh My Mellow" begins with a classic floor-pounding intro and middle part. The two songs on the b-side are so short, I barely had time to sit down. Come to think of it, this isn't music to listen to in a passive manner. It does command attention. (PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117, rabiddogrecords @yahoo.com)

RELIGIOUS AS FUCK-s/t (Vinyl Rites, 7" EP)

Hammering thrash with dramatic riffing and near off-the-rails speed, but not hitting the grind realm. "Save Your Breath" adds a little bit of locomotive speed metal before hitting the breakdown. I mention grind because two of the guys from this band are (were?) in Asshole Parade. In any case, it's raw and chaotic. Consider this another missive from the church of hardcore and I'm still a strong believer. (PO Box 924, Gainesville, FL 32602-0924, vinylrites@gmail.com)

SOCIALCIDE-Sick Of The Pressure (Even Worse, 7" EP)

A vinyl pressing of Socialcide's demo, which I reviewed a while back. Nice to have a more permanent record (pun intended) of the band's fast, old-school hardcore sound. East coast style—a mix of early New York and Boston sounds. "World Of Hate," for instance, bears some resemblance to DYS' "More Than Fashion." Wrapped up with a cover of fellow Virginians White Cross's "Jump Up." (Noel de Boer, Saenredamstraat 44-2, 1072 CH Amsterdam, HOLLAND, www.geocities.com/evenworserecords)

TOTALITÄR-Vi Är Eliten (Prank, CD)

The deal here is Totalitär played their last shows in 2003—including two raging performances at the Pointless Fest in Philly—then decided to record one last studio album, which they did in 2006. One more ride on the D-Beat-Go-Round. An up-the-middle charge of prime Swedish hardcore with speed, as well as punkier elements, such as on "Fienden" ("The Enemy" in English—they have English translations and synopses). I know at least a few people who may try to write multi-paragraph dissertations on the assorted nuances found on this album but, seriously, Totalitär aren't re-writing the book here—nothing will surprise you. Still, turn it up, do the D-Beat fist pumping and have a blazing good time. (PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

TRAGICS-Mommi I'm A Misfit (Loud Blaring Punk Rock, 7" EP)

This band was actually *known* as the Misfits and but there was apparently some band from New Jersey that had the same name—or so I heard. In any case, this was recorded in 1981 and the four songs here are trashy, tuneful punk rock with plenty of lovely guitar distortion. Liz Davies' vocals sound like a cross between Poly Styrene of X-Ray Spex and Pauline Murray of Penetration. After a poppier start with "Pretty Boys," the songs get harder edged, particularly for the title track, and the Liz's exhortation of the song's title and the "just kiss your ass goodbye" refrain for "Laughing Lover" both stick with ya. Packaged in a cool hand-screened sleeve. Killer. (PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12208, www.loud-punk.com)

VIOLENT MINDS-Eyes Of Death (Parts Unknown, LP)

If this album had come out in either 2005 or 2006, it would have been a contendah for record of the year. When this year wraps up, it'll receive similar consideration or at least be on my best-of list. A long delay—"Eyes Of Death" was supposed to come out on another label and I've had MP3s of it for two years. Finally, Parts Unknown has unleashed this hardcore punk rager. Most of the songs have a jogging rhythm—what I mean by that is they fit in perfectly when I pick up the pace for one of my walks, as I try to keep up with the driving drums/bass tandem. The guitar riffs possess a brilliant simplicity, throwing in the occasional lead line. There's a perfect balance between the instruments and Zach's hoarse vocals. The last track, "Wolfblood," flexes some New Wave of British Heavy Metal muscle. The only complaint is the smidgen of surface noise on the colored vinyl in my possession but, dang, this was worth the fucking wait. (PO Box 4835, Toms River, NJ 08754, www.partsunknown-records.com)

Department Of Corrections: In my July column, I reviewed a demo by a band called Civic Progress from St. Louis but listed them as Civic Crisis. And that's not to be confused with Civil Crisis from Massachusetts. Or Life Crisis. Or Life Trap. In any case, my apologies. To get a copy of CIVIC PROGRESS's demo, email civic progress@hotmail.com.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903
suburbanvoice@earthlink.net
Sonic Overload radio: http://sonicoverload.moocowrecords.com.

I heard the news recently that *Punk Planet* magazine just printed its last issue, deciding to call it quits after attempting to navigate the financial devastation of the current magazine distribution field of the recent past. And they are just the latest in a very long list of magazines and larger fanzines that have closed their doors in the last year or so, a list that includes *Kitchen Sink, Clamor, HeartattaCk, Venus,* and a number more. Now, I'm sure most MRR readers have various opinions about the above publications, but regardless of scene or taste, the fact is that it has become virtually impossible to sustain a small-sized independent publication in the United States, so much have postage and printing costs skyrocketed in recent years, and so much have distributors let down the magazines that they are distributing. To put it mildly, independent media—always fighting an uphill battle—has not had its best year.

People have been proclaiming the death of print media for what seems like forever—a decade or more, even. As of this writing, print is not yet dead, but it is becoming increasingly irrelevant to a lot of people's lives—honestly, it is not clear to me where print will be five, ten, or fifty years from now. I hate to think of books, magazines, or fanzines as vanity projects instead of legitimate forms of communication, learning, or pleasure, but with how prohibitively expensive producing or procuring them has become, I'm afraid that's the direction we're heading (if we're not there already).

I was thinking about this all when someone asked me recently what my favorite current

zines are, a question that made sense considering all of the time I've spent cutting and pasting myself in my life, both at Maximum and for my own zine. It was a question, though, that proved not as easy to answer as it should be, so much as the zine world changed (gotten smaller) since I first got into punk in the mid-'90s, a time when you couldn't move five inches into a show space without five different people shoving their zines in your face. I'll admit, I'm OK with there not being too many zines—living through the '90s and then being a zine reviewer at MRR taught me that a *lot* of zines are pretty awful—but it is sad that there are now too few. Most of my favorite punk fanzines of the '00s—*Hazardous Waste* from Massachusetts, *Game of the Arseholes* from New York/Jersey, *Kangnave* from France—haven't put out an issue in years. To paraphrase Stuart Arsehole from a zine writer roundtable printed in Maximum a few years ago, if *we* don't write about Besthovën, who will? What's more, aside from the lack of punk music fanzines, there are so few good non-music zines out there that it kind of blows my mind. I mean, trainhopper crusties still write about dumpstering bread and the benefits of polyàmory, but *I don't care*, and besides, is that really the best we can do?

This doesn't mean, however, that great zines aren't out there. I eagerly devour a number of punk fanzines, my favorite being *Distort* from Australia. Dan is a completely genius writer, maybe the best writer I've ever read who writes about Gauze and 9 Shocks Terror—you know, the really important stuff—and prolific to boot. And maybe if we're truly lucky, this column (or MRR readers deluging her inbox) with will convince Layla to do another issue of *Chimps*, which I believe is "in the works." And as for non-music stuff, there is the hilarious and inimitable *Fag School* from the Bay Area, Janelle's awesome and long-running *Tales of Blaarg*, and MRR columnists' zine-writerly contributions—Kat's *Snapshots*, Arwen's *Ration*, etc. I just realized—does that mean that five out of six of my favorite current zines are based in the Bay Area? I guess so, and make that six of seven—I almost forgot MRR!

I'm jumping around a lot here, because there is obviously a world of difference between a magazine like *Kitchen Sink*, for example, and a photocopied fanzine like *Distort*. But I can't help but worry about the landscape of DIY and independent print, especially since the written word is so often where I go for inspiration (not to mention information). I think MRR is lucky—like other good punk fanzines—in that unlike so many of the magazines that have gone out of business in the last few years, it has a loyal and unyielding readership: the punx. And zines have always been an integral part of what keeps the DIY punk scene moving forward. Nonetheless, now is as good of a time as any to remind everything to keep reading and keep writing (and cutting and pasting), because we who care about these things have to be more vigilant than ever, lest we lose them forever.

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On an unrelated note, my friend RJ just sent me a link to a bunch of YouTube videos to a band called Dara Puspita, a primitive Indonesian teenage all-girl '60s garage punk band that released a number of mind-bending and now impossible to find LPs back in the day. So the story goes, all of their parents were really against their being wild rockarollers, but they finally relented and the girls went on to play lots of shows—where from the sound of it in the accounts I could find online, they invented pogoing!—and release six LPs. Go to YouTube and search their name, and you'll find basically all of their recordings (my favorite being the Dara Puspita *A-Go Go* 10"). Let me reiterate: DIY teenaged Indonesian girls in the mid-'60s bashing out inept, primitive rock 'n' roll (and some sweet pop ballads as well). What's not to like?

Up the punks,
Golnar Nikpour / 419 Hancock St. #4 / Brooklyn, NY 11216.
golnar@maximumrocknroll.com

Thoughts on the Pieing of Medea Benjamin

When a friend of mine mentioned that Medea Benjamin, cofounder of Global Exchange and CODEPINK: Women for Peace (or Global Trade-Off and Code Pinkerton, as someone posts on San Diego IndyMedia), got a pie smashed in her face at the US Social Forum in Atlanta on Saturday, my first thought was: what a brilliant target! When I read the statement of Bakers Without Borders and Co-Optation Watch, the group(s) responsible for the action, I got even more excited. The statement begins:

"[We] demand accountability from a self-appointed 'spokesperson' whose actions further the commodification of resistance and sabotage our movement's sustainability and credibility. This person's actions benefit the NGO Industrial Complex at the expense of real democracy and solidarity."

While the US Social Forum brought together over 10,000 activists from across the US (and around the world), and I'm looking forward to hearing inspiring (and aggravating) stories from friends who attended, there is also no doubt that the event served as a platform for an endless variety of "nonprofit" shenanigans, and I think Medea Benjamin is the perfect target for a critique of the nonprofit industrial complex (the way in which nonprofits have become a self-serving mechanism that facilitates the dumping of billions of dollars into projects that support the status quo rather than challenging it). While I will admit to sometimes being inspired by Medea's interruptions in the halls of Congress (there's Medea getting arrested again, I think while listening to Free Speech Radio News—at least she's using her privilege for something useful), she's also a grandstanding, jetsetting, new-agey gender essentialist who certainly embodies the contradictions of the funded liberal left.

But the video of Medea getting pied did not leave me with the glee I'd expected; instead I found myself sobbing. I couldn't help but respond viscerally—it didn't really look funny, it looked like an assault. Maybe it was the context—before the pieing, Medea was not giving a speech, she was chatting casually with a bunch of CODEPINK supporters and then boom, pie in her face! Maybe it's that I don't hate Medea like I hate some of the other eminent targets of pieing, like San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown, who famously declared, "If you can't afford to live in San Francisco, then leave." Maybe it's that, since I found myself empathizing with Medea, I couldn't help wondering what a surprise pie in my face would feel like—how much would it hurt, and for how long—how deeply would it trigger my chronic pain? Would it be hard for me to breathe? And, most importantly, would it feel like an assault? Would it give me flashbacks of getting bashed, make me scared to be in public?

I don't necessarily have the answers to these questions, and I still think the action was well-executed and effective, it just brings up questions for me about the borders between violent and nonviolent direct action. While I believe in nonviolence, I don't believe in Nonviolence. What I mean is that my version of nonviolence is very different, much more situationally specific than the version of nonviolence championed by the liberal establishment (to put this a different way, I do believe that there are legitimate arguments for both "nonviolent" and for "violent" resistance).

Of course, it's possible to see almost every action as either violent or nonviolent, depending on the circumstances and who gets to decide. While mainstream media (and liberals like Medea) would like us to think that property destruction is violent, I think that property destruction is the ideal nonviolent action (the more property, the better), as long as no one is injured. Someone else might respond that property destruction, even when no one is directly injured, still terrorizes people, causes long-term traumatic effects.

I don't believe that if a cop or a basher or a battering lover smashes you in the face with a baton or a fist or a brick, it is violent to respond in any way that gets you out of harm's way. It may be more violent not to respond. This is not as simple as self-defense; I think there is also such a thing as self-offense.

I don't know exactly where all of this leads, I guess it's just what came up for me when I watched Medea Benjamin get pied. Strangely, I find myself nervous about expressing empathy for Medea, as if articulating a radical politic should not involve such messy or conflicted emotions.

In Medea's response, she does echo some of

my thoughts about the potential violence of pieing, but she also spins some grotesque liberal garbage, such as when she says, "I actually feel sorry for people who harbor so much resentment and come from a place of such anger."

Anger is where resistance comes from, last time I checked.

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Check out my new anthology, *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, and tell me what you think! You can also check in on me via my blog, nobodypasses.blogspot.com. The expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* has been delayed once again—who knows when it will appear. But my new novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*, will be published by City Lights in Fall/Winter 2008! I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.

USPS Killing Me Slowly...

This month I want to talk a little bit about the new US postal rates. Before you flip the page to some more titillating column, hear me out, as this is a bigger deal than you would think. Most people noticed the price of a first-class letter went up a few cents and it costs a bit more to mail parcels than it used to. But behind the scenes, the post office has restructured their parcel shipping. Some radical changes have been made that are going to have rather serious consequences for a lot of people both buying and selling records.

The main change other than a regular price rise is that the USPS has eliminated surface mail to overseas destinations. Some years ago there was a feature called Surface Book Rate which was basically an overseas version of the popular domestic Media Mail" class. Surface Book Rate was meant as a way to send records, books, and other bulky items cheaply overseas. It was eliminated in the early 2000s. Surface Parcel Post remained and was a relatively affordable way to ship heavy bulky items overseas, particularly books and records. With the May 2007 round of postal increases, the USPS has eliminated surface mail altogether. Henceforth all parcels going overseas much be mailed by airmail parcel post under the new name, Global Priority Mail.

Why should non-record geeks care? Because to a large extent, the DIY record distribution scheme relies on these cheap shipping methods to send trades and wholesale shipments. The postage costs have be absorbed into the cost of selling the records and in one fell swoop we've seen the cost of mailing a small box of LPs overseas go from about $1.50 per record to about $5 per record. American DIY labels trading their stock for imports from overseas have to add that increased postal cost to the records they are trading for. And European stores/distros ordering records from the US have to add that cost to their goods as well.

This largely means that shipping small parcels of records—"I'll swap you ten of mine for ten of yours"—is going to become less and less cost-effective. The cost to mail a single LP to Europe now is about $10. That is to say, equal to or greater than the value of the record itself. I would expect the prices of imports to increase in coming years. And also, I would expect to see a big decrease in US labels trading their stock with overseas labels. I know with my label I have already cut back quite a bit.

It is still possible to ship 7"s and CDs cheaply in the Global Priority Mail flat rate boxes and envelopes. I've had pretty good luck cramming about 20 7"s between two pieces of cardboard into one of those flat rate mailers, which cost $11 to mail to most countries. Also, it seems like more and more labels are shipping CDs bulk without the plastic cases to save on shipping.

There is also the option of M-Bag, which has not been eliminated yet. An M-Bag is basically a sack you put your parcels in that is designed to affordably mail bundles of newspapers and magazines overseas. You can read a letter to this magazine by Mike of Beer City records extolling the virtues of this service from a few years back. I've experimented with sending records in M Bags with very mixed results. Many of the parcels didn't make it to their destination or were completely destroyed despite heavy duty packaging. I'm not willing to risk losing whole shipments of records to save a few bucks on shipping, but if any labels out there have good luck with M Bag shipping, I'd like to hear about it.

In my experience, the punk record-buying public is very price-conscious. Most DIY punk records are priced in the $8 to $10 range. With the low value of the US Dollar and the rising cost of postage, import prices have been steadily increasing. It's not uncommon to see a lot of imports these days priced at $15 to $20. In my experience, with so many records on the market these days, most people skip the more expensive imports and settle for a cheaper domestic unless it's a band they really like. So I would expect to see a lot of imports with rising prices and a lot of discouraged record buyers when they see the price. I know that at Extreme Noise there are a lot of records we could sell dozens of copies of if they were priced around $10 that we only order one or two of because they are imports selling at $16 or $18 retail.

Some possible options might be to have more labels do US/European pressings of the same release. This requires some coordination and usually only kind of works out for both parties involved, but it *is* an option. Another is to have some kind of "punk post" thing with touring bands smuggling records for friends and labels. This is, however, a pain in the ass and works a lot better in theory than in practice.

In the end, I think there will probably just be a lot less international trading and record import/export than we are used to. Could this be the end of an era? DIY hardcore has been based on this kind of trading since the early 80's.

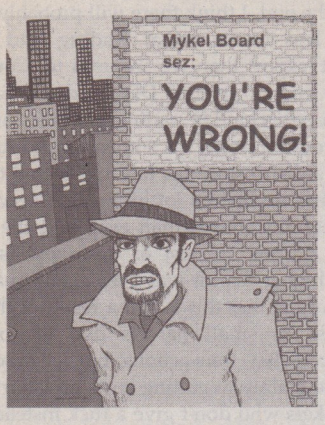
I would also say, as someone who has been doing a distro since the late 1980s, that the post office has declined a lot in terms of service and usability. It's slower than ever, and the rate at which parcels are lost or destroyed is much, much higher than it was even a few years ago. Some argue that this is just a result of the large increase in small parcels due to so many Amazon/eBay transactions, but I would argue it's due mainly to cutting costs on labor by hiring yokels who don't give a fuck instead of the old school post office lifers. Remember some years ago the post office tried to get Congress to put a tax on emails because they thought it was going to take away their letter business? Now here we are years later and the post office is shipping outrageous amounts of small parcels in the age of internet commerce. I feel like they are trying to cash in on this boom by raising the rates and taking away all the economy shipping classes and forcing everyone to pay for the premium shipping or get the fuck out. So we can see where this is heading...

Media Mail is the discount rate at which bulky items like books, records, CDs and videos are mailed *within* the USA. This rate was put into effect many years ago under the name "Special 4th Class" as a rate for book and record clubs and other dealers in "media" to offer cut-rate shipping that would compete with retail pricing. Media Mail is quite controversial in postal circles because it is essentially the same service at a discounted rate. That is to say, the mail is handled by the same employees and shipped on the same trucks and trains, just that it's a lower priority to get it out if there are other first class parcels going first. When there were just a few people using Media Mail, it wasn't a big deal. But now in the age of e-commerce there are millions of CDs, books and the like going Media Mail each day. And much to the consternation of the post office, many eBay sellers eager to increase their profit margin charge buyers for First Class shipping and then ship by the cheapest possible rate (Media Mail) and pocket the difference.

There has been no small amount of scuttlebutt around the post office that Media Mail will be next on the chopping block. If that were to happen, the cost of mailing a single LP in the US would go from around $2 to around $5 each. And trading records domestically would suffer the same kind of price inflation that overseas record trading is now. However, I think that the one thing preventing the USPS from doing this is that they would lose enormous amounts of business to UPS for shipping of items such as books, records, CDs, and videos. However, given the recent elimination of the Surface Mail class, I would not put it past them at the next price increase.

Dour reading indeed...perhaps next month

we can take a break from the crisis to discuss raging hardcore instead of such doom and gloom.



"Nothing exists between the penis and mathematics. Nothing at all! It's a vacuum." —Celine

I feel the soft gluteals rest on my cheeks. My head lifts. My nose presses against the cleft.

"Rim me! Rim me!" comes the voice somewhere above me.

"What do you think I'm doing?" I think, but—due to other lingual duties—can't say.

I lick downward. Blinded by the anal flesh, I use my tongue as my only sense organ—like a snake. I lick forward, following the cleft path to the tight brown sphincter. Here it is.

I press up with my chin, thrusting my tongue as far out of my mouth as I can. Frantically, I pump myself with my free hand. The other hand I use to open the folds to reach deeper into my goal.

Ah, my tongue is an anal dildo. I press onwards, upwards. Suddenly taste mingles with texture.

"Fhus ashel shasts hais haik fhit!" I shout through the flesh.

"What?" comes the voice from above. "I can't hear you... But don't stop! This is great!"

"FHUS ASHEL SHASTS HAIS HAIK FHIT!" I shout. "HAT CHU HEEN EAFIN?"

"I still can't hear you," comes the voice. I feel a wiggle above me as the sit bones press deeper into my face.

I turn my head, breaking the contact. It's the only way to make myself understood.

"YOUR ASSHOLE TASTES LIKE SHIT!" I yell. "WHAT'VE YOU BEEN EATING?"

SCENE SHIFT: I'm in Australia—Melbourne, where my last column left off—a little after. I perform at Exile on Smith Street. The bar managed by my host, Rich. I'm a flop.

I read after a punk rock trivia contest hosted by a light-skinned, but Negroid, Egyptian punk rocker. A funny guy, with a mile-a-minute patter. He claims the Bangles were racist.

"If they wrote a song: "Walk Like A Negro" or "Walk Like A Jew," they wouldn't last a minute. But *Egyptians* are okay targets. Egyptians walk funny, huh?" Funny guy.

He hands out sheets of Guess the Band paper with funny pictures on them. One of them is a nailed-up Christ with an iguana head instead of the usual bearded/crown of thorns image.

"JESUS LIZARD!" I shout.

"Shhh," he says. "This is a contest."

I go for a drink.

At the bar, Rich introduces me to a sexy young woman who dresses pure 1950s. I forget her name, but since she reminds me of Betty Paige, I'll call her Betty.

"Mykel," says Rich, "this is Betty. You met her on Couch Surfing. Remember?"

I don't, but hoping for a little *crotch* surfing, I lie.

"Sure. How's it going?" I say, grabbing her hand, shaking what feels like a dead iguana.

She pulls her lips back in a smile-by-the-numbers smile, more forced than Chinese labor.

Later, I look for her when I read the dirty parts of my books, but I can't see her. After the reading, a couple people applaud politely. Then the Egyptian returns with more trivia.

I keep drinking. I don't make any money that night, but the beer's free.

Later, back in Rich's apartment, we do what drunk guys do the world over. Discuss the meaning of life.

"There's got to be some underlying principle," I tell him. "One criterion where you know if something is right or wrong. Good or bad. In physics, scientists look for a unifying theory. The one principle that will put all of Newton, Einstein, and George Lucas into a neat little package. Like a math equation."

"That's science," says Rich. "Why does life have to be like science? Besides, even if they find the one special principle, it won't change our lives. You know what I mean?"

"A basic principle of right and wrong *will* change our lives," I say. "It will make it possible—and easy—to judge what to do any time. It will tell us, *yeah, this is the right thing. And that isn't.*"

"So what's *your* principle?" he asks.

"I'm not sure," I say. "I used to think that *freedom* was the answer. Anything that made you freer was good. Anything that made you less free was bad. But I've changed my mind."

"Sounds OK to me," he says. "Freedom is a pretty good thing. If something makes you free it's good. If it doesn't, it isn't."

"I'm not so sure any more," I say. "Freedom is the ability to do what you want. Conservatives twist the meaning. They spout offal like *With Freedom Comes Responsibility*, or even, like over the entrance to Auschwitz, *Work Makes You Free.* That's bullshit."

"If that's bullshit," he says, "then freedom is just chaos."

"Bingo!" I say. "Freedom lets you do what you want. When you want. Period. That's it. Working for someone isn't freedom. Jails are not freedom. Drivers' licenses, licenses of any kind, aren't freedom. GG Allin was the freest person I've ever met. Had absolutely no restraints—except the big one. He kicked the bucket at 33."

"So we should have a world full of GG Allins?" he asks.

"That's the point," I yell, struggling to my feet, holding the wall for support. "Society couldn't function if there were seven billion GG Allins. That's why freedom is *not* the answer. Freedom needs to be blocked, reined in. For individuals that should be minimal, but it still has to be."

I gesture with a raised finger, stabbing the space above my head.

"If we live free, we die!" I intone before slumping to the couch.

"The freedom to swing my fist needs to end at the tip of your nose," he quotes.

I nod.

"Yep, I say. "The point is that the freedom *ends.* It has to end. Otherwise we can't survive."

"If freedom isn't the basis of morality," says Rich, "what is?"

"That," I tell him, "is the big question."

Then I run into the bathroom and throw up in his toilet.

I stay with Rich for the next couple of days. I do a reading at Missing Link Records, a great local record shop.

I'm setting up, checking the microphone, displaying my product—the usual. This guy in his late 20's bursts into the store. His shirt is soaked with sweat as if he's been running. He's a few inches taller than me, and much beefier. In his hand is something yellow.

"Are you Mykel Board?" he asks.

I check to make sure he's not packing heat, then nod.

"Look at this!" He shows me what's in his hand. A 7-inch record, released more than 25 years ago in a limited edition of 1000. *The Only Record in The World,* my first project for public consumption. Out of print. Unavailable. And here it is in Melbourne fuckin' Australia.

"Where'd you get that?" I say.

He just smiles.

"Could you sign this?" he says. "Autograph it to *the only fan in the world.*"

Yowsah! That makes my day!

"Did you get that when it came out?" I ask. "You must've been five years old."

"I cannot tell a lie," he says. "I bought it on eBay."

BOING!!! An inspiration. Maybe *truth*—not freedom—is the key to morality. Telling lies is bad. Telling the truth is good. Yeah!

I sell a bunch of stuff at (and to) Missing Link. Then I go back to Rich's place. It's fixed up. Boxes of dialysis equipment out of the living room. Underwear off the floor. Dishes washed and put away.

That can mean only one thing: NOOKIE ON THE WAY.

"Look Mykel," says Rich. "There's this girl that's gonna be in town tonight. I don't know if I'll be lucky or not. You know what I mean? If her life is going well, she stays in town. But if she's having trouble with her boyfriend, she stays with me. Ya know what I mean?"

"Sure," I tell him, wondering if he cleans his blood with the kidney machine plugged into his belly while this naked girl lies on the bed next to him, giving him a blowjob. Yowsah! I wanna see *that* movie.

"Anyway," he continues, "that girl Betty will let you stay with her for a night. I hope you don't mind. You understand."

"Of course," I tell him. "*Respect the nook.* I

always do."

"Thanks," he says.

Rich tells me a taxi will arrive in ten minutes. The taxi will take me to Betty's place. She'll be waiting. She'll jump in the cab, go off to Rich's bar and pay for the cab ride.

"Should I just go to sleep on the couch?" I ask.

"Make yourself at home," he says. "Who knows where you'll end up."

"OK," I say.

"Yowsah!" I think.

I check the condoms in my wallet, take a copy of my CD and each of my books and head downstairs. Sure enough, a cab comes in half an hour. That's ten minutes Australia time.

I arrive at Betty's address. No Betty. She's supposed to grab the cab and head off to the bar. She's supposed to pay the driver. No she.

I pay the driver and ring the doorbell. Then again.

In a while I hear footsteps. Here's Betty. Looking hotter than I remember. I smile at her and shake my shoulders in the most masculinely sensual way I know how.

"I gotta run," she says. "I moved a mattress into the back room where you're gonna sleep. It should be peaceful in there. Here's a key. I hope I can find a taxi. They're tough to get this time of night."

And she's off.

I've got nothing to do for the rest of the night. I walk around. Before long, I wander into a bar a block down from Betty's empty apartment. I order a Melbourne beer and sit listening to a conversation at the bar.

A woman about my age is talking with the bartender. Tall, blonde, with cheeks and tits just starting to lose the battle with gravity. She's saying what a tough day she's had. One of her clients insulted an aborigine.

"It was awful," she says. "He asked if it was true that aborigines have *larger genitalia*. Right in the middle of the meeting he asks this."

"What was the answer?" I break in. "Sorry. My name's Mykel."

"I'm Marilyn," she says, "and that's not funny. The poor guy has ass-burger syndrome."

"Ass-burger?" I say. "Are you serious? Ass-burger? I had an ass-burger in New York. Just before I left for Australia. I almost threw up."

"Not ass-burger, Mykel," she says. "Asperger. A-s-p-e-r-g-e-r. It's this kind of mental disease. One of the conditions is that people with Asperger's Syndrome always tell the truth. They can't read body language or empathize with other people's feelings. They just say what they think."

"Sounds punk rock," I tell her.

"Not quite," she continues. "People with Asperger's Syndrome always correct others. If they see an error, they just say, YOU'RE WRONG! It doesn't matter if it's Dad, the teacher or the boss. It doesn't matter where or what the circumstances are."

"It *is* punk rock," I say.

"No Mykel," she says. "It's autism. Everything is literal. The truth isn't tempered by reality. The classic example is a girl with Asperger's who answers the telephone. Someone asks her, 'Is your father there?' Although her father is in the house, he's not in the room with her. The girl looks around. Then she simply says 'no' and hangs up. The person on the other end has to call back and explain that he wants her to find her father and get him to pick up the telephone."

"So *the truth* is a disease?" I ask.

"It can be," says Marilyn. "For Asperger's people it's a disability they have to overcome."

Uh oh. *Truth* is not the answer either. It can even be a disease. Truth sometimes hurts people. *You're ugly. Your band sucks. You're not getting laid tonight.* And now I learn that chronic truth-telling is a *syndrome!*

There's got to be *something* that is the basis of morality. Something that decides good and evil.

Now, back in New York, writing this column, I consider *life*. Can we say that something that preserves life is good and something that destroys life is bad? Maybe, if we don't want to fall into the vegan trap, we can say *human* life. Pollution, work, murder are bad. Doctoring, UNICEFing, protecting others is good. How 'bout that as a guiding principle?

I've written before about my pal Karen Spaink. She's a Dutch goddess who has muscular dystrophy (or is it cerebral palsy? I get 'em confused... maybe it's multiple sclerosis. That's what Wikipedia says). She's been instrumental in getting the Dutch government to change its policy on assisted suicide.

"When I can't help pissing in my pants, why should I hang around?" she asks. "Suicide is DIY: nobody else can do it for you, nobody else can decide for you."

With more smarts than my cheeks after an S&M session, Karen explains that if you believe a woman should have the freedom to abort, then you need to believe that people should have the freedom to commit suicide. It's the same right to control your own body.

Having already decided that freedom is not the most important life principle, the freedom argument doesn't wash. But my experience seeing drooling, partially conscious people, seeing people in constant pain, hearing my friends agonize over parents begging for their own death, convinces me that there are worse things than death. Karen is right. We should be able to choose our death. Not have life thrust upon us. *Life* is not the underlying criterion. It must be something else.

Before I went to Australia, I joined this great internet site called *couchsurfers*. I "met" Betty that way. CS is a crew of folks who hate hotels, and who travel to meet people, not see buildings. I used it when I first went to Australia. I stayed with a woman who just loved entertaining internationals. There was a guy there from some island I never heard of... and a young couple from France. I met a whole lot of amazing people.

Living on Bleecker Street in New York, I get a ton of requests to stay on my couch. Once they see my set-up, they often suddenly have *other accommodations*. Still, I host at least one surfer a month. I like talking to people from other countries. Going out for drinks with 'em. Finding out how they think.

Staying with me now is Nadav. He's from Tel Aviv. Interesting guy; he just got his MD. Most people who travel tour museums. This guy tours hospitals. LA, Boston, now New York. He hangs out in hospitals, takes part-time work, wants to check things out.

I figure we'll hit The Peculier tonight. I'll show him how New Yorkers satisfy their malten needs. I'll buy him a He'brew Beer. Nothing like a new drinking partner—except a new nookie partner. He's not my type for that.

It's the last days of Nadav's trip. He's got a couple suitcases bigger than my kitchen. Dumping them on the couch he's going to sleep in (so I think at the time), he tells me there's a couchsurfer picnic in Riverside Park. The local hosts and their surfers are going to meet.

His couchsurfer contact is Indira, an attractive Indian girl (turban, not feather) who is spending her last days in New York. I go with him to the picnic where he meets her for the first time. They embrace like old friends. Then she shakes my hand like I'm a used car salesman.

The picnic is a mix of people. Mostly younger than me, with a healthy dose of hippie and new age. One guy has painted his fingernails green. Everyone except me has taken off their shoes... or sandals. I join the barefoot crew on the picnic blanket, keeping my army boots off the edge, on the grass.

"And how did you find out about couchsurfing?" asks a blonde woman my age. She was probably pretty once. So was I. Now she's... er... filled out. Her triceps wiggle in the heavy breeze.

"I travel a lot," I tell her. "I found CS when I was looking for places to stay in Australia. I was promoting my books there."

"That's nice," she says, turning her attention to a teenage girl, also a bit chubby, running toward our group.

"That's Melissa, my daughter," says the woman. "She's fifteen."

I reach for the girl's hand and shake it.

"Hi," I say, "my name's Mykel. What are you doing after the picnic?"

The girl smiles, revealing a mouthful of bright metal braces. I didn't think they made those anymore.

Mom doesn't smile. Instead, using her chin as a pointer, she motions to her daughter.

"Over there," she says, "Jack Condrescu, that nice man from Romania. Why don't you go over there and say hello to him?"

Meanwhile, Nadav is in deep conversation with Indira. I see her rest her hand on his naked forearm. It stays there as the afternoon ages into evening.

When dusk wipes its black hand across the sky I can feel the picnic draw to an end. I'm not enjoying the company so much. Besides, I want to take Nadav out for a couple thick brown ones.

"Nadav," I say. "I'm leaving."

I expect him to join me.

"I'll meet you back at your apartment," he tells me. "I want to stay just a bit longer."

"Sure," I tell him. "It's your last few days in

America."

I head home and wait for him. First, I do some stupid waiting things: wash the dishes, empty the mousetraps. No Nadav. Then, I have nothing more to do but watch a horrible dubbed version of *Ninja Avenger* that I picked up for a dollar. I look at the clock when it's over. 11 pm. No Nadav.

I'm pissed. I had the evening planned for him, and here I am stuck waiting. He's using me like a free hotel. I'm nothing but a bed to the guy. He's probably off screwing that Indian girl, rather than drinking a beer with me. Which is more important?

OK, Nadav. You're getting laid. I guess I'd do the same. Can't really blame you.

Then it hits me. The moment. The apple on Newton's head. Archimedes' legs floating in the bathtub. Ron Jeremy's lips touching his own cock. The EUREKA point. Life's one guiding principle. Nadav, Betty, Rich. The foundation under it all. The basis of good and evil, right and wrong. It's not "maximum freedom" or "tell the truth" or "reverence for human life." It's *respect the nook!* That's it. If you do that, everything that follows will be moral.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> *Protection racket dept*: The government of the Chinese province of Zhejiang has instituted a fine for hotels and bars that do not provide condoms to their clients. The law says (in Chinese of course): "Condoms or condom vending machines must be placed in hotels, bars and designated public places or the managers will be fined." I'm waiting for the law that says the hotels and bars must provide people to use the condoms with. Then I'll plan my trip to Shanghai.

—> *They asked for it! Look how they were dressed! dept:* Gay.com reports that cops in Dublin, Ireland have arrested 14 people in three months. The sting? Dress up like butch homos and hang out in the park. Unlike American cops who dress the same, the Irish cops are not trying to entice homos and then arrest them. They're trying to entice homo *bashers* and arrest them. You can sympathize, but entrapment is entrapment. Let's see if American homos suddenly switch sides on the issue. They used to be against it.

—> *Further on the homo front dept:* I didn't expect it would be Melbourne...I didn't think they could get up the energy. But *Sign of Peel Hotel* in that city is the country's first pub to ban heterosexuals. On May 28, 2007, The Victorian state court ruled that the Peel Hotel could ban patrons based on their sexual orientation. The pub's management said the move would stop groups of heterosexual men and women abusing gay people. Civil liberties groups have supported the decision.

—>*Don't inhale that Helium dept:* I heard that helium.com wanted writers to upload provocative articles. They then pay the authors based on how many people read the material. Fair enough. I'll try a column. That should be provocative, right?

Not so fast, buster. I get an email from the helium honchos asking me to revise my writing.

The reason: *Helium™ maintains a very high standard for appropriate language and content, which is consistent with our User Agreement. Children as young as 13 can join the site and participate fully. Your article may contain a single offensive word. Or, you may have used obviously offensive or adult language, promoted hate speech, or advised readers to engage in destructive or illegal behaviors. Please consider revising this by removing the offensive content, and resubmitting to our knowledge treasury.*

I have to write for a thirteen-year-old? Jeezus fucking Christ! If thirteen-year-olds want to read me, great. But I am *not* going to change my language because a kid might stumble upon it.

I wrote back to them: *NO! I HATE CENSORSHIP. I expected your website to be a place of free discussion. I can abide by editorial decisions about length or structure, but not about censorship in the name of "protecting thirteen-year-olds." A single offensive word? Free speech is all about the right to be offensive.*

Then I quit the site.

Do me a couple favors. First, go to Helium and tell 'em you read about the censorship of my column and you object to it. Next, go to gather.com, read my column there, and start a discussion. I won't get paid, but at least the folks at *gather* can see what *helium* is missing.

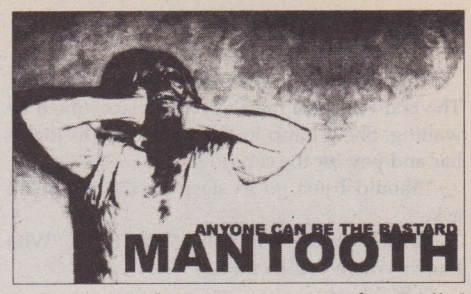
—> *I love drug companies dept:* Animal rights people protest drug testing on animals. They believe it's too cruel. Drugs should be tested on people, they say. Huh?

Still, every oyster has its pearl and this gem comes from an animal rights website. They talk about a drug called *Celexa*. The side effects include diarrhea, insomnia, and problems with sexual arousal. But what's it for? CSD...compulsive shopping disorder. Yowsah!

—> *This Appeared on Yahoo dept:* A privacy watchdog group, *Privacy International*, reports that GOOGLE has the worst privacy policies of all the major websites. P.I. assigned Google its lowest possible grade. The category is for companies with "comprehensive consumer surveillance and entrenched hostility to privacy." None of the 22 other surveyed companies—a group that included Yahoo, Microsoft and AO—sunk to that level. *Privacy International* slammed Google's ability to match data gathered by its search engine with information from other services such as email, instant messaging, and maps.

Seven of the internet companies and websites included in the report received the second lowest grade of "substantial and comprehensive privacy threats." This group included: Time Warner's AOL, Apple Inc., Facebook.com, Hi5.com, Reunion.com, Microsoft's Windows Live Space and Yahoo.

—> *Steal first, drink later dept:* The Associated Press reports that a woman in Wasilla, Alaska called police to report a stolen handgun, clothing, food, and alcohol. The police found the suspect, wearing the woman's sweatshirt. Where? In the woman's garage, in a neighbor's car. The guy was sleeping and cops say that when they tried to wake him up, he was "unresponsive."



I can say with great bravado, my chest puffed out in an outrageous display of pride and masculinity, that I have never once made *the relationship* a subject of any of my columns. Unfortunately I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel this month, forcing you to suffer through tedious details beyond your power to give a shit about and probably better left unpublished.

Allow me to abridge for a moment; this month I will not discuss any "relationship" I've been in, but some futile attempts at such. When I studied in Denmark, I suddenly found myself single after almost five years. Simultaneously, I was surrounded by Aryan supermodels. What was a boy of barely 21, surging with hormones and self-doubt, to do? After consulting with a few confidants, it was decided that I would embark on what was dubbed "Operation Danish Thunder," wherein I would approach random women on the street and suggest they go on a "date" with me. While this may sound completely stupid and juvenile to you, I assure you that it was just that. Perhaps if I found myself in the same situation today, I would not go through with such an endeavor, mostly due to being castrated by the endless disappointments and bathos that is LIFE. But regardless, this is what I did and now you must choose to read about it or go back to reading the letters section where you can read the fucking brilliant epiphanies from that kid in WEEKEND NACHOS.

All in all, I asked about 32 women to "you know, just go and hang out, get a drink somewhere." All were failures, but these are some instances that illuminate nothing regarding the opposite sex, but the pathetic attempts at coitus by a shell of a man-boy.

1) **Aldi Check-out Girl:** I know that these exist in the States, but the town that I lived in had four supermarkets, this being the most run-down and depressing of all of them. Ergo, it was the cheapest. One afternoon after returning from class in Copenhagen, I decided to innocently inquire about what one particular checkout girl was up to later that night. Apparently, she was spending a lovely evening at home with her husband, the Aldi manager, who was bagging my groceries. He kind of looked like Eminem and then asked me if I'd like my fucking teeth kicked in. I escaped without having to swallow my teeth, but it also meant that I couldn't go back into Aldi and had to frequent the much more expensive grocery stores in town.

2) **Church of Scientology Girl**: Every day, my friends and I would walk past the giant Church of Scientology on the way to class. On one side

of the building, before the entrance, was a mock-up of L. Ron Hubbard's "office," wherein he spent much of his time poorly writing science fiction and snitching on "Communists" to the feds. There was a girl who worked at the information desk that everyone told me was a prime candidate for my "operation."

"Hey, my name is Greg. I—"

"Have you ever read *Dianetics*?"

"Er, I, some of it…"

"What did you think of it?"

"Um, it was…great?"

"YES! IT IS, ISN'T IT??? WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A PERSONALITY TEST?"

"I have to go to class, I think…"

"We could teach you a whole lot more here, you know."

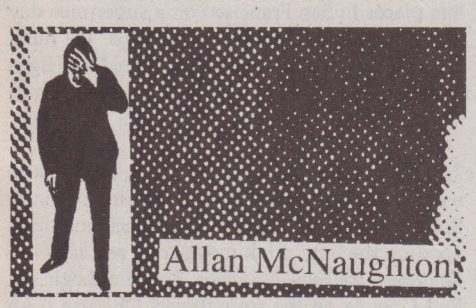
3) **Girls in my Russian Literature Class**: Non-Danish girls didn't count. I'm not sure where this rule came from or why, but that was the basic understanding. They had to be born and raised in either the Jutland or Zealand. There were, though, about five Danish students in my Russian Literature class. It was taught by a midget who spent his time between teaching classes in Christiania getting high. He often would come to class and ramble on and on about Nabokov being a "real whore" and about how hungry he was. This was also the same class that I got drunk in a few times and the only thing the teacher remarked to me about it was that I was drinking "redneck beer."

Anyway, one by one I asked these girls to hang out and each one of them coldly shot me down. I would eventually walk by a local bar and see all five of them sitting in a circle around our teacher while he undoubtedly pontificated upon matters of Dostoevsky, Bulgakov, and his expertise in cunnilingus.

"What the fuck?" I exclaimed in the street.

4) **Girl at the Train Stop:** In a very polite and matter-of-fact tone, "I would rather throw myself in front of this train!"

ENDNOTES:
Pity me, fools!!!
aaaargh!!!!



I've never had a black eye before. When bother would come calling I always tried to protect my face. Deep down I knew that one day my face would be my fortune, and I was right. My youthful boy-next-door handsomeness has stood me in good stead all this time. Still, the shiner only makes me better looking—the single flaw that only serves to emphasize the near-perfection that surrounds it.

There I was, the first time I'd been out on the town in three months. Three months of a close-quarters vigil for a loved one with cancer. The worst is over and now there are only mundane details and happy memories. So out the door I go. Fucked Up. They launch into their first song, "Baiting The Public," one of my favorites. I am instantly swept away; Ninety days vaporize in a blur of guitar chords. I'm a teenager again, screaming into the microphone pointed in my direction by a fat, half-naked man. "It's your fucking fault!" As the first half of the song ends and transitions into the long droning outro, from nowhere: a boot? a fist? a wayward stage diver? I didn't see it coming, but I felt it connect. It didn't hurt too much but when I put my hand to my eye I felt the swelling. No blood, that's good. To the bar for some ice, and I watched the rest of the set from the back, through my good left eye.

I turn 37 in two days. We're flying across the country to bury the wife's mother. Another Scottish man in a suit with a black eye, at a funeral. That's all.

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I don't care what you say about me, as long as you say something about me, and as long as you spell my name right.
—George M. Cohan

The 25th anniversary issue of *Maximum Rocknroll* slipped right past me.

Mykel Board often laments that he doesn't get any hate mail anymore. No hate mail, no love letters, no real responses to his columns no matter how over the top they might be. There was a time when a good Mykel Board April Fools column would keep the letters pouring in for months. No more.

That's not Mykel's fault. He's as outrageous and controversial as ever. But when you write a monthly column for twenty-five years, your readership becomes inured to all your provocations. Plus, it's different times.

I haven't written my column for nearly as long. Only fifteen years. Nor have I been nearly as successful at stirring up shit. Though that's what Tim Yo intended. I'd written a couple of guest columns for *MRR* in 1991, anonymously under the pseudonym "Lefty" Hooligan, when Tim recruited me to write a regular three dot journalism feature for his resurrected news section. The news section tanked. My column didn't.

That's because my column raised enough shit—in the form of letters to the editor, even denunciations at *MRR* general meetings—to warrant Tim Yo keeping me on. To this day, I can remember Jeff Bale accusing Tim—at a general meeting when I was still anonymous—of recruiting an RCP hack to write my columns, just because I was openly Marxist. That was the general meeting Tim Yo cancelled Jeff's columnist ticket.

I also enjoyed being a troublemaker. I was bummed, if not a little bored, when my column settled into that no comment limbo that familiarity, and regular publishing, breeds. So, I was thrilled to get, not one, but two letters recently taking me to task for what I'd written about the whole anarchist book fair/BASTARD to-do. I'm a tad disappointed at the caliber of the responses. If that's the best that post-left anarchism has to offer in terms of critical thinking, that tendency might as well call it quits. Still, I'm happy once again to engage in a little political sparring over what I write.

If you like any of *MRR*'s columnists, I suggest that you write them some hate mail. Or a love note, or some comment on what they had to say. It's sure to make their day, if not give them a renewed interest in writing their columns. It will certainly liven up the letters section, and may even help revitalize this venerable punk rock zine, which is older than many of the punks who read it.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia @mac.com.

Second Verse Same as the First!

1) Sex Vid!!!!! Holy shit! Is it just me, or is most of San Francisco walking round in crummy tie-dye Sex Vid shirts?

Merchandise; it keeps us alive. After seeing them first at the Hemlock, I was wondering if it was worth going to the other show because they were just so impossibly great and how could anything else be so exactly what I wanted... But of course the sweaty basement show was like watching like Neos open for Void or being able to eat pizza for every meal with no consequences.

Speaking of which, I can't believe people would wanna leave San Francisco. It's fucking great here, posers—we have good pizza and good punks. Spoken in faux valley girl accent: Since I have returned from my brief sojourn to the UK I have seen *three* next-level amazing best-ever (for sure!) shows. I mean fucking SEX VID!!!! This band is the best. They are like a birthday present and an Xmas present without your family breathing down your throat. Seriously, watching them play, it's hard to believe a band that good is even possible in a climate such as today; doom-clad shitty message board fucktard mythologies and depressing bug-eyed record vampire cataloging fuckers. Sex Vid are like acid on the eyeballs of those boring dorks. And yes, I finally got a tie-dye shirt, as did the rest of this dirtbag city and so on and so on.

The basement show was probably the best ever, at least for right now. I couldn't believe it would be even technically possible to top their previous achievements, but they did so with venom and vigor. And I got to bro-down with the legend, True Bromance, with his Corrosion of Conformity / Void tats, etc., etc. (and that's a long etc., etc.). I formed two conceptual bands, New Age Attack and Ancient Rage. Um, Sex Vid is totally dreamy and doomy. Lately I have been into walking out to the ocean thru the foggy Neanderthal trees listening to Die Kreuzen and the only thing that touches that experience is terms of radness would be watching Sex Vid play a basement show and everyone losing it totally and realizing, Greg Sage-style, that now is the time, when is the truth.

2) Then Finally Punk and the New Bloods played a show at the Albany Landfill which I had to work during, which was a major irritant... *but* I heard a rumor that they were to be playing a show at a top-secret bar, that night, in town. I harassed people and made 'em all go and everyone that showed up was glad for this, really they were.

Finally Punk! All-girl Texas destruction like a Lilliput-Mika Miko-Bush Tetras-Amos and Sara-Unit 3+ Venus mash-up. I don't know! I don't know! Just go see them; they are on tour now! You will be totally wretched for missing out on their brand of radness; they trade instruments after every song and are just so genuine and exciting and cool. They have this deadly combo of detached humor and charming attack, it's ironic and genuine all at once, and is another situation where it's hard to believe something so rad is happening in front of your eyes and yet it is.

One thing watching them kind of reminded me of was seeing Erase Errata play the Smell when they had just put out their demo. It was a great show—Sharon Cheslow, Erase Errata, and Quixotic, and I had never heard of Erase Errata before so they had nothing to prove in my eyes, besides being just another lame support band. Watching them play was like watching the Beatles or something, I can't exactly explain it, I don't mean it was as mindblowingly amazing musically, maaaan, because, to be honest, I only like about three Beatles songs total. But the thing I like about them as a band is their inherent charisma and individual personas, if that makes sense. They weren't bland identikit pop idols. Watch *Hard Day's Night*. This relates to that Erase Errata show because... um, yeah, Erase Errata are not like the Beatles as people. I don't know them at all personally, but they all seem kind of shy and withdrawn; what I mean to say in this long digression is that watching them on stage playing music, each member was so cool and charismatic and it was maybe like a watch where you can see all the machinery and it's so delicate and intricate but the sum of it also makes an impact....um!

That was the only association I had in regards to watching Finally Punk play. They don't really sound like Erase Errata—they are more aggressive and confident. They had that visual excitement and presence, but you know, they are *punker*. Last time I saw them was at a crazy eviction show in Oakland, where kids were climbing out of the windows and throwing fireworks, so being able to actually see them and pay attention made me realize truly how great they are....Then the New Bloods played. They are totally like what you wish wimmin's music was instead of crystals, mullets and folk songs; gritty earthy basement Raincoats-style with total fire and ferocity. So amazing! Live even better than on record: again, really! This may sound weird, but their music was strong and angry but not angsty in a way that makes it easy to write off as more post riot grrrl antagonism. It has this drive and power and authority that is really cool and um, powerful? I can't wait to hear their next record, and am really happy Kill Rock Stars are going to put them out—they are fucking great.

3) You should get all the 7"s and designer merch put out by the aforementioned bands or lose out. I think that Finally Punk have a new 7" coming out on someone from, uh Deerhunter's (?) label. Does that sound right? I think so. (PS—there's a pretty amazing interview with Dennis Cooper and that Deerhunter dude in the new ANP quarterly... the one with Phyllis Diller on the cover.) Anyway, I am sure Kill Rock Stars will distro it. Finally Punk also have a 7" LP and a CDR. KRS are putting out the New Bloods, who have a 7" on Brown Sugar Records (or is it Burnt Sugar? Dude! I forgot. Brice White's label...) and a CDR. Sex Vid are gonna be on a top-secret division of CTR Records, I think. a 12"? Oh yeah. It's not as punk as a 7", but being that they have already released the two of the best hardcore 7"s of this decade, I guess it's cool.

4) Hubbs' story about going to see Tortoise with the intent of getting the dude in that band who was also in Mecht Mensch to issue / let him issue some sort of discography. Instead he wound up drinking a bunch of the Fucking Champs' rider and was so wasted by the time Tortoise finished their epic dirge of a set he has no recollection of anything at all except the worst hangover of all time.

5) Someone made fun of me for liking Comet Gain a while back, because apparently they aren't "punk" enough for the MRR compound. I admit I avoided them for a long time, even when our bands would play together (early '90s London grrrl mod explosion) which I think was probably mostly because I hated the girl singer's voice. As soon as they replaced her with the awesome Rachel, and when all the lame people who wanted to "make it" quit the band, I got into it. I would advise getting their last 12", *Imagine the Shapes*. It's great—one song which is somehow created in the image of a Television Personalities song that didn't happen (not sure about the exact story behind this...), the other feel-good, like a too-much-to-drink, up-all-nighter on Brighton Beach singing old PP Arnold songs loud and shakily all at once. They are great. Their records always have clunkers and not-quite-made-its, but the last three LPs have all contained enough killer Swell Maps / TVPs / Go-Betweens / Jam / Dance Stance references to keep this girl satisfied. I guess some of their early stuff is straight c.86 indie pop, but they are punk, and more interesting than another boring power pop revival.

6) One day me and Holly met up and went to see Dan Higgs play a generator show on a bus. I don't think Lungfish has ever been considered punk, and I admittedly only have gotten into them as I have neared crone-hood (i.e. gotten older), and if you had been at said bus show you probably would have gotten out your bullets belts and started trying to make all those D-beat war porn record covers a reality *right there*. But it was rad. It was a surprisingly warm day / evening for summer in San Francisco. (Normally it is fuckin' cold here all summer, because of some weird weather thing where the hot air of the Central Valley area of California combined with the ocean and maybe the bay too makes San Francisco a foggy cold non-summery place till about October when it gets hot for about a week. Vague science! Probably not accurate.) Since it was Pride weekend the cops assumed the bus was a legal part of the festivities and did not get involved in shutting down the obviously illegal generator show. Bus shows rule. I like it when they are at the Albany Landfill or Potrero Del Sol Park under the overpass, but it was super rad being at a generator show in one of the most visible places in San Francisco on a super-nice day and not getting fucked with by cops. We hung out a bunch, got heavy into the primal Dan Higgs earth-ocean-sky spirit and left after the third song...

7) ...*not* because we were too punk, but because we had plans to sneak into a screening of Lizzie Borden's *Born in Flames*. Which is incidentally as good on the lady punk move scale as *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains*. Essential Logic *and* Red Crayola on the soundtrack? Oh yeah... An all-girl ten-speed bike army avenging rapists and molesters? Oh yeah. Twin towers blowing up because of a post-socialist revolution women's army plot? Totally! If you wanna see a post-apocalyptic '70s feminist punk movie that kind of makes no sense but is amazing and life-changing anyway, this would be the movie. Watching the army of lady avengers on ten-speed bikes, in V

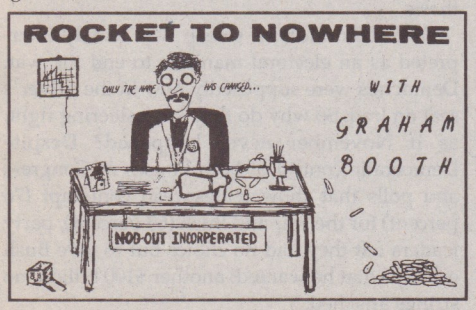
formation, riding down empty revolution-struck '70s New York City streets was as close to perfection as, say, watching Sex Vid play a basement show. This movie was made over a period of seven years, so it starts out with afros and Staples Singers and ends with the Bloods (the New York girl punk band from the late '70s) and lots of Warriors-style radio code messages. It's just so inspiring and clumsy and cool.

8) Saw Fucked Up, heard that they are playing a show *in Olympia* with Spider and the Webs *and* Sex Vid. This is my dream show, just those two bands. Fucked Up was actually really great even though I just got bored of them last year after they put out the double LP. Which I have only heard once! How lame am I? But a *double* LP! It doesn't make me think of *Double Nickels on the Dime* or *Zen Arcade*, more like, um MDC's *Smoke Circles*. Which is like most of that band's output, bar a 7" or two. A bummer. Last time I saw Fucked Up it was a total old-man-in-the-moshpit jamboree and this time was no different. Lots of aging dudes being manly. It's like grown folks' hardcore. They undeniably have great songs, as was clearly demonstrated by their set. But. There's something missing from them as a band idea, and maybe musically too; the mystery ingredient that makes me crazy about bands like Finally Punk or Sex Vid. It's like Fucked Up are too calculated, their myth is too self congratulatory and obviously intended to provoke a response. I don't know, they do have killer songs, but the idea of an entire double LP of sigils and situationalisms, endless mocking irony, is not what I want. Obviously that is not a problem in any way for them or their future world domination program—I am a nerdy girl who likes the Frumpies better than 86 Mentality or whomever their audience likes to mosh it up to, so I am sure I am not the target message board dude anyway.

9) Mecht Mensch - *Die in the Classroom.*

10) The Autoclave 7" on Dischord.

Dudes. I am sorry, I really probably am not going to write you back. I totally suck at even writing to my friends or my family, and I think the only time I was ever able to make correspondence happen was during the halcyon '90s emo pooh bear man lifting banner endpoint end racism long sleeve era. But maybe I will change. Layla.gibbon@gmail.com if you wanna give it a go.



This month: hardcore cassette mania! A brief intro: lately collecting hardcore records is totally burning me out. There are probably 15 or 20 hardcore records I still like really "need" to get, and probably half of those are mediocre or worse crapola that will probably never get a full spin on my turntable (yes, I am speaking of the NECROS *Sex Drive* 7" EP). All of them are too expensive, and I am getting waaay too lazy to even bother bidding against you deep-pocketed mofos for any of it. My bids don't even register on this crap anymore...WTF!

The only way to get good punk shit for semi-cheaps anymore is to be ahead of the curve and pay through the nose, since, if all goes as planned, your $50 overpaying now will be a bargain when the kids are paying $200 for it two years from now. At least, that is what's supposed to happen. In a very sad existence, you will overpay $200 today and then watch all of your friends (and enemies) purchase the same records for $42 two months later. (This has probably happened to me, but I am blocking it out of my mind.)

So my semi-cheap boners lately are totally of the cassette variety (and some flyers). Only cassettes are like an entirely different animal, and probably even worse for collecting. Here is why: 1) It's 97 percent impossible to verify you're getting a 100 percent legit original cassette. 2) There are a lot of total crap cassettes. 3) Most "punks" threw out their tapes 20-plus years ago.

I don't know. Kids have been hip to hanging onto their records over the years, and hardcore bands sometimes even pressed 500 to 1000 copies of their records. It is difficult, but far from impossible to get a BUM KON 7" 20 years later. If BUM KON made a demo (they probably did...does anyone have one?), you can bet the lazy bandmates only copied 40 or 50 of them before they realized it was going to be impossible to get rid of even 40 or 50 copies, and most of their friends threw them in the trash because nobody likes their friends' bands.

So now, 20 years later, with all the shady dudes hawking bootlegs and dodgy Belgian "originals" it's too hard to believe that some bro is actually selling an original SEIGE demo tape, especially since the SEIGE demo tape was dubbed and bootlegged and traded so many times over 20 years. So if you're smart, you won't even get started in such a dubious endeavor. But if you're a charity case like me, you'll eventually submit to temptation and try to buy some of these things.

Awesome!

So now you're on the bandwagon, and...get ready...to...WAIT! Yeah! That's right, WAIT! You get to sit around for probably five or six months before one halfway decent cassette of remotely believable origins surfaces. Awesome! This is so fun! Cassettes are changing my life!

OK, really, cassettes are boring as fuck to try and get. You are not ever going to see the ones you really want in theory, so forget it now! But it's OK! Most of those tapes are total unlistenable crud anyways, so there was nothing to even get your hopes up about in the first place.

So now that that's settled, last week I finally acquired one cassette that I never *ever* thought I would get an original copy of. But thanks to my current spending-through-the-nose capabilities, I was able to acquire my most-wanted Midwest cassette, the TAR BABIES / MECHT MENSCH split! This is like even bigger to me than JEZUS AND THE GOSPELFUCKERS demo (yes, I got that one like one and a half years ago, blah blah blah). Probably since I have roots in Wisconsin, plus my wife is from Madison, and her friend's dad was in LIVE SKULL or TAR BABIES or some band.

Plus the fuckin' TAR BABIES first releases are totally fury of hardcore masses! This *Face the Music* LP is the most underrated of Midwest hardcore still, with totally retarded cover art to boot! I was collecting hardcore fury for at least five or six years before I ever heard of this TAR BABIES, and I only lived three hours away from their hometown. Nobody knew that shit. At all. (OK, maybe Felix or Martin tryin' to pawn off on the Japanese). It is like rough demented hardcore by total farm punk wasteoids. From the same dusted Wisconsin brainwaves that brought you bands like DIE KREUZEN and MECHT MENSCH and massive retards SUBURBAN MUTILATION.

Also what is hilarious about the first twp TAR BABIES albums is on both of them, Bob Mould (HÜSKER DÜ) produced half the songs and Butch Vig (GARBAGE/NIRVANA producer) produced the other half of songs. So of course Bob's are on the way-intense furious rough side a la *Land Speed Record* and Butch's are totally tamer but still somewhat awesome HC turds. It is curious why TAR BABIES did not do one album with Mould and one album with Vig, and instead did half an album with both times two. Confusing, eh?

Also confusing is that TAR BABIES only made one *awesome* album plus one semi-awesome album called *Respect Your Nightmares* and then did some smarmy college indie rock yawn, so control yourselves at the dollar bins before you blame me for recommending some awful crap. TAR BABIES = one good album band!

So anyways, this TAR BABIES / MECHT MENSCH cassette is a total "grail item" bros (and sis's!) It is so friggin' cherished by yours truly that I haven't even played it on my car stereo yet! No, like, literally, I am scared to play this cassette for fear of it being eaten. And also for fear that it is already erased by gigantic electromagnets. Tapes like totally stress me out. Do you want to kill me yet?

So without further ado I am going to make a list of tapes that I think people should try to get, even though I can't really remember what most of them sound like, and the quality is often only fifty-fifty good/bad ratio, and there are probably about five to seven copies of each still in circulation, so it's gonna be totarry fun! Also, I can't deal with Euro cassettes now, since I don't even really know all the good tapes there, and there are a lot more and too many to worry about getting.

USA Rules:

1) *No Core* cassette. I think "Japanese" guys "reissued" this one. Famous for its early tracks of

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY. All of it is crude retarded fast Southern hardcore thrash. Like *really* fast with 44 songs from 4 bands. Good for listening. Like wipe the blood from your ears good. OK, maybe you won't ever listen to the whole thing at once. What do you want, it's a cassette?

2) *There is More* cassette. This is an Ohio compilation that nobody cares about because it's from Ohio, and none of those bands released records until the mid-80's. How sad. Whatever. Some people are catching on and stuff. Plus a bunch of the bands on this tape are boring, and ODFX is the absolute worst band ever that you want to love. Actually I kinda tricked myself into loving them since in theory ODFX is incredible, and it's not like I play the tape very often. I would probably get a ODFX tattoo actually. But AGITATED is actually worth listening to like at least five to six times a year. they are the best hardcore band of Cleveland yore, but if their record existed it would probably hover around $35 since nobody gives a shit about non-NYC/DC/T&G/BOSTON hardcore. Especially on cassette.

3) *Birth Defect* cassette. This is like one of those sad decrepit little brother bands compilation that are definitely not cool, like the *Mixed Nuts Don't Crack* of tapes. You know, probably the big Noreaster bands coming through town wouldn't even bother talking to them because they were too busy trying to scam on the local punk chicks and get laid. But if they couldn't get it together with the ladies, they would definitely make some time to talk to these bands (and crash on their floors). You know, someone's gotta buy their records. You almost feel sorry, until you see a movie like *American Hardcore* where all the cool hardcore scenesters are mostly worthless depressing shells of their former selves, and the *Birth Defect* bands are now nuclear physicists or at least librarians. Oh yeah, ODFX is on this cassette too. I dunno, all (read: at least 50 percent of) these bands are good. And all the bands I would say are good are actually the bad tracks, and the good tracks are by bands I don't ever remember. Got it?

4/5) *America's Dairyland* and *Meathouse* cassettes. OK, honestly I can't remember what these tapes sound like, but there's a bunch of cool bands. also, there are probably songs that ended up on some of the bands' eventual records on them, so that might cut into the actual amount of unheard amazing rarities. There is probably some decent shit here, but really, I just felt pressured to put these tapes on the list. Like people would get mad if I left them out. Don't sweat it dudes!

6) *Kitten* cassette. Bob Mould was not content with one mention in this column, so I had to bring him back. He made this cassette on his Reflex label in 1983, and even put a HÜSKER DÜ song on it. Whatevs. I played this in my car for about ten minutes and I liked the songs, and then I started to think the tape was doomed in my car tape deck. Really I was just stoked to get this tape for $16. I don't know what bands I heard, but I'm guessing it wasn't Minnesota's GROUND ZERO because all their records are sooooo bad. WILLFUL NEGLECT is kinda dumb too, like, they're good in a punch-you-in-the-groin way. I hope the bands I liked were RED MEAT or MAN SIZED ACTION or one of the five bands I've never heard of on it. EMSAD!

7) *Charred Remains* cassette. Oh yeah, this was supposed to go up there with the 4/5 *America's Dairyland* and *Meathouse* entry. I confuse all these tapes. I don't know, I bet someone has a bunch of this stuff on SoulSeek or somewhere for you. You could probably combine the good tracks from those three tapes into one good tape. Really, I didn't listen to these extensively. I don't even remember which ones I own, maybe it's only *Charred Remains*. Oops.

8) *Our Blow Out* cassette. This is from San Diego. 5051's here, they're awesome. also you can hear SKULLBUSTERS from that one SD MISFITS flyer I really want to get someday (originals only folks!) BATTALION OF SAINTS is on it, and INJECTIONS. I don't remember who's good, but I think a bunch of it was listenable more than one time!

9) *Starving Dogs* cassette. I don't have this. This is apparently MEGA RARE. It is so rare that Chris of MRR fame doesn't even have a track listing on his Kill From The Heart discography. You should go look at that page because it has track listings for all of the tapes we're talking about here today. His web addy is: http://homepages.nyu.edu/~cch223/ This is an invaluable resource, blah blah. No, really, it's awesome, and you can look at it and start to get depressed about all of the stuff you don't have. And then get really depressed about the stuff you've never even heard of.

But back to the *Starving Dogs* cassette. I think this must be good. It is on the label of the RIGHTS OF THE ACCUSED honchos, only a year before their rager 7" EP came out. This must be good material. Also, I can't remember what other bands were around in Southern Illinois in 1983, but there must be a couple of other good obscuros. Whatever, I'd probably never listen to it, but fuck! Southern Illinois 1983!

10) *Code Blue* cassette. I had to make a cassette #10, so I made it *Code Blue*. My friend had a 90's Minneapolis-made "reissue" of this tape and we heard it in his car tape. That was like ten years ago. I was all hot and bothered since NAKED RAYGUN was like my favorite band in high school, and the tape had two songs. The guys from *Last Rites* fanzine in Minnesota made it. I don't really remember the tape, but we thought the sound was bad on it. I would probably like it now better, but the sound is probably pretty bad. Plus it has shitloads of rad bands like SACRED ORDER, GNP, OUT OF ORDER, AOF, ROTA, NADSAT REBEL. Actually, I can't remember whether these bands are good on this tape. I keep getting outbid on this fucker.

11) *Barefoot and Pregnant* cassette. This is Bob Mould's other Reflex compilation. Must be better since MECHT MENSCH is on it. The REPLACEMENTS do "Ace of Spades" and they ruled in 1982, so this must kill. I guess it's reissued on CD lately, maybe you can still get it. Minneapolis! Eleven on the Richter Scale!

Really, the point of this list is to tell you that cassettes are a real pain in the ass. They're too hard to get, too expensive usually, and you may not listen to these more than one time, especially since nobody even still has cassette players. But they're pretty cool to have when you're a hardcore collectro to show off to your one yearly house guest who already has the cassettes himself (or herself).

Really what I should be writing about is the huge fuckin' stack of 70's soul/funk LP gear I got at the thrift store for a dollar each at lunch today. If you already have all the hardcore records you can afford, you should start looking at thrift stores for CANDI STATON "I'm Just a Prisoner" and HONEY CONE "Take Me With You" and some THREE DEGREES and fuck! Cheap thrills is where it's at in 2007! Also, I got this crazy disco funk burner called, you guessed it, *Disco-Funk*—some RCA compilation from 1975. And "Bim Sala Bim" is *killin' it!*

I'm against the war. Who isn't? (Maybe the two percent who tell The New York Times/CBS poll that Iraq is going "very well.") But this column isn't about the war. It's about logic.

In his new book, Al Gore argues that Americans are losing the ability to, well, argue. "Reason, logic and truth seem to play a sharply diminished role in the way America now makes important decisions," claims the President-in-Internal-Exile. Never mind left versus right; irrationality has become so prevalent that outlandish jingoism and sentimental lunacy have displaced reason as the framework of our national dialogue. What passed for debate on the latest funding bill for the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan makes a convincing case for Gore's thesis.

The 2006 midterm sweep was widely interpreted as an electoral mandate to end the war. Democrats were supposedly now in the driver's seat on Iraq. So why do they keep steering right, as if November never happened? Despite Democratic control of both houses of Congress and polls that show widespread contempt (76 percent) for the war and Bush (63 percent), party leaders felt they had no choice but to give Bush exactly what he wanted: another $100 billion, no strings attached.

Even for the majority that believes invading Iraq was a mistake, there are several reasonable,

even liberal, arguments for staying the course: preventing a bigger civil war, keeping the conflict from spreading into other Middle Eastern nations, honoring our commitment to rebuild a country we've destroyed, the superpower's strategic imperative of flexing its military prowess *just because*. Logic, however, never entered the debate. Instead, an absurd rhetorical turd carried the day, among pro-war Republicans and reluctant Democrats alike: supporting the troops requires funding the war.

"Like it or not, we ran out of options," said David Obey, the Democratic chairman of the House appropriations committee. "There has never been a chance of a snowball in Hades that Congress would cut off those funds to those troops in the field." Even Hillary Clinton, one of just 14 senators who voted no, said she'd thought "long and hard" about her vote because she wanted to "do everything we can to protect the troops."

Remember, this isn't about war—it's about logic. Cutting off funding would do nothing to jeopardize US troops fighting in Iraq. That's obvious. It would, of course, endanger the war itself. Without Congressional appropriations, Bush would be forced to bring them home. Which would make them, despite the reductionist and false 2003 GOP talking point that the streets of some US cities are more dangerous than Iraq, safer. A *lot* safer.

Both parties, with the media playing along, have painted a bleak, transparently ridiculous portrait of besieged American soldiers, surrounded by rabid insurgents. It's The Alamo 2007, or maybe 2008, and our brave young men and women go down, fighting to the last man (or woman) until they run out of ammo, cursing Washington politicians for failing them. Save the last bullet for me, buddy!

It is baffling that this fiction prompted any response from the media, or Democratic pols, beyond dismissive laughter. The fact that it carried the day in a Congressional vote, without even a word of comment from national barometer Jon Stewart, stands as testimony to the triumph of what Mike Judge termed "idiocracy."

"Thank goodness we are finally here," Republican Congressman John Boehner said in reference to the Democratic agreement to support the war, "choking up" for C-SPAN. "Three and a half months [the time spent on the debate] to respond to our troops and their families is too long," added his colleague Roy Blunt. What are they talking about? The troops don't need or want the appropriation. They get a paycheck whether they're stationed in Iraq or here in the States. The Congressional appropriation in question goes to weapons manufacturers, contracting firms such as Halliburton, and Iraqi tribal sheiks in the form of bribes. The troops don't see a cent, much less their families.

What puts our troops in harm's way is the *war*. No war, no worries. Sure, Iraq falls apart (faster). Sure, Iraqis die (faster). But lost in the malarkey is the brutal truth: Voting for more money for the war means more troops get killed and wounded. Again, there are valid arguments for subjecting them to these risks. But there is no logical basis for the claim that the money will make them safer.

Stupidity isn't new, but the willingness of a culturally sophisticated and technologically advanced society to swallow such obvious hogwash brings it to a higher plane of moronitude: we're smart enough to know better, but we choose not to. A striking symbol of such willful idiocy takes the form of a new Creation Museum in northern Kentucky. The $27 million facility posits that the Earth is barely 6,000 years old, dinosaurs were created on the sixth day, and Jesus is the savior who will one day repair the trauma of man's fall. Fossils, the museum teaches, are no older than Noah's flood; in fact dinosaurs were on a section of Noah's ark...There are 52 videos in the museum, one showing how the transformations wrought by the eruption of Mount St. Helens in 1980 reveal how plausible it is that the waters of Noah's flood could have carved out the Grand Canyon within days."

Hipsters are driving rented Zipcars to Kentucky to revel in smirky awe at the cheese of it all, but there's a serious reason fundamentalist churches spend $27 million on such propaganda: It works. A new *Newsweek* poll finds that 48 percent of American adults don't believe in evolution, and "one-third (34 percent) of college graduates say they accept the Biblical account of creation as fact."

Back among the chattering classes, the war-equals-troops trope has outlived the funding battle. Attacking Democratic presidential aspirants Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton, John McCain decried their votes "against funds to support our brave men and women fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan." I wonder: Is McCain that stupid? Or is he a liar who knows he can count on a brainless public not to call him out?

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Richmond, Virginia is the place to be this summer. After all my traveling to fests these past few years, this year the fests are now happening right in my backyard. First off we had the No Way Records Fest, which was two days of retro old-school style hardcore spearheaded by the locals Direct Control and Government Warning and drawing like-minded hardcore friends and allies like Caustic Christ, Career Suicide, Double Negative and Sick Pleasure. But my heart was really in the CLIT Fest: Combating Latent Inequality Together. A festival dedicated to recognizing and celebrating the ladies of punk!

CLIT fest originated in the badass punk city of Minneapolis, backed by Profane Existence and a strong scene of rad women. For the past year or so our local punk ladies have been organizing our own version of the CLIT fest here in RVA, and I think it came together quite well. I can't take any credit at all, since I was mostly in the background, watching and waiting, not wanting to over-commit myself and having no idea how Stig would affect my ability to do things. Consequently, I didn't really know what to expect. I've been pretty out of the loop—immersed in my small world of day-to-day living, working and baby-mammaing. It was actually kind of weird to not be involved, to not know more about what was going on and who was coming to town and generally just feeling the energy that accompanies a punk fest and gathering. There were three days worth of shows and two days of workshops. I knew a few of the bands that were playing, but was unfamiliar with many. I feared that attendance might be low in part due to some less well-known bands, and it was. Hell, people want their shows and fests to have all headliners these days, and it is true that people tend to come out less when they don't know the bands. And then there is also the sad fact that I think some people are still threatened a bit by feminism and strong women. In this case that was their loss, 'cause all the bands that played were awesome and it was so exciting to be exposed to so many new amazing bands that were also all so different. Metal, crust, punk, anarcho, sludge and hardcore were all represented and the diversity flowed well with female guitar players, girls on bass, wimmin on the drums and many rad lady vocals ranging from operatic singing power to guttural gnarly growls. Day three saw several bands with all women members and many bands with female drummers.

I arranged for baby-sitting for the weekend so that I could attend all the shows and it was like an explosive coming out party for me. I haven't been going out much, mostly due to the charm and endless fun of my 7-month-old boy. But the CLIT Fest was the time to make the exception—what have I championed more than celebrating the women of punk all these years? I had to be there for it all! I did a workshop about *Slug & Lettuce* and zines and it was overwhelmingly scary for me. I am very shy and don't do well speaking in front of people. I've never been able to do it, and so I don't. I tried not to let myself get to worked up about it and just kinda threw myself into it, brought an arsenal of back issues and figured I'd just talk about the one thing that I know better than anything—my zine. I was nervous, but I didn't pass out or see stars or anything, and I survived through it and shared some stories and experiences, though I forgot to even mention or talk about anything having to do with being a female zinester (!).

I wanted to do it all over again when it was finished and have more discussions about zines because things are changing so much now. Day by day, it seems, I find out about another long-time mag-a-zine doing a final issue, and with the new international postage rates I feel like world distribution for all print media is coming to an end. So sad.

But that is a topic for another time. Back at the CLIT Fest, there were workshops on practical things like silk-screening, bike repairs, and car maintenance and there were discussions on how to be an ally to someone who has been sexually assaulted, substance abuse in punk, and a panel on porn. Plus there were workshops on anti-oppression training, DIY healthcare, yoga, and Ayurvedic women's health, plus the crucial sisterhood and crucial motherhood. I was only able to attend a little bit of the workshops, but from what I saw and heard they were well attended, which was awesome to see!

I went into the weekend with a few particular bands that I was excited about seeing: Cojoba from Puerto Rico and Appalachian Terror Unit in particular. I've heard good things about ATU—they've played a bunch of shows with Parasytic, and I had generally expected them to be right up my alley. But holy shit, they were everything I'd heard and expected and wanted them to be and more! I was so out of my mind with their metallic Axegrinder riffs, the dual male and female vocal style and the fact that the Nausea comparisons are actually quite on par. Topped off by the fact that they did a Final Warning cover, ATU merged my past and my present perfectly and I had a moment. More than a "moment"—and by a moment, I mean I completely freaked out and raved on and on and gave Sarah hugs and declarations of love and generally found my new favorite band. I just love that shit! I live for those "moments"!

Optimus Crime and Call the Cops both played awesome crust punk right in the style that I love. Rager and Power Nap went more for the thrashing style, both with female vocals. Two Funerals (VA) and the Menstrual Tramps (MN) were both much more straightforward punk, while Two Funerals had more of a melodic '77 style and the Menstrual Tramps had a strong ass-kicking quality. And they were traveling with the bass player's 6-month-old son, which I was so into. Little Gunner hung out in the nanny's baby sling with enormous earphones over his ears and slept while the bands played and woke up with they stopped. What a cutie!

One of my favorite surprises was Black September. They brought in the serious fucking metal with double bass drumming that was absolutely beautiful. And Jen's (from Thin the Herd) guttural vocals were out of this world. I found another new favorite. When Wartorn took the stage, once again it was like homecoming for me. With an old friend from back in the day on vocals, and with amps stacked to the ceiling, this five-piece literally exploded up from the stage. Fucking awesome! Somothrace crossed genres with some serious sludge-core. Quest for Fire and Choose your Poison mixed things up with some dirge, thrash grind. Eleanor from Philly's Red Threat has a voice to die for. Just Another Consumer mixed everything up in a stew with their black-metal female guitarist in face paint, dual male and female crust punk vocals and with a much more metallic crossover style than anyone else that day, which got the blood pumping.

The Condenada ladies from Chicago were fucking amazing. Embracing and celebrating the Latina ladies and the dykes, these strong ladies rocked! Trash is one of my favorite drummers to watch! Whew, everything about Condenada just makes me say "Fuck Yeah." I watch and listen to them and feel empowered, I feel connected, and I feel the strength of the punk women. Getting to see Cojoba was such a treat. I've loved them from a far, relishing in their CDs and singing their praises. Taina's vocals are strong and beautiful and they mix up their style from metallic to catchy and everything in between. They've been around for over a decade and they are solid as a band and full of the DIY spirit. I still can't get over the fact that they record their CDs in a closet and the vocals in a car and it sounds amazing! What a testament to the spirit of DIY punk. And though Cojoba brought the fest to a close, I'll end my description of the weekend with Red Thread from Boston, who for me summed up the whole CLIT Fest. They literally erupted up and off the stage. Jen climbed up on the barricade and then joined the ladies in the pit. In short furious bursts she celebrated fat bellies and menstruation and you could feel the power that is woman! And then almost as fast as furious as they started, they were done. I was left speechless. It was like a tornado had just passed through and left a mark of the goddess behind. I felt like that summed up the entire idea behind CLIT Fest. Stand up, stand strong, stand proud, and a big old Fuck Yeah.

Shame on everyone who missed it. The fest was small but awesome. People traveled from afar and I love them for it. I want to thank everyone who helped to organize the Richmond CLIT Fest, all the people who did workshops and all the bands that played. It was awesome! This time around was a learning experience for all involved and all things considered, I think it was a smashing success. Here is to next year 'cause I want to see it happen again!

Love to the punk ladies xoxo

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Hope you all had a wonderful Fourth of July. At least it's a day off, if you work, I guess. Most Americans are out there grilling meat, drinking, waving flags, and shooting off explosives. And don't tell me there is much more to it than that, because I'm very convinced that's all it's about. All of them meaningless, and probably mostly harmful when you think about it. It's a parade around a historical myth.

For a long time I just figured that the Fourth was, at worst, idiotic patriotism but over the years I have come to believe that's only the most superficial level. It's an exercise in convincing ourselves of a history that never existed.

The whole idea of Independence Day or some kind of a separation of any significance now seems unlikely to me. If anything it had to do with the Anglo-Saxon elite on this side of the pond deciding they wanted to run things from here without any financial restrictions from England. Yeah, free trade, basically. No lofty ideals or religious oppression to speak of.

I'm going to talk about this in next month's column on immigration, but the first European incursion into the current borders of the US wasn't the pilgrims—it was in Virginia at Jamestown, which recently celebrated a 400th anniversary. This was at least 12 years before the Mayflower. It's pretty clear, if you read up on it, why we chose not to identify with the more populous and earlier settlement. Jamestowners were openly greedy, exploitative, intolerant, oppressive, and selfish. Not that the pilgrims weren't, but they had no pretense of religious zeal or a cover story of religious persecution.

The system of government established in British Virginia was brutal: if you verbally slighted someone in the early House of Burgesses, they would nail your tongue to a board (if you were lucky). The level of brutality far exceeded that of England at the time. I will paraphrase Garrison Keillor, who said something about his ancestors coming here to pursue restrictions not available at the time in England.

So our mythology surrounds a second group of people, who were probably no better but could be more easily manipulated into a romantic story.

The elite in the US was always, up until the time of the Declaration of Independence, infused with British-born people. The myth I was taught was that Americans didn't like the British and felt like they were no longer British. This seems to be a complete falsity. Sophistication and refinement have been, and still are associated with being British. The so-called founding fathers wanted to emulate, in culture, society, and even governmental notions, the models of the British. Even the ideas of a non-monarchical government did not just materialize out of nowhere; they came from Europe and were based on ideas of capitalism. They wanted an Anglo-Saxon-dominated society (and later a Teutonic, then just "white") based on British cultural standards. Of course there are things that have changed and morphed over time into being uniquely American. But really, we still have a dominant system of European-based white supremacy. This is especially archaic and fucked up considering the demographics of our society now.

The elite in this country have allowed a large population to identify with these falsely "honorable" roots, and of course, as any good capitalist society would, to market it. Hence you get meat, booze, flags, and fireworks. Those you can sell. I think I would respect the Fourth if it had more actually to do with a real belief. Even a historically incorrect lie would be preferable to the ulti-

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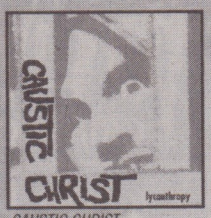

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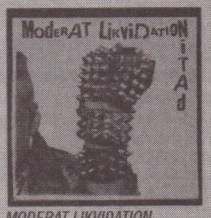

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mate apathetic, materialist, hedonistic, ignorant shit we have now. And celebrations like this, with no substance, have a way of creeping into the psyche of Americans. Because you get the day off and get to enjoy materialist pleasures, people think therefore this country is great. I don't think there is some conspiracy behind this. I just think American society and capitalism seem to function in this way which creates the most sordid situations which are free of ideals, compassion, care, or thought.

OK, in terms of music lately there have definitely been some great things coming out. The new NINE LP is fucking incredible, and one of the better Swedish HC bands going right now. Nuclear War Now! continues to amaze me with their constant stream of awesome high quality releases. The XIBALBA 2xLP is a great case in point. They unearthed this '90s Aztec/indigenous (the songs are even in Nahuatl I believe)-themed black metal release, and I have to say I was blown away. I am always glad to see black metal bands that blend their heathen roots that are non-European. The whole Norse shit seems played out, even though it was innovative at the time. I think bands like XIBALBA—and also RUDRA from Singapore, BE PERSECUTED and ULULATE from China, and several Middle Eastern acts—provide excellent examples of what black metal could be in terms of theme: the atavistic, organic, primal legacy of humankind, not just of Europeans. The whole Satanism and Viking thing is good for campy value, I'll admit, but I think in terms of serious or substantive content, this is the direction black metal could go for the future.

There is also a new CONFUSION discography CD out on Obliteration Records from Japan. All I can say is, about fucking time; these guys were way fucking underrated Colombian fucking grind/HC. They started in 1989 and have been around ever since, and apparently are still kicking. Thirty songs of face-beating grind!

The MASS SEPERATION / SMG split 7" on Jerk Off Records is a pretty awesome entity in and of itself: a split 7" with two Malaysian punk bands. I don't know that this has happened before, but cheers to these guys. MASS SEPERATION is always reliable for good crusty punk HC with harsh female vocals, and SMG is much the same. It's my first time hearing SMG and I would like to hear more.

I got recently the DEIPHAGO *Satanic Eons* LP which is fucking amazing Filipino black metal with a heavy SARCOFAGO influence and is as dirty, raw, and fucking evil as it gets.

I got the two ISTIDRAJ CDs and I know I may be a bit behind the times on them, but they are an incredible raw black metal act from Singapore. WTF is with Singapore anyway? For a city of two million people, there are *way* too many cool bands there. Sign me up for a tour of that place.

While I am shocking people with my worldwide metal profanations, the LADO OBSCURO *Senhor das Trevas* 7" is pretty wicked too—Brazilian blaspheming dark metal. Their demo is pretty rad too.

I am also excited to hear about the reformation of Japanese punksters CFDL, who are long time buddies of mine. These guys have been around for who knows how long and have always played thrashy, punky, snotty, fun HC!

Also, pretty cool news from me: the SLEEPING AT THE POPES 7" is out now! South African Thrashcore punk that is absolutely mandatory. This band will blow you away. The 7" is limited to 500 and is $4 ppd from me.

I think that's about it this time, I will keep this one brief as next month's column (immigration) may be a bit long. Till next time!

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07.07.07

Fucking hell.

My column was nearly finished. I had written glorious fiery phrases about my last month of travelling: from the end of the G8 protests in Germany, to the Scum Fest in London, to going on a short tour with the Subhumans from Brussels to Dijon. Then I was at Les Tanneries for the first part of July, working on a video about this inspiring squat and social centre. As always, there was too much to say about it all.

And now, using a friend's computer, my document won't open, there is nothing I can do, and the words and attempted explanations are lost. The deadline has come and gone, I have a few hours, so I will type what I can, sending you more of a quick letter, flashes of the moment.

I am in Barcelona.

Spanish phrases float through my head—*estoy un poco consada*, drained from walking around during the heat and sun of the afternoon, taking in the ancient narrow neighborhood streets tucked away in the city center, filled with people and bustle, every window a door with a small balcony, the building walls a tapestry of brick, iron banisters, clothes and sheets like small flags hung from metal wires, plants in clay pots reaching for the sun. At street level there are small shops selling bread and pastries, tobacs filled with shelves of bottled beer, boxes of juice, soda and cigarettes at the counter. There are stores with rows of cell phones behind glass, shoes of every description, and small groceries with crates of tomatoes, bananas and peaches spilling onto the narrow sidewalks.

My new friends take me to a small park, the cement fountain engraved with the place name, Pl. Joseph M. Folch. *Qué es estó luego?*

Children play on swings, rows of palm trees create a small haven of shade, and apartments line the park's edges. There is no sign, no indication that 70 years ago this is where a women's prison once stood. In 1936, during the Spanish Revolution, the Mujeres Libres attacked the prison and released the inmates, then proceeded to tear the building down. My friends show me a small black and white photo in a book—people ripping apart the roof with axes—and I try to imagine that time and energy and excitement of revolt, the rich history of resistance that still lives and breathes in the streets of this city.

Around Place Catalunya the old mixes with new, the stores become massive chains and the cafes are filled with wealthy tourists from around the world, sitting in the shade of large white umbrellas, glasses of wine and beer on small tabletops, the smell of food, bustle of servers, conversation, the wide cement sidewalks crowded and hot.

In the massive covered market Mercat de la Boquerio we buy olives and salted nuts and fresh peaches by the pound, sharing our snacks in their small plastic bags, passing by the stalls of fruit, vegetables, seafood, meat and cheeses, while I asked Marat more questions about how it is to squat in the city, how things have changed over the last ten years.

As we sit in the shade on a wooden bench out on the sidewalk, resting our feet and watching the shoppers go by, he talks of how it has become much harder to find empty buildings to squat, and people are evicted much faster now. A squatted apartment or building may last a month, maybe two months, maybe even six months or a year before being evicted if the squatters are very lucky. There are a few squats that have managed to survive over a decade now, but those are very rare.

The more we talk, the more I realize how the situation *está complicada*—there are no easy solutions or ways to organize, no simple way to explain how things are here. Barcelona has perhaps one of the strongest squatting scenes in Europe, there are an estimated two to three hundred squats in the city, but even here things are changing, as capitalism gains a greater foothold everywhere.

One trend is that since the Olympic Games, politicians have been slowly reshaping the city, even removing entire sections of neighborhoods, making the city more appealing to tourists, building walkways and fancy hotels. Another is that empty buildings are also harder to come by, as there is a growing population, more recent immigrants, and real estate agents buying property on speculation. And in addition to the ongoing state repression against anarchists and those who organize, the police have become more repressive and violent towards squatters in the last few years.

At the main market, a staple of urban daily life for decades, Marat noted how things have become more commercial. Among the stalls of fresh and basic foods, there are now more ready-to-eat snacks wrapped in plastic layers, gourmet selections at high prices, and restaurants geared towards tourists with easy money to spend. Things are changing.

Once again, I have found friends of friends to

stay with, part of the international punk and anarchist conspiracy that continues to surprise me with kindness and a sense of community wherever I go. *Muchas gracias* to the Otan crew—a band that you will probably never see because they don't tour—who play amazing old-style hardcore with great music and lyrics of the *juventud anarquista, juventud libertarian..tu espada anarquía, tu escudo es la verdad…*

Before they went out for the night, Guillem said to me, "*Mis discos son tus discos,*" and pointed towards his collection of LPs. I may have lost my column, but at least I have punk to comfort me, and kind people who tolerate my terrible Spanish. An amazing compilation of 80's Spanish punk bands, *Punk Que? Punk*, plays on the stereo and as I type, the tall wooden doors out to the balcony are open, letting the now cool evening air refresh my senses, my bare feet rest on the tile floor, and I wonder once again, *"Dondé estoy?"*

Dijon, June 2007
Espace autogéré des Tanneries

(What follows below is the international communiqué sent out by Les Tanneries while I was there. During my brief stay I was inspired by all of the projects that are connected with this space, and the work, organizing, creativity and friendship by all those involved. Les Tanneries is an ongoing point of resistance, an important part of our international network of autonomous spaces. *Santé et solidarité*!)

Dear friends,

At last, here comes an update on our situation! Our apologies to all our international friends, comrades and supporters throughout the world who have been awaiting this long for news, but as you can imagine, we've been really busy. Anyways, it's more than time to confirm the rumour that's been spreading for four weeks already: we might not have won the fight, but we definitely have won the first round!

First of all, we want to send our warm greetings to all those of you who made this possible, by sending protest letters, faxes and emails, by threatening the council by phone, by organizing protest actions in your cities and in front of your embassies, by staying with us, be it for a night or for a week, by sending us encouragement, greetings and energy. More than ever, we feel part of a thriving & vibrant community made of affinities without borders, seditious complicities, wonderful people and practical solidarity.

Then, we want to stress that our struggle is not just local, and that our victory can only be partial when other autonomous spaces such as the Köpi & Rigaerstraße in Berlin, Ungdomshuset in Copenhagen, Blitz in Oslo, Ifanet in Thessaloniki, as well as miscellaneous social centres in Amsterdam, Barcelona, and elsewhere are being threatened or destroyed.

We believe in reinforcing the informal links that bind us, in standing together, in resisting together!

A brief account on the mobilisation in and around Dijon.

Late March 2007, we discovered that discrete negotiations were under way between the council and the "Générale de Santé" corporate group to build a private medical complex on our site. After repeatedly asking the council for an explanation and not getting any answer, we decided to launch a new campaign, in an attempt to break into the subject while it was hot, before any decisions would be taken.

Within days, a call was spread to gather in front of the city hall on March 26th. Some 300 people showed up and demonstrated outside, while a group of 70 activists entered the building to disrupt the city council assembly, which was then taking place. The meeting was blocked, and the mayor had to meet our first demand: answers. Suddenly, we had an appointment for the next day; yet another proof that collective action is far more efficient than polite letters.

After that first wave of pressure, the council admitted they had a project, but that we would be advised of any decision; to which we answered that we didn't want to be told what would happen, but that we would prevent such a project from happening. To the perspective of relocating our space, we answered it was out of the question for us to move, and that we would campaign and resist, to maintain the structures we'd been building over 10 years.

In the following weeks, hundreds of letters, messages and phone calls were addressed from all parts of France and Europe to the city hall, while posters, flyers and graffiti in defense of "Les Tanneries" quickly covered the whole city. Most political meetings from the Socialist Party (holding the city council and running for elections at the time) were disrupted by speeches about our situation, while contacts were made with tens of collectives in and around Dijon, a number of which sent protest letters to the council. To know all sides of the enemy, we invited ourselves to the "Générale de Santé" as a group, and obtained an appointment with its head, who confirmed negotiations with the council were underway, but said to be open to build the medical complex a bit further from our location.

On May 6, right-wing Sarkozy was elected president. Riots broke out throughout the whole country in anger. In Dijon, hundreds of people clashed with riot cops protecting the right wing party's headquarters, and a few capitalist targets were attacked. A few days later, the local right wing accused us of being responsible for the rioting, demanding the council shut us down. We answered by expressing our solidarity with all demonstrators through a communiqué, explaining that we wouldn't drop a tear for the bank windows that were smashed.

Turning a large number of issues of the newspaper that contained the infamous article into confetti during one of our demonstrations did not only rile the journalist in charge, but also led him to publish large bits of our answer in the next issue. This happened in the context of a media crackdown on anarchist and autonomous circles in France, which the police have widely held responsible for the social unrest that spread through the country after the election, resulting in several squats being raided and people detained.

Still lacking any guarantee in the maintenance of our space, we planned an escalation of protests, with a first date set for May 19th, for which we announced a colorful and active demonstration, and a second date set for June 9, for a massive Reclaim The Streets concert mixing militant hip-hop (Keny Arkana) with punk (Guerilla Poubelle) and revolutionary songs (René Binamé).

In the meantime, support messages kept arriving, together with delightful news of international solidarity. In Copenhagen, on May 3, a demonstration was held in defense of various occupied social centres, among which was Les Tanneries; when the demonstration tried to reach the French embassy, it was attacked by police, which led to street riots and burning barricades throughout the night. In Berlin, on May 8, a demonstration for the Köpi gathered some 1000 people behind a banner stating "Köpi, Blitz, Les Tanneries, Ifanet—We Stand Together, We Fight Together." In Barcelona, on May 19, the demonstration for autonomous spaces, which was blocked and attacked by the police, carried a banner in defense of "Les Tanneries" and "Köpi."

In Dijon, on the same May 19, the Tanneries' demonstration started with a public reading of the international solidarity statement coming from Barcelona, and then went through the streets, led by an energetic batukada, followed by some 400 participants. Posters were glued on the walls throughout the whole demonstration, which eventually arrived in the park right behind the council. There, a group of activists climbed up trees, deployed big banners opposite the council windows, and set up an aerial camp, while a flyer was distributed on the ground, announcing the permanent occupation of the park and its transformation into a temporary autonomous zone until the mayor would commit to not endangering Les Tanneries.

This made the city council freak out slightly. After the police said they couldn't evict the trees, lacking numbers and equipment, city officials were still there late at night, proposing to renew our contract for four more years if we'd climb down. Without any written confirmation, we refused, and spent a night up in the trees. On the next day though (a Sunday morning), we were brought a signed commitment from the mayor, and thus decided to leave after 24 hours of occupation.

Not only did we win four more years, but we also had confirmation that the private medical complex would not be built on top of our house, rather be our neighbour. Despite that first big victory, we had a remaining worry: the "Générale de Santé" would still have a legal right to appropriate all surrounding land within the next 15 years. However, being pressured by the prospect of a huge street party in front of the city hall on the day before the parliamentary election, the council promised that if the land

we're occupying was to be sold, our lease would remain untouched. We got their word, for what it's worth, and after two months of mobilization, we've chosen to take a break and enjoy a first victory, remain vigilant and see.

As a result, we relocated June 9's street party to our house, calling for a celebration of our two months of struggle, getting the occasion to open our doors wide and show the diversity that lies within Les Tanneries. It was quite a thrilling weekend for many, combining enraged hip-hop and punk outdoors, vegan food and anarchist literature, speeches and videos about Ungdomshuset and squatting in Barcelona, exhibits, conferences and movies on the popular uprising in Oaxaca, an electro dance floor and a day-long graffiti jam-session.

However, the struggle is not over. It wasn't more than a few days before the right wing party reacted, attacking the council's decision to let us stay. The mayor answered that local elections were soon to come, and that if the right wing party wanted to claim they'd get rid of "Les Tanneries" as part of their campaign, they very well could, but that he wished them a lot of luck! It is clear that we'll have to be on our guard during the local election next year.

In any case, our concern extends way beyond Dijon, when autonomous spaces are being shut down everywhere, anarchist and radical left circles are being criminalized, social control is being enforced, just about everywhere. Our combative greetings and thoughts fly out to all those in Copenhagen, Berlin, Thessaloniki, Oslo, Barcelona, Amsterdam, Paris and elsewhere who keep fighting to keep police hands off our few liberated spaces!

http://squat.net/tanneries/

Ransom End Notes

How can I summarize all my thoughts and thanks in this last space and time? Impossible, but I can't leave without a few more words scribbled on the wall, phrases snatched between one train station and the next.

In London, thanks to Jon and Marta for all of the vegan delights and good times, a great image of Michele biking over London Bridge coming back from another night of beers and music and hanging out at Scum Fest, Georgina and Hoyden and the rest of the volunteers making the festival happen, and all the punks I shared a pint with! In Bremen, danke as always to Stivie and Katia for putting me up at their house, (and all the coffee!) Mirija for all the smiles and good times, G18 crew for topless swimming at the lake. I could write an entire column about the Subhumans tour, but of course it was great shows, good times, lots of laughs and good cheer hanging out with them. Wicked! And of course, thanks to the entire Les Tanneries collective and JC and Eloise of Maloka for the interviews and good times. Dijon was amazing! Also a special thanks to N. for friendship and inspiration. On the other side of the world, Boston and SF are still in my heart, and cheers to all my friends.

Love, Resistance and Solidarity, Erika

don't try

by dave

I am having severe writer's block this month. Coming up with anything remotely interesting to lead this month's column has become a test of endurance that I've simply given up on. The last few weeks have been characterized by a lot of personal upheaval in my life, leaving me feeling relatively uninspired creatively and probably expecting too much from the releases that have been sent my way.

As a columnist that reviews records and albums you're always hoping for at least one that will totally blow you away, and become a permanent addition to your music collection rather than something to pass on to friends or co-workers. Unfortunately the vast majority of releases this month probably will not have a lasting impact in my life. In times of upheaval we tend to return to those albums that mean the most to us, and the older you get the fewer and farther between those become.

Nonetheless, dear Hessians, I have a responsibility, an obligation if you will, to let you know what's happening in the world of metallic sounds and like in a relationship, you persevere through thick and thin, in good times and bad—at least in theory. So, to this month's metallic munchies we go…

From the Level Plane label comes a split album called *Project Mercury* from two east coast post-Isis groups, Balboa and Rosetta. Balboa gets first shot with their three tracks. This generally ain't my style and I can't listen to it repeatedly, but I have to admit, they are bringing something different than most of the millions playing in this dead style. The first short track, "Primitive Accumulation," starts off Isis-like enough, but towards the end takes a turn into grind-lite territory before ending with a catchy melodic hardcore riff. The nearly ten-minute Kaddish is the kind of jam you'd imagine Neurosis playing at campfire—it builds and build and builds endlessly. Vocally, Balboa has your fairly standard tortured Aaron Turner screams. I'll be interested to hear a full-length should one turn up.

Rosetta will be familiar to some from their previous double album debut *The Galilean Satellites*, another post Isis/SUNN behemoth that managed only somewhat successfully to set itself apart from the masses. "TMA-1" meanders through about five minutes of syrupy postmetal-gaze before adding anything resembling the heavy to the mix, and then continues on for another five minutes in the same way. Rosetta's members are very adept at their instruments and crafting long epics, but it's all too monotonous and I can't but think to myself, "If I want this sort of vibe, I'll just listen to Godspeed You! Black Emperor" because they do it infinitely better and far more interestingly.

Also from Level Plane (and Vendetta Records) comes the uniquely packaged new CD from Graf Orlock called *Destination Time Tomorrow*. It comes in a shiny little bag and the CD is stuck onto a die cut insect-looking creature with its fingers wrapped around the disc. And although it looks really cool, this will be easily damaged and can't be considered practical. Musically, *Destination Time Tomorrow* contains 8 songs in 16 minutes of sample heavy techymath-grind with riffs galore, at times interesting like the breakdown heavy "A Misappropriation Of Sector Resources," and at other times, not so much. Fans of stuff ranging from Dillinger Escape Plan to Pig Destroyer will probably get into Graf Orlock. Ten bucks says they end up on Relapse. Any takers?

What's this? A new album from cult legends Profanatica? Yes, it's true—one of the American underground's ugliest older bands has returned. *Profanatitas De Domonatia* features 10 tracks over 40 minutes of underground black death metal that still sounds as though it could be a demo from the early 90's. "Unto Us He Is Born," "Mocked, Scourged And Spit Upon," and "A Fallen God, Dethroned In Heaven" reek of a band of older dudes disgusted at what black metal has become. Fans of stuff like Blasphemy and early Incantation will find lots to like on *Profanatitas De Demonatia*. Blown out bass-heavy underground production values with no added trickery. Just pure blasphemous American black metal. Released by Hells Headbangers.

From the opposite end of the spectrum come a few releases from black metal's burgeoning religious/intellectual movement being spearheaded in the US by the Ajna label. Occult symbolism, Latin and Hebrew textual flourishes, and lyrical subject matter meant to make you seem stupid are all hallmarks of this scene, with Deathspell Omega being the genre's obvious reference point. Plenty of bands are bringing their own take to this new scene as well—none so effectively as DSO, but interestingly enough to warrant further investigation.

Secrets Of The Moon is the first of these bands to consider in this month's column. The new album *Antithesis* is steeped in the band's dedication to magic and a new personification of Satan, not as the exact opposite of all Christian values but as a muse for artistic inspiration and all things rebellious, according to the info sheet from the label. A sort of positive spin on the dark lord, if you will.

But let's face it, behind all the conceptual bullshit and pseudo-intellectual posturing, if the music isn't there, who really cares? Thankfully for Secrets Of The Moon, they do have the chops to back it up, as this is a pretty solid album of modern, technically proficient black metal. A lot of the songs on here stretch past the six-minute mark, giving them time to develop and play with interesting arrangements. Nonetheless, the album feels too long, at nearly an hour, and the songs tend not to stick out much from one another. This is a solid, second division album not in league with frontrunners like Watain and Deathspell Omega.

Next up from the Ajna label is Mortuus with

the album *De Contemplanda Morte,* which I'm guessing translates to something like "The Contemplation of Death" or "Contemplating Death." Mortuus should not be confused with Mortiis—make note of the different use of vowels and the lack of pointy ears and noses. Mid-paced black metal played in a vein similar to their contemporaries in Glorior Belli, Hell Militia, etc. "Penetrations of Darkness" is a decent enough lead track over its seven minutes, but never really sounds like much more than a really long, glorified intro. Things speed up into Antaeus territory on "Astral Pandemonium," but you never get the sense that Mortuus are taking any risks with their black metal. They do what they do effectively enough, it's solid work, but it's ultimately destined to be buried by time and dust.

Weedeater is back with a new album, *God Luck And Good Speed,* and a new label, Southern Lord. Weedeater remains a one trick pony, and really, would you want anything else? These are crustified stoner jams like late period Buzzoven, which makes sense given bassist/vocalist Dixie Dave did time with North Carolina's scum legends toward the end. Having seen these songs performed live a few times before hearing the album, I was already somewhat familiar with the material. The title track "God Luck And Good Speed" opens things up on the album, as it does with their live show, and has one of the strongest, most instantly memorable, stoned riffs on the whole record. "Alone" breaks things up as a quieter, acoustic style summer-day porch jam and a cover of Skynyrd's "Gimme Back My Bullets" is thrown in to further announce their southern roots. Production-wise, this is bass-heavy and super-distorted with the vocals fairly low in the mix. Beer-swilling, weed-smokin', speed-dealin' music for those lowbrow, blurry-vision moments.

Also on Southern Lord comes the new album by the French black metal horde Glorior Belli, *Manifesting The Raging Beast*. The band's debut LP *O' Laudate Dominus* was a standout piece of work, so I had a decent amount of anticipation for *Manifesting The Raging Beast*. However, after being inundated with the sort of mid-paced evil modern-style black metal (see Secrets Of The Moon, Mortuus), I find this new record to be not nearly as much to my liking. Sure it's got the twisting, contorting minor key riffs and anti-melodies, coupled with the usual fits of speed, but in 2007 the ante has been upped on this sort of thing and Glorior Belli sounds merely like one of many. Here's hoping the upcoming Deathspell Omega record doesn't suffer the same fate.

Moribund Records this month presents *Merciless Hammer of Lucifer* from Seattle's long-running death metal band Drawn & Quartered. This is the band's fifth album for Moribund, which in itself is an achievement in this day and age, especially considering the band, as far as I can tell, does not have a huge following in the death metal world. And that's kind of a shame because this is well-executed underground American style death metal that should appeal to those into the "bigger" names like Incantation and Immolation who have also been plying this style regardless of trends since time immemorial, it seems. My guess as to why this band isn't up in the big leagues is lack of touring. *Merciless Hammer of Lucifer* isn't going to make a big impression on the history of death metal in the long run, but it's a well-executed album that newer fans to the genre could certainly latch onto.

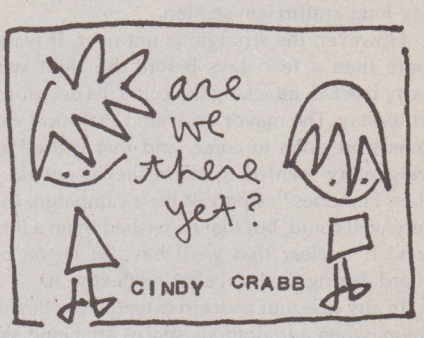
Once upon a time, in the early to mid 1990s, there was an amazing Norwegian black metal band called Manes. Their demos were much sought-after artifacts of cold desolate blackness—they were one of the few to make a synth sound appropriate in the context of black metal and they were among the best the Norse underground had to offer. These amazing demos were collected on a CD a year or two ago and released in a limited edition that is now equally hard to find. Nonetheless, any self-respecting fan of Norwegian grimness a la Emperor's Wrath of the Tyrant should seek these demos out. *Do not* seek out an album by a band still calling themselves Manes titled *How The World Came To An End,* which is wretched electro-pop from a band masquerading under the same name. Change the fucking name.

Wold is a Canadian project with a new album called *Screech Owl* out on the Profound Lore label. This is a cross between Cold Meat Industries-style noise destruction and black metal buried deep in the mix that might most closely correlate to the harsher moments of Sweden's MZ.412. I love this kind of stuff but it's not for the faint of heart or ear. The noisier, less structured side of Skullflower could also be a reference point. "Ray Of Gold" clearly has a black metal riff at its core but is completely over-processed and blown out, and so stripped to its base element so that its architecture is just barely audible beyond sheer harsh noise. Fans of the aforementioned projects, as well as of Kevin Drumm, Abruptum, etc. should look into this one. At 72 minutes it's ideal for the torture chambers at Gitmo.

Godless Rising contains part of the original lineup of death metal veterans Vital Remains. Their new album *Battle Lords* is out now on Moribund. No nonsense mid-1990s style American death metal, more bestial then overly technical. At times the double bass sound is kind of irritating, sounding like a really fast typewriter—it needs to be a lot deeper sounding. There's not much setting this apart aside from the fact that this style of death metal isn't being played as much now as it was ten years ago. Sometimes that's good, but not in this case. Vital Remains, Ritual Carnage, and Morbid Angel fans should check it out, though it's not as good as any of them. The cover art by Chris Moyen (Coffins, Beherit, Archgoat) is pretty weak, like his version of a Muni Waste cover.

Now this I like—Hacavitz from Mexico plays bestial black death metal on their second album, *Katun,* that most closely recalls Angelcorpse and bands like Conqueror, Revenge, Nox, and even some Morbosidad. It's a little less full sounding than Angelcorpse, probably because there are only two dudes in this band, but the riffs are sick and evil, militant and barbarous, and the drums a full on destruction ritual. To invoke a comparison to Angelcorpse again: like that band's albums, this one rarely lets up on the speed dial, yet the riffs and changes remains strong and interesting enough that they can maintain the brutality throughout the album's 51 minutes. For all the thrashers there is a bonus Dark Angel cover, "Hunger Of The Undead," tacked on at the end. Definitely one of the best albums to come from this month's crop of releases.

That's the goods for this month. Keep sending the heavy stuff over to Don't Try, 2340 Powell Street #117, Emeryville, CA 94608 USA. dont-try@20buckspin.com



I didn't become a punk until my mid 20's. In high school I was a loser, freak, drama-fag, poseur, stupid, wannabe, so and so's girlfriend, that other guy's girlfriend, the girl on the back of the motorcycle. My friends were over punk already, but we could still listen to a couple things: the Bad Brains, The Replacements. We still worked shitty jobs so we could buy shitty records. Music was still our lives.

I knew there were secrets out there that I couldn't find. I searched the city as much as fear would let me. I searched into other people's lives. I was from the suburbs, three cats, three sisters and a brother, two alcoholic parents, one elementary school teacher's salary, spotty child support payments from the real father, secrets and forgotten memories, screaming and did he really throw her to the floor and kick her? Not too violent to forget. It had been as spotty as the money was now. Now there was the incest pushed under the rug, forgotten by them but not by us, never by us. We protected our parents the way they never protected us. We kept secrets I didn't have the courage to leave for real, but I did find out how to make it to the city, the bus or hitchhiking if I had to. There was a corner where the weirdoes hung out: the soon-to-be junkies and the high school girls trying to hide their age, slicked-back hair and red lips or long skirts and henna, or whatever, anything, 50's housewife dresses, men's suits and shoes. There were the street musician hippies and the anti-racist skins. It's not like there were a ton of people really, but it was a funny mix. Public space and meeting ground. There were punks across the street from where we hung out, and they spare-changed and fought with the Christians who would sometimes come to preach. They hung out at the McDonalds and got drunk. They had Exploited

painted on their new leather jackets. There had to be something else.

I hear people sometimes complaining about the kids now, buying punk; it's just another thing for sale. Everything in America is co-optable. Capitalism takes our resistance and turns it in to commodity, ripping out the soul, ripping out the meaning. It's true, but punk was never so pure or perfect. I sometimes sit on the newspaper rack downtown and watch the new kids walk by, plaid skirts, suspenders, suit coats, strange mixes. Maybe they are posing just like we were, trying on anything that has a potential to lead them someplace more real.

Once I was hanging out with my cool-boy-motorcycle-boy clique I was accepted into by being a girlfriend and tough, not hysterical or talkative or giggly, and they were talking about this girl who was so hot. They all agreed they would marry her. They all agreed she was so hot. She was in the Babes in Toyland band, punk band. I hated her, had never met her. Couldn't wait to meet her so I could hate her better. I had ideas of how she would be, beautiful and skinny and long pretty hair and perfect features like a model, probably French, probably really sexy and smooth talking, a flirt. And when I met her, this Laurie Barberos, she was smiles and welcome. She made sure to talk to me, another girl; she was not a girl-hater like most of us were. She was not super skinny, her nose was not perfect American model, but turned up sort of squishy and her hair was huge and dreaded. She was not flirty sexy style and didn't try to be. She didn't play the game at all. She was fully herself and so nice. I thought, if punk girls get to be like that and still be wanted and loved and respected, then there is something to punk I don't know about, something of punk I need.

I moved to a tiny town, population one thousand, and there were no punks there. Actually, once a punk came for the summer. She was more metal than punk and had a plan that metal was a real place of potential resistance. She was going to bring information about anarchism to metal shows and try to convert them, but the next time I heard of her she had started a punk band. If I remember right, she said they didn't know how to play yet. The idea of girls playing music together sounded crazy to me. The idea of girls playing music on their own terms.

When I lived in the country, I read about anarchism. It changed the whole way I saw my life. Every fundamental thing, like the way we sectioned our lives off—work time and learning time and leisure time. The way we viewed growing up as becoming numb and giving up. It talked about how people have been turned into consumers—how our identities are formed by the products we buy, or the products we want. It talked about becoming human again. Forming community, self-reliance, community reliance. Gardens on rooftops, no more cars, no more suicidal despair. It talked about the history of oppression, the history of resistance, the failures and successes, and the need to get rid of all forms of domination. the need to look deeply into all our actions and intentions, our conscious and subconscious. It talked about active citizenship (and by citizenship I don't mean official papers, official existence, I mean creating community and decision making processes to organize to fulfill our own local needs). It talked about living a life worth living. It talked about being able finally to feel alive, to love without defenses, to be safe at home, to be safe. To be whole. To be real.

Anarchism gave me an idea of a new world, and eventually I found the punks who were living something of it.

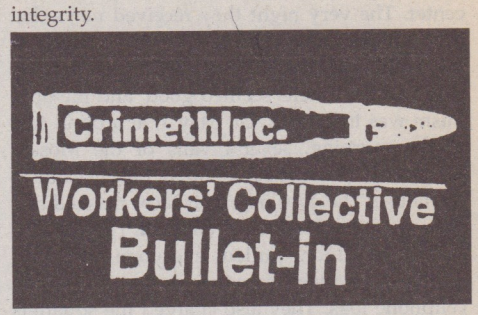
Every movement has a million cliques and subgroups that maybe don't even have that much in common. I remember when I thought punk was something solid and cohesive that I couldn't understand. There was Laurie Barbaros, who was just how I wanted to be, and then there were these punks in my living room in Portland, spiked-up jackets and sweet but getting drunker, and then drunk, talking about porn. and they were friends of my best friend, and I was trying to talk about how porn had played a part in the continuum of objectification that led up to me being sexually abused. They didn't care. I wasn't trying to demonize all porn. I was trying to say that it wasn't always funny for all of us, and that there were serious sides to it, there were real reasons to think deeply. that objectification was real and killed us in real ways.

Then there was Kyle, also Portland, also spiked jacket, who stood with me and my sister in the kitchen while we listened to some kind of girl folk music and mixed up a big batch of squash bread for all our friends and neighbors. He said "You two are the punkest girls I know."

So punk meant this too: mixing bread with all your arm muscles. Loving your friends. Giving. Dancing in the kitchen. Not caring if people thought your music was stupid. Trying to be true to yourself. Trying to change everything. The punks I ended up with were the ones who usually maybe only hesitantly identified that way, but they were the ones that, despite the despair, couldn't really crush the life inside them. They wanted life, all of it. They wanted community and family no matter how fucked up we all were. Hop trains but no bragging. Swim. Walk. We lived together in crowded houses, challenging American ideals of individual space, individual lives, alienation, nuclear family. We didn't let the corporate control of media keep us from writing. We wrote zines, we passed them out to each other, at shows, on the street, to strangers. We took up public space. We danced like crazy, we screamed our heads off, we held each other up and carried each other home.

I am not writing a eulogy—this is still what I love about punk, these same things.

I love the farm punks, the punks building shacks on forgotten land, the self-defense punks, the bike punks, the girl punks refusing silence, the awkward punks trying to find someplace to fit in, the finding out new ideas and being passionate and finally sure about something, the self-righteousness—not that I really love self-righteousness, but I remember the power of feeling sure and strong after a life of no power and no certainty. I know that for most people the self-righteousness fades. I love the ways that despite everything being against us, we create culture, we create resistance, we create ways to live with integrity.



This month we shift from Colombia to Spain, offering a case study of resistance to landlords and property laws. For more reporting on anarchist resistance around the world, contact us at CrimethInc. Defendants International, PO Box 494, Chapel Hill, NC 27514; web serfs can "surf" the web to www.crimethinc.com.

This column is about two Barcelona squats, one ending, and one beginning; and about the collectives that run them. Barcelona is a city wracked by a remarkably accelerated process of gentrification. It's like bombs are falling on the city every day, and where they land, immigrants, graffiti, street corner conversations between old-time neighbors disappear, and tourists and expensive shops pop up out of thin air. The laws and the political situation also make squatting difficult, yet despite this, Barcelona's famed squatting movement is still strong. In the end, a particular building occupation may not last a year. But the social relationships of the collectives responsible prove much more durable than the physical structures, and it is these that determine the survival or demise of the occupations and the movement as a whole.

In late March I was greeted to the squatted social center Ruin Amalia with the warning that it could easily be evicted before the end of April—at one point the people running the library even started packing up their books. Around the same time, the group of squatters fixing up the newly occupied Antic Marti celebrated the news that the owner of the building was involved in legal proceedings that would take four years to resolve, during which time he could not initiate an eviction process against them. Now, at the beginning of June, Ruin Amalia is still hanging on and experiencing new life, and Antic Marti is a memory but the collective that squatted it has started a new project.

Eviction and Cohesion: Antic Marti

Antic Marti was located at Consejo de Ciento 38, in the Sants neighborhood of Barcelona. The building consisted of three stories of apartments on top of an abandoned restaurant. Eighteen people, mostly students, lived in the apartments, and the restaurant was to be turned into a social center. It only existed about two months before it got evicted, and during that time they were busy fixing it up. Throughout its vacancy the owner had been periodically smashed up the building attempting to undermine its structure, in order to get permission to demolish and rebuild the

property, so the squatters had a lot of work to do. They had high hopes for the place, and the corner restaurant would have made a great social center. The very night they received news that they had four years before an eviction proceeding could start, they dumpstered a big wedding cake. All the omens seemed good, and the optimism was infectious. On May 7, at around 6:30 in the morning, several vans of the Mossos d'Escuadra (the Catalan national police) came to the house. The cops had their faces masked and their names and numbers removed. They bashed down the door, pulled everyone out, and searched the place, copying computer files and cellphone logs. They also charged the squatters with "usurpation." On dubious grounds, they used a criminal rather than civil eviction process, and completely illegally they also entered the neighboring address (what was to be the social center) and evicted that. Workers sent by the owner smashed up the entire house to discourage future squatting, and then bricked over the front door.

The collective had to scramble to find other places to live, usually on the floors of friends' rooms, often a different place every night. It didn't help that it was exam time for most of them. Amidst these difficulties, the collective split into two groups because of differences of goals and commitment. Hopefully the new groups will share stronger bonds and affinities, though only time or an insider could tell. One of the two groups has started a new squat called La Farga after the park of the same name that's just across the street. Early on they were attacked by a group of burly workers sent by the owners, who broke in, attacked them, and smashed up all their furniture. Now, both the squatters and the owner are filing charges against each other in the legal game of squatting and eviction. Fortunately, the squatters have some neighbors as witnesses. They've tried talking with all the neighbors, and say almost everyone appreciates their presence. There's also an abandoned lot in the back that they may be able to offer as a community garden to gain further neighborhood involvement. Three weeks into the occupation, they opened their doors for a communal meal and a meeting to discuss proposals on what to use the social center for.

Affinity and Coordination: The Squatter's Assembly

Clearly, it's easier to organize a social center, and live with people you have more in common with, hence the ease of smaller groups. There's nothing wrong with a larger collective splitting into two smaller ones to squat two separate buildings. But what about matters that require the coordination of a greater number of people, such as resisting gentrification and the growing police repression throughout Barcelona as a whole? Meetings of the Barcelona squatters' assembly have been getting smaller, and this may have something to do with the fact that perhaps all the squats involved are organized, quite reasonably, on an affinity group model. However, this model is ill-suited to coordinate actions across an entire city, and it seems to have been subsumed uncritically into the structure of the assembly. The assembly shrinks to the point of being a group of friends, and it has never had a concrete decision-making process. It coordinates important protests and other actions regularly, but given its limitations, it seems unable to muster the resources needed to act out strategies to aid squatting or counter police repression and gentrification on a city-wide basis.

Perhaps it would help if more of the squatters involved also had experience in their daily activity with a collective model that involved conscious power-sharing and formal decision-making to accomodate mutually satisfying cooperation between groups with varying politics and communication styles (even as exist just within the squatters' movement itself). On the neighborhood level, this would probably mean not only building amicable relationships with neighbors, but working in coordination with neighborhood organizations (such as those against gentrification) in a way that nourishes a plurality of differences without silencing any members or reducing action to the lowest common denominator. For autonomy-minded (dare I say "cowboy"?) anarchists, this requires a greater degree of cooperation and playing well with others than is common.

Conflict and Formality: RuinAmalia

RuinAmalia is located at 11 Reina Amalia in the Raval neighborhood, one of the few squatted social centers left in the center of Barcelona. It was squatted by a collective of six people in October 2004, though some flats had previously been squatted by neighbors, pensioners, immigrants or drug-users on an individual and clandestine basis. One neighbor used an entire floor to house dozens of racing pigeons, whose left-behinds the new squatters had to clean up (thus one of them wanted to call the new place "La Pluma"). Since 1993, the owners had been trying to declare the building an economic ruin in order to get permission from city council to demolish it and build a newer structure (for which the rents would be much higher, contributing to gentrification in Raval, which so far has slowed the process with its reputation as a rough neighborhood). For ten years, the owners had been evicting individual squatters quickly and easily, but when they found out the new squatters were organized and had support, they hesitated. The collective did not receive papers notifying them of civil proceedings for eviction until February 2007.

In March 2005, the collective opened up the courtyard attached to the property for use as a social center. Now, about ten people live collectively in the house, and about twenty people organize with the social center of RuinAmalia, which includes Kilombo—a well stocked radical library, a carpentry collective and workshop, RAM—a computer collective that runs a free internet lab, and la Oficina d'Okupacion—a squatters' assisting office that provides legal, informational, and technical support to squatters and those interested in squatting. There is also a flamenco group that meets and makes music every Friday night, a bar (which has been used by prisoner support groups, for example, to raise money), and a music room.

The purpose of RuinAmalia, in the words of one of its founders, was to open a space to make political work and cultural work in old Barcelona. The house, meanwhile, is an exercise in direct action, expropriating a vacant building to provide housing for people who thus can reduce their participation with capitalism. It is also an attempt at collective living, with a partially realized ideal of building a day-to-day existence in which material and collective needs are shared, "a break with solitude." Several of the folks who live there are immigrants to Spain, some of them are students, some are older, few have regular jobs (it helps not to have to pay rent). It is much more diverse than the exclusively punk youth squats of northern Europe.

RuinAmalia's social center has expanded the infrastructure of the anticapitalist and anarchist movements in Barcelona. As a common physical space for the various events and organizations that make use of it, it is also a conduit for linking and uniting the various social movements. The social center lacked structure at first, but each collective using the space had the autonomy to start its own projects, allowing them to build strength and thus organically create the need for coordination at a higher level. Unfortunately they didn't start meeting frequently as a social center, and acting as a coherent social force (organizing protests or education actions in the neighborhood for example) until the beginning of the eviction process. The social center enjoys strong participation from other members of the movement, but not enough involvement with the neighborhood. Only a few Barcelona squats that I have seen are deeply and mutually involved with their neighborhood, though this seems to be the desired ideal of all of them except a few vegan hardcore places. Granted, it is extremely difficult. Squats are abnormal, and participating in them forces people to go against the aesthetic and routine in which capitalism socializes them. Many people have minimal relationships with their normal neighbors, and entering into a relationship with people who expect not just a daily hello but rather mutual aid and a rethinking of the foundations of capitalist existence is going to be intimidating and possibly unattractive for neighbors even if they stand to gain from it. So even when a squat isn't dirty, disrespectful of its neighbors, or clique-ish, it faces an uphill battle.

Some squats have successfully integrated themselves into and envigorated the neighborhood struggles against gentrification, and these definitely win the respect of their neighbors. But RuinAmalia has scarcely participated in the anti-gentrification movement in Raval in an organized way. The various collectives of the social center have only united to be able to organize common actions recently, and the house of Ruin Amalia has faced other problems I'll describe later. However, this is not to say they have been unsuccessful in this important part of the squatting ideal. Currently, they enjoy amicable relationships with nearly all of their neighbors, and this is an accomplishment for a city where the

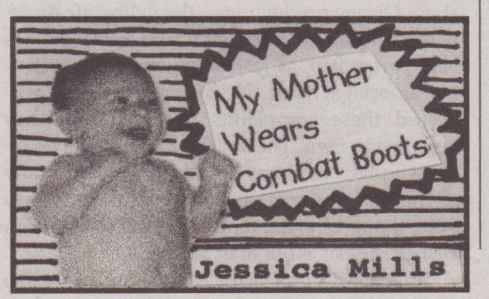
media constantly demonizes squatters. No one is afraid of them or hostile towards them anymore, and neighbors sometimes come in to the social center to use the internet or listen to music. The folks of RuinAmalia have accomplished this by inviting the neighbors to events or to share concerns and complaints directly (though these invitations have not happened as regularly as they probably need to), by not holding loud shows that go late into the night, and by maintaining an aesthetic that is clean and welcoming (ahem, at least by squatter standards).

Naturally, the house of RuinAmalia has also experienced difficulties in meeting its ideals. Collective life, emotional openness and mutual aid are not as strong as some would like, and at least part of the problem stems from differing ideas of communication and decision-making. In the first instance it is problematic that people in the collective have conflicting desires about how things should work, and it is probable that the differing ideals are not equally valid or effective. But as I don't have the answers of how to make a collective work, the best I can do is describe the conflict and the questions as they exist. From one perspective, there is a failure to reach and respect open decisions. It seems to be characteristically Mediterranean that anarchist groups here use informal consensus without any clear process or even commonly articulated decisions, so that one day after a meeting there can be disagreement about what was agreed, if any decisions were made at all. But beyond this there was a complaint that resonates directly with experiences I've had in the States: that the collective agreed to a set of goals and standards before even starting the project, but within a month of the beginning several members proved to be more laid back and noncommital. Later on, there was a conflict about how to make important decisions (for example about whether a new person could live there), whether to do it openly and formally as with a political collective, or informally as with a group of friends. Some saw the former method as necessary to allow everyone to participate in the decision, others saw it as authoritarian. The latter (informal) method was seen by some as preventing open communication and creating decision-making by popularity contest, and others saw it as more comfortable and organic. Another conflict involves the sharing of criticism, whether to try to live in peace if a criticism is not resolved or to keep bringing it up until some resolution can be reached (and this is directly affected by whether the mechanisms for communication within the collective are functional and whether people are more comfortable making criticisms in a formal space recognized by the group or in an informal space that may have more privacy or less pressure).

Another problem at RuinAmalia that also seems widespread throughout the anarchist movement is the conflict that arises when one person does most of the grunt work keeping the collective together (whether cleaning the kitchen, shopping, or doing legal work to slow down the eviction). The person who takes more responsibility has more power, and the pattern seems to be that others will accuse them of being authoritarian. The others in turn can be criticized as irresponsible, but they may genuinely have lower standards and feel that not as much work needs to be done. This highlights the problem of agreeing on common standards from the beginning. Then the method for resolving this crippling dymanic depends on the resolution of the conflict between formal and informal decision-making. The people with less power will tend to dislike open, formal meetings, because they feel the person with the most responsibility can dominate such meetings. Accordingly, they prefer to discuss the problems in a safe, comfortable, and closed setting, while hanging out with close friends within the collective. Within this setting, criticisms are formulated, as are preferences that become informal decisions, without being shared with the entire group, particularly the person those criticisms are aimed at.

This creates an informal counterpower, and the conflict of these two powers within the group discourages any resolution of the problem, largely because even if they can get over their egos to seek resolution, they seek it through contradictory means. The most likely result is that people will leave the collective, though the dynamic that caused the problem will probably recur when new people join. This self-destruct mechanism plays out too often in anarchist groups, and makes what should be an inspiring act of creation a stressful and disillusioning experience. When I first came to RuinAmalia and expressed appreciation for what was the best squat I'd seen yet, the conflict-weary inhabitants looked at me quizzically and gave tired laughs. *You want to write an article about this place? Go ahead.*

But to avoid unnecessary pessimism, I should end by agreeing with one of the people in the collective that despite these conflicts they have "done it quite well," and despite the difficulties they enjoy a good quality of life. I still have not found a perfect collective and the same damn problems seem to crop up again and again, but this is no cause to become cynical to the anarchist project. We still have a long way to go to build healthy collectives but sometimes even our failed attempts sustain lives that are emotionally and physically healthier than the alternative of nuclear families trapped in isolated dwellings and meaningless jobs. Either way we shouldn't quit, neither give up on recurring problems nor become complacent with the progress we've made so far. As long as the struggle continues, we have time to learn.



The Great TV Debate

Television. TV. The telly, boob tube, and idiot box. The plug-in drug. The electronic babysitter. The brain drain.

In the 1940s, television was hailed as one of the greatest twentieth-century inventions for its far-reaching informational and educational potential; it therefore held great potential for increased participation in democracy. However, it didn't take long for network TV to become a major avenue for passive recreation, advertising, propaganda, values transmission, and misinformation. Though a fraction of television programming remains high quality, even commercial-free PBS programming ain't what it used to be; needing to raise money, PBS allows its corporate underwriters to turn their credits into something more closely resembling regular advertising trappings. (Since March 2004, loosened PBS guidelines allow sponsors to speak on camera, display a product, play jingles, and mention corporate slogans.)

Regardless of income level, 99 percent of US households have color televisions; even for the lowest-income-bracket households (less than $15,000 a year), 64 percent have cable or satellite TV and 25 percent have large-screen TVs. In 2006, the FCC estimated that there were more than 65 million cable television subscribers in the United States, with most subscribers receiving more than 54 channels; and more than 26 million satellite TV subscribers. For now, TV rules as the medium of choice. It's only a matter of how and when streaming media, thanks to high-speed Internet connections, surpass television for teens and adults in the United States. However, due to its ready accessibility, television will likely remain the media of choice for the pint-sized crowd for a longer time than that.

I have my own parents to thank for my cable-free life. I remember my dad bootlegging cable from a neighbor when I was a kid and, at first, being excited to see movies on HBO like my friends had. But it didn't stay hooked up for very long. After that, the sole reason I wished we had cable was so that I could watch MTV, which I had seen on a family visit to my Uncle Andy's house in New Jersey in 1984. When I moved out of my parents' house in 1988, I didn't have a TV to bring with me and didn't wind up missing it.

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Through a decade of roommates and collective house living, I never did get my own TV. Sometimes a roommate would bring one with them into the house, but for the most part, aside from seeking a place to watch the *Simpsons* on Sunday nights, I lived TV-free and none of the houses I lived in ever had cable. I really liked it that way.

When I was a high school English teacher, I brought the First Annual National TV Turnoff Week (April 24–30, 1994) into my classroom. I had written on the board:

The average American watches more than four hours of TV each day. At this rate, by age 65, that person will have spent 9 years of their life watching television. Upon graduation from high school, the average American child will have spent more time watching TV than in school.

My students' first reactions varied from thinking what I'd written wasn't true to not car-

ing if it was true. After I challenged them to turn their TVs off for just one day, they struggled with the idea.

"But there's nothing else to do between eight and ten, when I have to go to bed," blurted my usual first-period charmer.

He continued, "When my family watches TV together, it's the only time we're not fighting." I continued on, sharing a couple studies on attention spans and the correlation between the length of family conversations and commercial breaks. I gave them a list of ideas for what they could do instead of watch TV: talk, bike ride, read a book, draw, write, play games. I heard countless comments of "Read a book? Yeah, right." None of what I said bothered them; they were unfazed. But you should have seen their faces when I told them that I didn't even own a TV. They didn't get it. Confused, one kid asked, "You mean they really do pay teachers that bad?"

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A few months before Emma-Joy was born, my parents gave us a video camera and a thirteen-inch TV/VCR combo unit. They insisted we make homemade baby movies to share. Upon Emma-Joy's arrival, I enthusiastically obliged. The combo unit was handy for watching the countless hours of newborn footage that only parents and grandparents could bear to see.

Without cable, the TV received no channels. We kept it that way. At around eighteen months old, Emma-Joy started patting the unilluminated box that sat alone on a living room shelf, urging us to "turn it on." She'd become aware of the moving pictures and sounds that came from it from having been at childcare co-op friend's and grandparent's houses and just out with us at places like restaurants or the credit union.

I taught her how to turn it on. With no videotape in it, all the screen showed was static. I broke out the home movies of Baby Emma-Joy, much to her delight.

We started checking out videos for her at the public library with the intention to limit her viewing time to one video once a day (thirty to forty minutes). Her first favorite was a video that just showed different animals from around the world, without narration and set only to music. She'd ask to watch it over and over again. It usually wasn't hard to stick to our limit and get her interested in something else. There were times, though, when it was just easier to let her keep watching the video.

From the animal video, she moved on to become interested in Sesame Street, Bob the Builder, and Caillou videos. Later, Uncle Jason brought over *Mary Poppins* and *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*. Ernesto and I stood on a slippery slope. Whereas we'd previously strongly dissed the electronic babysitter, we were tempted to go there. While videos were only slightly different than television programming because commercials did not interrupt the story every few minutes, we knew it was not only best to limit Emma-Joy's video time but also best to watch the videos together. However, when dinner could be prepared quicker than when Emma-Joy was helping or when we could get something else quickly done, it was hard not to take advantage of her sitting passively, consumed by the characters and stories, even if she'd already maxed out the day's limit.

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After we moved from Gainesville to Hollywood, the viewing limits really became an issue. When friends would call asking how things were going. I'd answer, "Well, Emma-Joy's watching too many videos every day and I'm not proud that it's how I'm getting breaks." Transitioning to our new environment and parenting arrangement was tough. In his first semester of law school, Ernesto was virtually absent seven days a week.

Between the videos she checked out from our neighborhood branch of the public library and the batch of videos that had been handed down to her from Ernesto's little sister, her beloved Aunt Elena, Emma-Joy was well stocked with choices. *The Little Mermaid* quickly became her favorite, followed by *Peter Pan*, *The Lion King*, and *Cinderella*. Increasingly, I became more willing for her to spend more time watching videos. I hated the idea that precious childhood time was being wasted in front of a video monitor, but I took advantage of the downtime her viewing provided.

But quickly, I saw there was a price to pay for the downtime. Even Ernesto noticed the changes in Emma-Joy's behavior, and he was hardly spending any time with her. Even though she was watching videos and not television dosed with advertising aimed at kids, she started begging for the character crap she saw at stores and that other kids had—the characters she recognized from the videos she'd been watching. Her imaginative play became not very imaginative, as she instead focused on re-creating scripted scenes from the videos rather than act out scenes according to her own musings. And she uttered new phrases that reflected new attitude, like she was an evil stepsister and I was her downtrodden Cinderella.

It was weird to me that her all of her favorite movies were Disney titles. It was even weirder that although she couldn't yet read, the majority, if not all, of the videos she wanted to check out from the library were Disney titles, too. I suspected Disney had their own color palette and video-case design formula to attract the pre-reading crowd. Trying to dissuade more Disney selections, I offered up other choices during library trips. Most of my suggestions were cast aside.

I was familiar with other parent's criticisms about Disney productions—the deliberate dominant cultural indoctrination and social values being promoted, as well as the rampant marketing associated with the characters. I now witnessed these complaints firsthand and they became my own. The shift in Emma-Joy's imaginative play could have been influenced by any of the videos she watched, not just the Disney ones, though she did tend to act out scenes from Disney movies more than any others.

I needed to quit being lazy about her video consumption to get my pre-Disney daughter back. First, I started watching them with her instead of doing something else while she watched. She preferred that we watch them together anyway. We got in the habit of talking about why things were funny or scary, rude or considerate, and the difference between real and make-believe. I started asking questions that would challenge some of the sexist social messages, like, "Why is Tinkerbell pulling Wendy's hair instead of wanting to be friends and cooperating?" and "Why are there only Lost Boys? Where are the Lost Girls?"

Second, I made her perfectly aware of where her new habit of begging for character crap came from. "You only want those things all of a sudden because you saw them in a movie you like. You did not want those things before you saw the movie." I was planting seeds of media awareness so that over time, she'd be able to understand how desires are manipulated by marketing.

Third, when Emma-Joy initiated imaginative play together and suggested that "You be Peter and I be Wendy," I'd oblige, but only if we made up our own things to say and not just copy the movie. Not only did this approach help stimulate creative imagination, but it was also another fun way to subvert Disney's cultural and social messages.

In addition to these three approaches, I introduced the idea of "jelly brain." "Jelly brain," I explained, "is something that happens when you watch movies too much; your brain only sees and hears the ideas from the screen and it interrupts your own 'getting smarter' thoughts." I also reintroduced quantitative limits—one long movie and one short one a day. (Giving her a choice of one short movie meant that it would be something other than a Disney production.) At first, Emma-Joy tested this limit by watching a movie almost to its end, then telling me something like, "I changed my mind. I don't want to watch this one. This one doesn't count because I didn't watch all of it." Her testing was tricky, but without too much effort spent on negotiating the daily limits, the time spent on movies was lessened when we'd started meeting more folks and getting out more.

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When our lease was up, we needed to move. The new place we rented down the block came with free cable; several neighbors had quite an elaborate bootlegged operation going on. Though he'd never think of being a paid subscriber, Ernesto was happy to screw the cable into the back of our TV/VCR combo unit.

He was even happier to watch baseball games, episodes of *Frontline* on PBS, and Jon Stewart and Dave Chappelle on Comedy Central. Now nearly four years old, Emma-Joy was equally thrilled to discover Nickelodeon, the Cartoon Network, and the Disney Channel. Though I must admit to really enjoying the family time watching *Spongebob Squarepants* at 7 pm every weeknight and dealing with PBS Kids and Animal Planet, the rest of it became unbearable.

I flashed back to a radical parenting workshop that I'd co-facilitated at the Third Annual Southern Girls Convention in July 2001. I'd taken with me then-16-month-old Emma-Joy, still so new and TV-free.

We had a standing-room-only discussion on several topics, including kids and media. One

comment during this part of the discussion came from a guy who said that one reason he was scared of having a kid is because he was really anti-TV and anticonsumerism. He asked us if we thought that having no TV in the home would really be fair to a kid and wondered if a kid would just totally rebel against something so radical as not watching TV.

I told him that we didn't plan on having TV in our house, just a VCR and monitor for watching videos. I told him I didn't think for a second that it would be unfair to my child. If anything, we'd be creating just one TV-free refuge for her because almost everywhere else she goes would have TV. Just because there wasn't going to be TV in our house certainly didn't mean that she would never see it. She would not become some socially depraved, TV-deprived freak.

I explained how I'd learned this when I became a high school teacher in 1994. I had been out of the TV-culture loop for several years, but after just a few months of being a teacher, I could tell you all about any popular college or professional sports team or popular TV show star. Really. I didn't even have to watch the damn thing myself to still be smacked with TV's crap propulsion. I even heard all about the "cool commercials" that were replaced by cooler, newer ones every week or so.

I told him that it's easy to avoid the TV issue when kids are little—just don't have one. But what about after the age of two, when their awareness is more keen and the potential to want what they see outside of the home creeps in? I only had one idea to share with the guy: to help avoid potential conflicting interests, kids should be given freedom to explore things that will probably be different from your own interests. One reason why kids rebel is when beliefs are dictated to them and when they are forced to participate in things they don't want to, or in this case, forced not to participate in having TV at home.

Remembering this conversation helped me put into perspective my grievances with now having cable TV in our home. Being a strong believer in guiding, not dictating, really talking to kids about everything openly and honestly, with conviction and without your ideologies hidden from them, I revisited the actions I'd taken when Emma-Joy was getting too sucked into Disney movie world a year before. And I told myself to be patient, that we wouldn't be living with cable forever, just while we rented this place.

I started watching some of the shows with her, deconstructing them as I watched so I could offer my peanut-gallery banter. While some of the more whacked-out Nickelodeon cartoons were fun jelly-brainers, the shows on the Disney Channel aimed at kids older than her were downright painful jelly-brainers. I let her know why I thought so. We learned from each other by having open dialogue between us, debating our differing opinions, about my general and specific criticisms of TV, the difference between quality programming on say, Animal Planet, and the utter trash on, say, the Cartoon Network, about what she learned from and liked about certain shows and why.

When the begging started for the things she saw advertised on TV became an issue, I taught her more about advertising specifically aimed towards kids than I had a year ago. When Ernesto and I noticed her emulating the beyond-her-years "tween" behavior from some of the shows we'd been letting her watch, we brought it to her attention, pointing out the specific behaviors and letting her know that if she couldn't keep herself from the TV copy-cat acting, then we'd have to help her "be her real self, not the fake TV kids" by not letting her watch them any more.

The daily time limits were negotiated as we went, depending on the day. If a friend was over to play, there was a no-TV rule, "Time with friends is better without TV." I was aware of the balancing act between watching TV shows with her for "teachable moments" and using TV or video time as a kid occupier when I needed to get something done solo. In the short term, I might be able to get whatever accomplished, but then there might be the "deprogramming" price to pay later. And then there were the times that she got bored watching and I couldn't believe it was me asking her from my backyard silversmithing-studio shed, "Do you think you can just watch for just fifteen more minutes so I can finish soldering this bezel, turn off my tanks, and bleed the torch lines?"

I knew well that TV and videos weren't the be-all source of dominant culture and negative social values information, but that they are biggies with young kids. Children of all ages are sentient beings and absorb information from countless sources outside the realm of parental influence at home. They soak it all up from the barrage of advertising, gender coding, magazine covers, overheard conversations on busses, and from family gatherings and friends, too.

Just like there are no hard and fast rules for any other parenting topic, the TV debate must be handled according to the individuals involved. TV can really suck some kids (and their adults!) in, while others can better self-regulate. TV advertising can be a great source of conversation and guidance and aid in developing critical-thinking skills, or it can be something that's just accepted as part of a "that's life" sentiment.

I knew all this, but still, after living with cable for two years, I cheered instead of cried the day the cable man came to clip away all the rigged-up cable wires.

From Anti-War to War-Krime: The Bay Area's Integral Decline
By Hannah E. Dobbz

The San Francisco Bay Area is often extolled as a radical paradise—a friendly oasis of pro-choicers and homosexuals and people who bring their own bags to the grocery store. But beneath its rainbow flags, nude-themed street-drinking events, and Mayor Gavin Newsom's hair gel, the Bay Area has fallen short in many ways. The region wears a charming and colorful mask, but air currents circle in the void beneath it, threatening a cultural back draft.

The fact that San Francisco, Oakland, and Berkeley together aggregate such a high concentration of radicals has created a fractured community. Off the top of my head, a few factions that could be considered left of the mainstream include the following (please note that despite the detail of this outline, I have still only scratched the surface of the Bay's glut of weirdos):

To begin, there are the old burnt-out hippies on Haight Street and in People's Park, accompanied by the wing-nuts (in other words, folks who appear crazy beyond explanation) and often times the "SF/SF" (San Francisco Scum Fucks)—that is, the people who are as terrible as the name sounds. You will likely find them spare changing in the company of a malnourished dog.

Then you have the more politicized factions of radicals (or semi-radicals) who make up peace organizations like ANSWER, Not In Our Name, and World Can't Wait (the later two, RCP front groups). This leads us to blanket-socialists and communists whose only clear vision of the future is one that involves selling you their revolutionary paper. In the same vein are various political parties/cults such as the LaRouchites (how could we forget?).

The anarchists absolutely refuse to collaborate with any of the aforementioned organizations, but even the anarchists can't seem to come together to form a cohesive front. First there are the "red anarchists" or "anarcho-syndicalists" who work on projects like AK Press or the IWW. Beyond that is the more Santa Cruz-based "green anarchists" and primitivists who don't care about organizing workers, as they'd rather not have them to begin with. Then of course there is BASTARD or the "armchair anarchists," as someone once called them. They put out *Anarchy Magazine*, have reading groups, and overall tend to do a heavy amount of theorizing. We also have the young Station 40 anarcho-activist types who tend to be detached from the older age bracket, and the older Bound Together Books types who tend to be detached from the younger age bracket.

There is some overlap between anarchists and punks (though not as much as one might expect). And there is, of course, distinct differences between the innocuous Gilman punks, the reckless Burnt Ramen punks, "Pyrate Punx," artsy-punks, squatter-punks, anarcho-punks, and apolitical drunk punks.

Those who are not merely radical in fashion alone often tend to adopt a set of single-issue politics. These could include queer issues, race issues, housing issues, bicycle issues, anti-war issues, or vegan/straightedge issues, to name a few. By "single-issue" I mean that it is this one topic that becomes central to the activist's mission, and anything that does not fall into that

category is quickly eliminated as a non-priority. They are all important issues, but when they lose connection with other active groups, their effectiveness becomes questionable.

With each radical group operating alone and constantly reinventing the wheel, we find that radicalism in the Bay Area has plateau-ed. A certain level of radical *appearances* has been normalized (what with elementary schools named after Rosa Parks and Malcolm X), and this sends the dangerously confusing message to Bay Area youth that *your work here is done.*

The July issue of *MRR* featured an interview with the San Francisco band Warkrime. The band (but particularly Brace) is a small group of fascists who claim "punk is a rejection of everything around you no matter what it is…real negative." In the interview they also somehow managed to make the blanket statement that they are smarter than simply *everyone*. I suppose that means everyone in the world, as if such a claim could ever be remotely based in reality.

They went on to say some idiotic things for shock value only (attempting to hearken back to the days when spiky hair made old ladies gasp) such as Brace's statement that he doesn't "in any way shape or form give a shit about animals" and likes leather a lot, asserting that he doesn't want "disgusting filthy animals" anywhere near him.

The band makes a point of saying the most offensive things possible, and they have most frequently been reprimanded for their anti-Semitic overtones—which they justify using because band members are indeed Jewish.

Warkrime is not alone in their crusade; another group of angsty pseudo-skinhead youth have formed a band called Steel Toe Disaster (or STD, shockingly enough). These youngsters also enjoy sporting flight jackets and giant American flags onstage, covering the Nazi band Skrewdriver, and desperately feigning a working class background. And if any one of these teenagers ever sets foot within 100 yards of an actual factory picket line, I will eat my own hand.

As mentioned in the interview, reactions to Warkrime's antics have been varied: some are silently offended, some not-so-silently offended, and some people play along, relishing in the group's outrageous PC subversion.

In 2002, this sort of backlash would have been unfathomable. Momentum was building for a potent anti-war movement, and the punks and anarchists merged to form a well-defined black bloc. By the second anniversary of the war, an organization called Anarchist Action was on the forefront. Wisps of revolution were in the air, and the political atmosphere was almost palpable. Everyone was angry—as usual—but finally all the punks could be angry *together* and with a focus. I vividly recall the days when *everyone always* had a bandana in their pocket or around their neck, because you never knew when you might need it.

Even the San Francisco Drunk Punks (SFDP—the official united front for being simultaneously drunk and punk in the city) was in on the action. Max Retard himself—now bassist for Warkrime—was a prominent figurehead for the popular SFDP message board and a front-runner in organizing demos for anti-imperialism. In this type of climate, non-PC attacks and fascism—joke or not—would never have been tolerated.

So what happened in these past few years to kill that revolutionary buzz? Max now attests that the black bloc was "a lot of rich kids who were angry at their parents and just wanted to throw rocks."

Whether there is truth to this or not, the whole notion uncannily parallels what some of the kids then went on to do post-2004; the pseudo-fascist trend is, in Max's own words, "to press buttons." Thus, it is nothing more than an attempted resurgence of shock rock or even "freaking out the squares."

Since the dissolution of the anti-war movement, and with the thrash metal revival in the Bay Area, revolution has been replaced by a sexist, macho wasteland, void of any political direction. The only apparent goal of the punks nowadays is a general alienation of anyone and everyone. Keeping in mind the shock value that made '77 punk so potent, I regret to inform that, 30 years later, it is no longer an effective tactic. It's been done. No one is shocked anymore. And to fall back on '77 punk strategies *now* is just plain lazy.

To punks in the Bay Area, there isn't anything left to rebel against. So they've begun rebelling against rebellion, which is extremely dangerous as it ignores the bigger picture. In this case, the bigger picture is the world outside of the Bay Area bubble.

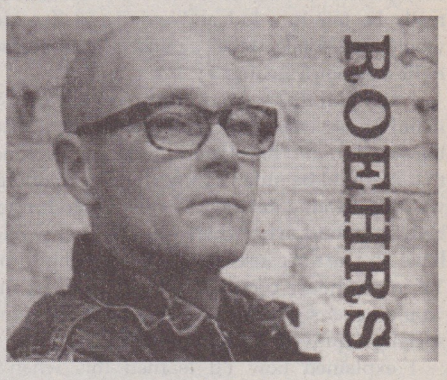
Brace admits that the band has not bothered to explore much of this larger world: "We've been outside the Bay Area a few times," he said, "and most of the shows sucked because most of the country just plain sucks for shows."

The truth is that there is still plenty to rebel against (besides your own parents); it's just hard to see through the cozy, liberal lens of San Francisco. Because drag queens can parade unhindered around the Castro doesn't mean that homophobia is dead. Because Willie Brown is black doesn't mean that racism is over. And to suggest that we've transcended sexism even within the punk scene is downright ignorant. There is a myriad of work to be done—within ourselves, as well—and this is indisputably the first place to start.

Beyond that, San Francisco houses the headquarters of such diabolical multinationals including Bechtel, The Steele Foundation, and Bank of America, and in case the rest of the country forgot, our governor is actually *Arnold Schwarchenegger*—a Republican body-building movie star who refers to democratic politicians as "girlie men."

This country and this world is an incredibly violent and hate-filled place. It would be redundant to go on about the horrors here because you can find them in the newspapers and in the ghettos and in the third world. So to pretend that our work is done would be delusional. And to fabricate and manufacture our own hate and violence because we can't think of anything better to do, makes about as much sense as shoving your whole hand into a blender because you were annoyed that the manicure turned out so well.

As for those piece of shit teenage Nazis, I say we keep with the Bay's long tradition of radicalism, ditch its long tradition of pacifism, and kick those fascist fucks out of our scene and halfway to hell.



Face the Noise

Fuck! VIOLENT MINDS have a new LP out that will destroy all life in the Northeast!

VIOLENT MINDS left a wasteland of scorched earlobes with their bruising EP on My War Records. The new *Eyes of Death* LP on Parts Unknown Records out of New Jersey is a relentless dose of blistering punk with a massive rock 'n' roll backbone! On their first song, "Brutality," VIOLENT MINDS beats you senseless with harsh reality, "Everywhere I look I see people suffering in the streets / No one stops to fucking help…" True—and extremely depressing.

Song two, "The Death Toll," warns patriotic young men and women, "Sign your name on the line / To the front and wait to die." Song three is a beast of unusual rock strength! "Fight Authority" is a wakeup call for you workers: "Followers like you are blind / They'll steal your soul and control your mind." Fucking A!!! "Fight Authority" bludgeons you with ruthless punk rock harnessed to intelligent lyrics!

The VIOLENT MINDS continue the rock 'n' roll mayhem through "Search and Destroy" and "Society's Threat," and finish off side one with a fucking bomb blast! "Eyes of Death," the title cut, rips your face off with manic thrash and roll weapons!! Read these disturbing lyrics: "Paranoia—the creeping fear / Burning screams /…But no one hears / Unconscious mind / But I can feel pain / The way I know it's real…" These words make you uneasy!!!

Side two of this crusher leads off with the fast and furious "We All Die." Fuck! Next up you get one of the many brilliant segues on this LP. "Riot" lulls you into rock 'n' roll complacency only to attack you with "Nuclear Nightmare." Now you are the fucking walking wounded!

VIOLENT MINDS storm through "Low Life" and arrive at their current punk and roll masterpiece! "Face the Noise" slams you with a guitar and bass chug that is catchy yet discomforting! The lyrics that accompany this rock 'n' roll gem cut to the chase: "Day by day you waste away / Never change, you stay the same / Live your life on borrowed time / Empty promises and lies—sold your soul / Now there's nothing left." Fuck! That's a stark and cold thought!

The song "Wolfblood" finishes the LP off in fine fashion with a punk love song. Read on:

"No place to call my home / Just the shadows where I 'roam' / Looking for a nasty thing to catch and kill / And call my own…" Yes!

The *Eyes of Death* LP by VIOLENT MINDS is 100% raw punk rock with the best rock and roll foundation. Order your LP from Parts Unknown Records, PO Box 4835, Tom's River, NJ 08754; PartsUnknownRecords.com.

Holy fuck! PISSCHRIST, Australian D-beat thrash merchants, and Malaysian punks APPÄRATUS share a chaotic storm of a punk rock split EP. The *Australian/Malaysian Raw Punk Split* EP is over-the-top, possessed by Satan punk mania!!! PISSCHRIST initiate the butchery with their blood-curdling song, "Final Stand." This song fucking flattens every living organism in its path! Fuck!! Song two from PISSCHRIST is called "D-Beat Holocaust"—these men show no mercy!! You punks are now bleeding profusely!! You will not be given any quarter! "No Hope" finishes the massacre with extreme anger! Fuck yes! PISSCHRIST knows no peers in the D-beat trenches!

Side two of this EP features APPÄRATUS slicing and dicing you unlucky fucks in an efficient fashion! These brutal hardcore punks from Malaysia deliver two monstrous punk rock tunes lamenting the connection between bombs and big business money. PISSCHRIST and APPÄRATUS demand your undivided attention! Order this EP immediately from Yellow Dog Records, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, Germany; YellowDog.de.

Fuck! You lucky fucks can bask in the bright lights of another great rock 'n' roll band: DOUBLE NEGATIVE! These veteran punks from North Carolina will turn your safe little world on its ear! DOUBLE NEGATIVE features K.C. on vocals. K.C. was in SUBCULTURE, an influential punk band in the Raleigh scene in 1985. These fucking miscreants will take you to nasty places your mother forbade you to visit! This is rock 'n' roll for outsiders! No Way Records presents DOUBLE NEGATIVE surging through "Red Shift," "Looking at the Rats," "Retro Abortion," "Recursed," "Mien Trappe," "Proud and Prairie," and more! This shit will wake up you sleepy little pop punks! Throw away your RANCID records and pay attention! This is the real shit—warts and all!! K.C.'s vocals come screaming over the top with unstoppable guitars churning madly behind! Walsby's drums hammer you into the ground like a fucking tent stake! This is a strong record! Order your copy of DOUBLE NEGATIVE at once from No Way Records!

Fuck! GULAG, from Barcelona, Spain, is prepared to inflict grievous bodily harm on you punks! The *Nada Cambia* debut LP by GULAG is a ferocious slice of hard-bitten thrash! These Spaniards come out of the chute with a full head of steam and never falter. The rough-hewn hardcore on *Nada Cambia* gives young punks some food for thought. GULAG sings in Spanish. Even a rudimentary command of the Spanish language informs you that "Nothing Changes." GULAG has attended the "school of misery" and worship "no gods." The anger and bitter frustration pours like poison out of the grooves! For your copy of the *Nada Cambia* LP contact Sell Our Souls Records, c/o Oriol Hernandez, Austias March 61-63, 30 4 A, 08010 Barcelona, Spain; SellOurSouls.com or contact the band at FeeltheGulag@gmail.com.

FUCKED UP, the premier hardcore punk band from Toronto, Ontario, Canada came to the Bay Area and kicked some punk ass! FUCKED UP knows how to raise the level of excitement in s crowd to epic proportions! Three bars into the first song, the crowd comes unhinged! The crazed enthusiasm never wanes! Go see FUCKED UP when they come to your town!

Until next month—see you fucks at the bar!

"Michael Jordan?" says Kylie Ireland, porno starlet, with her humungous boobs protruding from under her fur coat, and with braces on her teeth like a fourteen-year-old. "Yeah, he's got the body of a Greek God, and his penis is huge."

I feel myself start to blush. Kylie notices. As does Jill Kelly, her friend, who is also a porno actress. They both giggle.

"You're so cute," remarks Jill. "How'd you end up being a judge for this contest?" I explain to her that it's a long story, and after things quiet down a bit, I'll tell her all about it. She grabs my leg, looks me in the eyes, and tells me I smell great.

It's the Jovan "Musk For Men."

She also tells me that my new black and orange monkey backpack, looking very much like the Furious George monkey, is adorable.

My Future Ex-Wife's step mom's got it for me.

"How huge is huge?" I ask Kylie, as we sit and wait for "The Search For The Spice Girl" contest to begin. Not for Baby, Ginger, Scary, and company, that band from the '90s, but for The Spice Network. The porno channel. We are seated in the balcony of Webster Hall, a huge club in New York City, overlooking the large stage. We all have clipboards with the names of the strippers on them, as well as room to write down ratings for such things as "appearance/looks," "dancing," "costume," and "personality." Personality. Right.

"Well," says Kylie, "let's just..."

Suddenly she is cut off by the voice of an announcer who calls Gary Dell'Abate and "Stuttering" John Melendez of The Howard Stern Show and now with that guy with the chin to the stage. They are the evening's guest hosts. Both guys walk out on stage in front of the thousands who have packed the club to see some naked women. The crowd is mostly men.

Gary introduces himself, then Stuttering John.

"Learn to speak fucking English you retard," yells some guy from behind me at John.

Gary explains the contest to the crowd, then introduces the guest judges. When he mentions Kylie, she stands up and I get to see just how big her boobs are, and those "fuck me" boots she's wearing that instantly give me a hard-on, which is quite visible in my women's stretch jeans. Jill is announced next. She stands, and I get to see part of her Barbie doll butt underneath her short leather skirt. I almost die.

"And from The New York Press and New York's punkest band, Furious George," yells Gary, from The Howard Stern Show, "New York City's number one pussy, and he's the only pussy you'll see tonight, George Tabb!" The crowd cheers a bit and I stand up. I hit my dick against the railing of the balcony. Kylie and Jill giggle again. I blush.

Then I begin to wonder just how in the hell I got myself in this position in the first place. Guest judge for a porno, excuse me, "Adult Entertainment" channel contest. But let me back up a bit....

* * *

A few weeks earlier I got a phone call from a guy named Don McDonald. From The Spice Network. I didn't call him back right away because I was afraid maybe I owed his network some money or something. Once in a while I spring for the three- or four-ninety-five, and watch some of those flicks. They show a lot, but not everything. But enough. With titles like Nightshift Nurses 2, Cheerleader Strippers and Bone Voyage! you can't really lose. Plus, honestly, I never get through more than fifteen or twenty minutes of the film. So I tape them. And watch them over and over. And over.

Eventually, after going through my cable bills, and seeing I was paid up, I called Mr. McDonald back. He told me he'd like me to come to his "Search For The Spice Girl" party at Webster Hall, and maybe I'd like to write about it. I thought about it for like one second, and told him yes.

I then spoke with a woman named Karen, who worked with Don. She was in charge of organizing almost everything. Also she was the one who would drive the strippers around once they got into town. Busy job. She was real nice, and we arranged to meet for lunch the day before the contest. She told me she'd meet me at St. Maggie's Cafe, a fancy joint on Wall Street, and she'd have a lot of the "girls" with her. I was way excited. I was looking forward to meeting the girls. And eating out.

* * *

"You must be George Tabb," said this large guy with a really nice suit on. He was seated at the bar of St. Maggies Cafe. And being the classy guy I am, with my leather jacket, Furious George t-shirt, ladies black stretch jeans, and sneakers, I felt right at home.

"I'm Don McDonald."

I looked at him closer. He looked like Buford Pusser. From Walking Tall. A handsome version. Joe Don Baker with style.

"Umm, hi," I managed to eek out. I had half expected some little guy who looked like Danny DeVito, smoking a big fat cigar, balding, and wearing a bad suit. But this guy had class like Marlin Brando in The Godfather.

"It's very good to meet you," said Don, as he handed me his business card, "I like your writ-

ing style. We both have some of the same interests."

"Breasts?" I said.

He nodded his head yes.

We continued to talk at the bar for a while, and The Don ordered me a Diet Coke. Finally, Karen showed up with a couple of people, and we were seated in the back of the restaurant for lunch.

"George," said Karen, as we got comfortable, "let me introduce you to everyone." I said OK, looking around, seeing one girl, The Don, and some other guy.

"This is Heather, Ms. New England," said Karen, as she pointed to the girl seated to my left. I shook hands with Heather. She was beautiful. Like a Barbie doll. She wore tight black pants and a white button-up shirt. He breasts were large, and she looked exactly right for the part.

"You smell good," she said.

It was the Jovan "Musk For Men."

"Your backpack is very cute," she added.

My Future Ex-Wife's stepmother had gotten it for me.

We ordered lunch. Well, they ordered lunch. I ordered another Diet Coke.

"Don't you want to eat, George?" said The Don. It sounded more like a demand.

"It's noon, Don," I answered, "I'm just waking up. Food at this hour is not a good idea. It dilutes the alcohol and the drugs in my system." Don McDonald laughed, and told me I was quite a character.

"George," said Karen, "I'm sorry none of the other girls showed up. A lot of them got in this morning, and they're all real tired." I looked at Karen. She was hot. At first I figured her for one of the girls. Until I found out she was her. Karen. Whatever.

"Well," I said, as I sipped my Diet Coke, "Ms. New England is here, and it looks like she's way more than I could handle anyway."

Everyone laughed.

Don and Karen spoke to one another, and I got to know Heather. Turns out she's real cool. She's from Worchester, Massachusetts, and has been dancing for four years. She told me she dances totally nude, and that a friend got her into the business by inviting her on to the stage one night. She made so much money, she went back for more and more. Eventually she a got a boob job and saline—that cost her six grand. Size 36D. She also told me that she used to be a cheerleader in high school, never kissed a boy until she was seventeen, and uses some stuff called "Bikini Zone" to keep her crotch smooth and hairless.

My penis ached as I drank my soda.

So did my head. Hangovers.

Heather and I spoke some more, and as we did, I felt myself getting dizzy. She was the perfect goy. Blonde hair. Blue eyes. Big boobies. A high school cheerleader. Something I never had. Never could have. Because I'm a Jew, and we never get that lucky.

"So what do ya think?" asked Don, shaking me out of my thoughts, and erection.

"Heather is wonderful," I said to him. Heather smiled.

We then talked about Heather for a while, and I told everyone I was impressed that Heather woke up so early to make it here. And that she had my vote for Ms. Spice because of that. They all thought I was kidding.

Later, after we were done eating, The Don asked Karen about her friend who gave some guy a hand job on the first date. It turns out the guy got a terrible headache, and ended up in the hospital right after he came. He then passed out. He was diagnosed with "Post Orgasmic Headache Syndrome". Or POHS.

Don remarked that it was a good thing she didn't fuck him, or his head probably would have exploded. As I listened to these people talk, I slowly began to realize that I chose the wrong career path. I should have been in porn. Maybe an actor. Pull Tabb. That coulda been me.

* * *

Later that night, I again felt as if I was doing the wrong thing with my life. I was at The Cub Room, a nice, over-fancy place in Soho, with Mike Wartella, my good pal. We were having dinner with almost all the strippers, as well as most of the people who worked for The Spice Network. We were at the West Coast table, and seated next to Mike and I were Jill and Shirley. Two older women, who were, well, very hot.

"You smell good," one of them said to me.

It was the Jovan "Musk For Men".

"What a great backpack!" said the other.

My Future Ex-Wife's step mom had got it for me.

Then Mike spoke. "Where are you from?" he asked Shirley. She looked great with her reddish hair, and buttoned down shirt.

"Idaho," she replied.

"I didn't ask what your profession was," snapped Mike, "I asked where you are from."

"I'm the programming director," Jill explained to Mike and I as we drank lots of booze and ate food that was way out of our class.

"What does that mean?" asked Mike, looking at her like a puppy does his owner. Mike's like that. Like a puppy. Or a little kid. Everything amazes him. When we go out and drink together, he winds up having long conversations with cab drivers and girls on the street. He's fun. And very excitable. Sometimes I call him Beavis.

"Who is this guy again?" asked Jill. I explained he was my pal.

"Oh," they said. Then Jill told us how she picks what porno movies run everyday. She told us if it made her hot, she'd run it.

"What makes you hot?" asked Mike. I love how non-directly he asks questions.

"Foreplay," explained Jill. She told us how she loved to see men or women really fondling one another. He told us how she loves when men pay attention to the breasts, and take their time making their way toward the vagina. She told us she watched porno all day, and sometimes she gets really horny at work.

"Wow," said Mike, drooling, "that's quite a job."

"What can't you show on your channel?" I asked. It was a valid question. I've watched The Spice Network before. You never see penetration, or when the male ejaculates. Oh, that's called the "money shot" in porn. I learned that from the chicks at the table.

"We actually have two channels," explained Jill. "One is hardcore, one is not. But we show all the 'shuns' except for one."

"Shuns?" said Mike and I at the same time.

"Yeah," answered Shirley, "the 'shuns.' Masturbation. Penetration. Fornication. Copulation. All that."

"We don't show ejaculation," explained Jill, "that's the one the FCC goes wild about. Anyway, who needs to see that?"

I told her I do. It's my cue when watching such types of entertainment. She told me the look on the woman's face should be enough. I told her it wasn't.

Mike then took some pictures with his Poloroid. Lots of groping went on.

One of the girls that posed for pictures was Ms. Texas, Regan, from Dallas. She showed us her pictures in some porno magazine she was holding. It turns out it was Spice Magazine. In the pictures, she was naked as a baby, and her body was just as hairless. She was the only brunette of the bunch, and really sweet. As was her mother, who she introduced to us. It turns out her mother was a Playboy Playmate in 1967. When I asked her what it was like following in her mother's footsteps, she said she wasn't. She then asked her mom how they were different from each other, and her mom replied, "We aren't."

D'oh.

I then asked Regan if she was gonna turn her head around three hundred and sixty degrees during her act, like the girl who she was named after, in The Exorcist. She told me she didn't like scary movies. And had never seen that film. Oh well. If she could turn her head all the way around, I bet she woulda won.

After dinner was over, we all had cake, and some guy explained that after a very long period of time, The Spice Network was being purchased by Playboy. That Playboy couldn't beat them, so they bought them. Everyone knew this already, and seemed disappointed. I asked Jill why people seemed sad, and she told me that lots would lose their jobs. Bummer.

* * *

The next night was the Webster Hall contest. And it was packed. When Mike and I arrived there, with my pal Eddie, from my building, the line of horny guys stretched around the corner.

Once inside, we ate lots of free food, and drank shitloads. Eddie wound up being filmed for a special on The Spice Network, or Playboy Channel, whatever it's going to be, and Wartella and I wandered around, looking for our girlfriends from the night before. We eventually found Shirley and Jill, but they seemed kinda busy to deal with us. Maybe they just weren't drunk enough. Or their husbands were around. Oh well.

Finally, the big event started, and a female announcer told the crowd that the winner of the evening would receive a check for five grand. The runner-up would win a trip to Jamaica or Mexico or something. Then a bad disco band

played. They were called "Boogie Knights", and I recognized them from The Jenny Jones Show. Not that I watch those kind of programs, mind you.

"What do you think, Eddie?" I asked my pal as we guzzled down free beers by the bar.

"George," said Eddie, "These girls are amazing. Holy shit!"

"Amazing Barbie dolls, plastic and all," I replied.

Just then a girl who works for the network approached us. She asked us if we were having a good time, and we told her we were having a great time.

"You smell good," she said.

It was the Jovan "Musk For Men."

Then she told me that my backpack was just perfect.

My Future Ex-Wife's stepmother had got it for me for Christmas.

Eddie and I began to speak to the girl, and she told us lots of stuff about The Spice Network. She told us that she sees porn all day at work, and that her job is "B&B—Business & Blowjobs." We laughed. When I asked her for her name, she told me she'd rather not have it published. So I told her I'd make up a name for her.

Then "Deep Throat" told us that the porn business has been really worried about AIDS lately, and that actors are tested before every film. And that that could be twice a day, sometimes. She also told us she has the hots for one of the judges, Kylie Ireland.

Then it was time for the big event.

"How huge is huge? I ask Kylie Ireland, about the size of Michael Jordan's penis.

She was interrupted by the announcer and then Gary Dell'Abate and Stuttering John. When they get through announcing who the judges are, they introduce the girls. The strippers walk on to the stage in really hot dresses.

"Well," I say to Kylie.

"Well, she's says, it's this long!"

She holds out her hands like she's describing the size of a large fish she caught. Or my Peavey T-60 Guitar.

"How big is that?" I say.

"He's a big guy. And he's black. Does that answer your question?"

I tell her it sure does. Like, whatever.

We watch the girls parade themselves around, then it's time for contestant number one. Dottie. From California.

Dottie comes out in a sailor suit and dances around, before getting topless. I give her a good rating. Her boobs are monstrous, and I bet they'd save a whole crew of drowning seamen. But I don't give her a great rating. The music should have been "In The Navy" by the Village People. Sorry Dottie.

Next up is Heather. Ms. New England. I give her an almost perfect score. But I don't watch her. I'm too embarrassed. I like her. I don't want to see her doing "that." Plus, I give her a great score because, she, like me, got up early the day before for the lunch meeting. In my book, she deserves five grand for getting up early.

Juliet, from Florida is next. Another Pam Anderson clone. Without the bruises. And husband with a penis that can steer boats, who used to have a Swastika tattoo. She wears lots of blue, dances to "Viva Las Vegas," then does a real hot pool act with white soap. I hope it was Dove. I'm allergic to the deoderant ones.

Joy, from Chicago is next. She does the leather cop routine straight outta that movie with that pig nosed actress, what's her snout, Kathleen Turner. She has huge flashlights, and also a couple that light up. Then she uses hot wax, and drips it on her breasts. My pants get tight.

Margo, from New York, is next. Well, she's not really from New York. She's from Paris. Or Gay Paree. Her armpits are shaved, and I can't smell her from the balcony. I'm disappointed.

Jessica from Ohio is next. Mike Wartella's favorite. As she dances, I watch Mike's jaw drop to his knees. Actually, I think mine did as well. Jessica's act was great. She stripped, smiled a lot, and then got on a couch and took off her underwear to reveal flesh colored panties. She danced around some more, having guys in the crowd spray whipcream on her. I hope it was non-fat. That stuff is bad for you. But inhaling the cans are fun.

I give Jessica the second highest score, next to Heather, who woke up in the morning.

Next up is Mina. From Oregon. She dances around to "Disco Inferno." Good points for that. Of course she has a Barbie doll body, and looks like Pamela Anderson Lee. Without the bruises. And the dopey toothless husband. With the words "Mayhem" tattooed across his stomach. At this point, looks make no difference to me. You've seen one of these girls, you've see them all. Plastic. Bodies and, for the most part, personalities.

Madison from Pennsylvania does a lesbian act next with another Barbie doll. Gary Dell'Abate and Stuttering John get into it. They sure love those lesbians on Stern. Truthfully, at this point, I'm sick of seeing all this. I mean, yeah, I was sexually excited, but it was frustrating. Plus, everything was fake. Especially the boobs. I was beginning to feel like I'd rather fondle a cow than a bag of saline.

Finally Regan, from Dallas hits the stage. She does a really classy stripper act, straight out of the old days, with feathers, white-gloved hands, and everything. She doesn't spin her head around, or spit pea soup, but I give her a good score. She's got class. Like her mom.

The contest ends, and Ms. Ohio, Mike's choice, and some other Barbie tie for first place. Eddie, Mike, and I make our way backstage and congratulate the girls. I find Heather, eyes closed, sleeping on a couch next to her boyfriend. I tell her I voted for her, and sorry she didn't win. She says that it's fine, and that when Furious George plays Boston, her and her boyfriend will come see us. I believe her.

We then see all the other girls and say our hellos and good-byes. They are all very sweet, actually.

Mike then finds Ms. Ohio, Jessica, whose is real name is Susan, and they hug and hug. She then takes off her shirt for some pictures, and they hug and hug some more. It's awfully cute.

As we prepare to leave, we meet up with Ms. Texas's mom. The Playmate from 1967. She is super nice, and gives us her number so if we are ever in Texas, we could visit her and Regan. She then talks with Eddie for a long time, and then cops a feel. She's got spunk. We all leave with smiles on our faces.

As Eddie drives Mike Wartella and me home, we all talk about what a great time we had and how it's sad that some of the nice people at the network will lose their jobs because of the Playboy deal. Wartella tells us that he's in love with Ms. Ohio, and Eddie confesses that he has a slight crush on Ms. 1967. I tell them that I like all the girls but Heather is my favorite because she woke up early. They think I'm nuts.

Later that night, while lying in bed, I thought about what happened over the last couple of days. And all I could think was, "Thanks for the mammories."

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

www.georgetabb.com

Got some cool CDs this month including the debut album from yet another band called "The Shake." Their album is called "Kick It" and it rocks in a sorta non-punk rock way. Which is punk rock. Also got the new issue of Salem Ashtray, and there's an interview with some crazy guy in it who keeps talking about his dog. "Crush" is a game for the PlayStation Portable by Sega, and it is the best puzzle game since Tetris. Remember how when you played that game, everything you saw had to fit together? This game is like that with its 2D to 3D graphics. Fun and spooky. And more addictive than crack. Also got those "Surf's Up" games. Don't bother. I'm gonna get "Brothers In Arms" for the Nintendo DS this week. I hear it's great! Woo Hoo!!!! And again, I gotta say, that Nintendo Wii hurts my wrists and makes it hard to beat off. Blah!!!!

Hope everyone is having a great summer!

Intuition and the Future

"Do you remember being a kid and thinking about 'the future'? Like, *'Someday, the future will be upon us.'*"

Sara was showing me her new acquisition: the phone that is also computer, camera, walkman, best friend, etcetera.

"That's why we go these when they came out. I'm all about the future these days."

I understand this device, and the desire for this device, more than I feel comfortable with. What does it mean when I read the word "homage" somewhere and record it as "homepage"? And that when a social mistake has been made,

I harbor a sneaking feeling that it must really be reversible, if I were to hit the right key. Have you ever found yourself, in half-consciousness, thinking like a computer? Not like a computer, really, but like an intuitive computer interface? Isn't it possible to hit open-apple-z and retreat from that terrible mistake? The model, based on the lazy details of your perception, is not really like the intuition of a person. But now we find ourselves in a world where human intuition looks for guidance from technological design that was based on human intuition.

This "intuitive design" is a construct that we have now absorbed. But however appealing the neatness, the simplicity, the promiscuous transmission of data, this gay skipping over the surface of error and loss—it is not human material. Error and loss, muddy and shapeless things still go on about their business, in this other world where our bodies are.

* * *

Sitting at a bar in the Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport, waiting out a six-hour layover from San Francisco to Jacksonville. Before me is a structure, a sort of sculpture in thick sea-blue glass. Curved strips of the glass, about two feet wide, and inch thick and ranging from five to twenty feet tall, are arranged in curved bands, forming a sort of rudimentary maze. One path cuts directly through the middle, and travelers pulling suitcases emerge from and disappear through the entrance closest to me.

The children around treat the sculpture differently. They almost dive into it, running around its layers. When the kids land on circular lights on the floor, these sometimes light up, and they are delighted to have affected the world in this small way, which really of course reflects nothing. Inside the maze, the texture, color, shape, and the sense of purpose is different from the rest of the airport environment, and that is enough tot make it interesting.

In the rest of the airport environment, chairs are oriented at obtuse angles in groups of three or four, rather than in rows, creating a feel of nuclear families each gathered around separate hearths. This, too, is a contrived environment, albeit one less appealing to children, geared to a longing for comfort rather than for wonder. With blank expressions or unencumbered smiles, the people gather around the small screens and watch CNN.

Around me in the Fort Worth Airport, slowly chewing Americans enjoy a polished and placeless afternoon. A certain elusive instrumental music pipes in from somewhere up high, beyond the mezzanine. This plays everywhere, even in the latrines. The air is of course slightly chilly, even though it is nearly August out in Texas, which is not really where this is. I don't find air conditioning pleasant. The air conditioning catches the farts and sour breath of my fellow travelers seem to attack without context in this air, as if escaping from an underground vault of decay.

Which way to render the world? Should we strive to make it a smaller, or a larger place? When you pull the shell—the room, the house, the street, the mall, the airport—around you, what are you closing out?

As the children spiral farther into the watery maze, their images become more and more obscure. Outside the thick windows of the terminal passes the elevated airtrain on a concrete bough. Beyond that, there is the city, the network of roads and towers and autoparks, malls and subdivisions, parks and warehouses, skyscrapers and boutiques. We know, those of us who have stared out of plane windows, how there can seem to be a studied regularity to the shapes of these elements when seen from above. It is surprising that their shapes are so discrete—that the round things really are round, like tinker toys, the square things square, and the roads like filaments of thread or leaves, or circuit boards.

We had an earthquake. Not a huge one; 4.2 on the Richter Scale. That phrase, at least to Bay Area ears, has a certain sing-song, nursery rhyme-like quality to it—it is spoken like a mantra, ritually repeated without understanding, like the way children recite bedtime prayers. Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep. Four-point-two-on-the-RICH-ter-SCALE.

I laid me down to sleep at two, and at four-thirty there was a trembling, first of all the outer walls, seemingly of the entire world outside, more heard than felt, and then a great swelling impact, and then smaller rippling shakes for three or four seconds. For contrast, the 1989 Loma Prieta earthquake, our last pretty big one, lasted for about 15 seconds. Born and raised in the East Bay, where fault lines cavort beneath the cities like lines on the palm of a hand, I was out of bed and across the room before I was fully awake, so that I was dreaming while I ran to the door in my underwear. After it was over I took a little nap under my steel desk for a while, waiting out possible aftershocks.

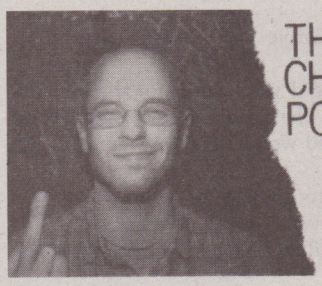
When I woke up the next morning, I opened my new (refurbished) Mac laptop to check out the strength of the quake, and found a strangely beautiful disaster on the screen: an elegantly swirling series of lines spiraling out from a central crack, as if the screen had been punched. And while it lit up, it wouldn't actually start up.

A few days later I found myself in an outdoor mall. I was sitting on a bench with Nick outside the Apple store, in a state of shock after having just been told that Apple's warranty didn't cover Acts of God. Five grand it could cost me, just to fix the screen. Not to mention all my data inside the computer, which may or may not be gone forever.

Around us as we sat on the bench in the sublimely temperate weather, clean and uncomplicated people of all colors strolled in khaki and casual pumps, sipping on cool beverages. They seemed not civilized so much as blank. In contrast, we were monsters, ragged and unkempt, even in our thirties. I hadn't been sleeping well and I smelled like punk bed sheets. Ha, I thought. My natural state, to which I must always return. The beautiful green heels I bought for work are not match for the relentless onslaught of chaos and disorder. Fight as you may. But why fight for an illusion? Rather, we should fight to remember that things are not as they seem.

Nick said soothingly outraged things to me, about the Apple store, society, the khaki-clad citizens, God and his acts. Then he suggested eating, but not here. Where something would feed us.

Arwen, PO Box 170291, San Francisco, CA 94117, arwencurry@hotmail.com



THREE CHORD POLITICS

chris hubbard

We got promos of the new Fucked Up 12" at my other job a few weeks ago. I've never considered myself much of a fan...I own the first two or three singles—they're great—but was always suspicious about the frenzy that seemed to erupt over the release of each new "limited" record, enough so that I purposely didn't pick up some now-valuable pieces of vinyl when I had the chance. I dunno...it just seemed like some kind of trick. Besides, how many songs can you listen to with that guy's voice? It gets annoying after a while. Live, I've approached them with the same skepticism, though I've got to say—the five times I've seen them (six, if you count the time they just played "Police" four times in a row and that was it), they've always been great live.

Anyway, despite my indifference to the band on a musical level, I admire the fact that they've kept people's attention so consistently. I like the fact that they've been able to create a myth around themselves, and the ways in which they've used media to perpetuate that myth—including the *MRR* interview from a few years back. I like how they've got a consistent, recognizable visual style. And I also like how they've pushed the envelope, taken risks. Their double LP was boring and bloated, but I appreciate the ambition. Like I said, I wouldn't consider myself a fan...but they're at lesat an interesting band—more than you can say about most other folks releasing records these days—compelling, to the point where I've got to ask myself, does it really matter that their music is pretty mediocre?

Back to this new 12"...talk about pusing the envelope. 18-minute song with piano, guest vocals by some indie rocker, and a waltz-beat? I dunno folks, I mean, I like some questionable shit—but "prog-punk"? Sheesh. I guess it's a moot point though...Fucked Up wins, cause here I am, listening to their newest record and writing a column about them.

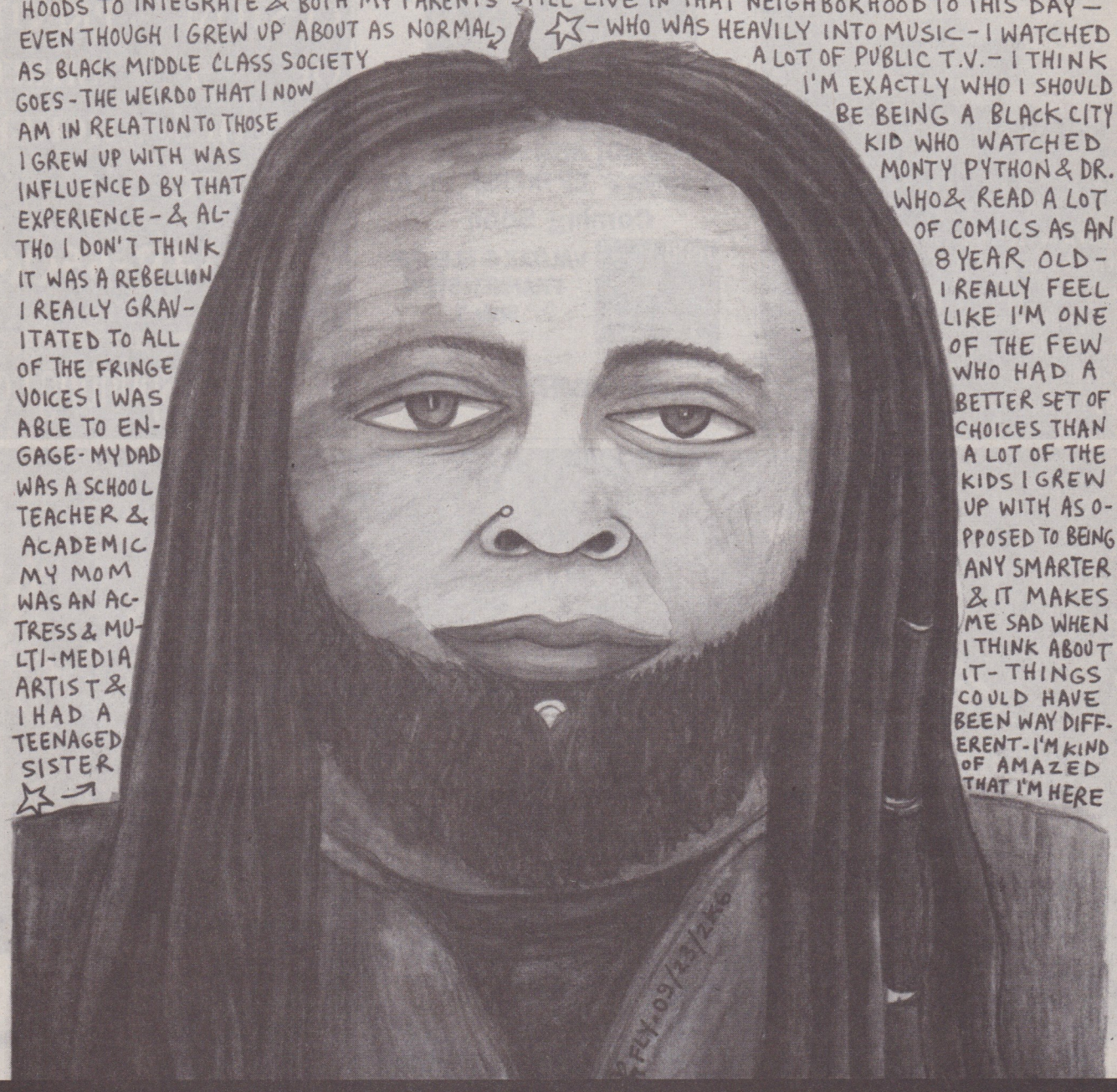
* * *

If you read my column last month, you might be wondering why this isn't the "Immigration and Punk" issue I mentioned...well, we had to delay it by a month. So keep an eye out for it next time, and as I said before, get in touch with us if you feel like you've got something to contribute.

* * *

chris@maximumrocknroll.com

PEOPS



JUBA KALAMKA - 09/23/2K6 - OAKLAND CA

I MET JUBA THROUGH MY PALS THE KILLER BANSHEES WHO HAVE COLLABORATED WITH HIM ON A LOT OF RECORDING PROJECTS - JUBA IS A MAJOR FORCE IN QUEER HIPHOP - HE HAS BEEN A RECORDING ARTIST SINCE 1988 - HE IS A FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE DYNAMIC DEEP DICKOLLECTIVE (DEEPDICKOLLECTIVE.COM) & ALSO HAS HELPED PRODUCE & PROMOTE MANY OTHER HIPHOP ARTISTS THROUGH SUGAR TRUCK RECORDINGS (SUGARTRUCKRECORDINGS.COM) - JUBA WAS THE FESTIVAL DIRECTOR OF EAST BAY PRIDE IN 2K3 & IS THE CURATOR/DIRECTOR OF PEACEOUT WORLD HOMOHOP FEST WHICH CELEBRATES ITS 7TH YEAR THIS YEAR - JUBA WAS ALSO FEATURED IN PICK UP THE MIC - THE ALEX HINTON DOCU. ON QUEER HIPHOP - I GOT TO ATTEND A SCREENING OF THIS DOCU. WHEN I WAS IN THE BAY AREA LAST FALL & IT WAS REALLY AMAZING - JUBA IS AN ARTIST, PERFORMER, ACTIVIST, PROMOTER, INSTIGATOR & A MOST DEFINITELY EXCELLENT HUMAN - YOU CAN CONTACT HIM THROUGH WWW.JUBAKALAMKA.COM

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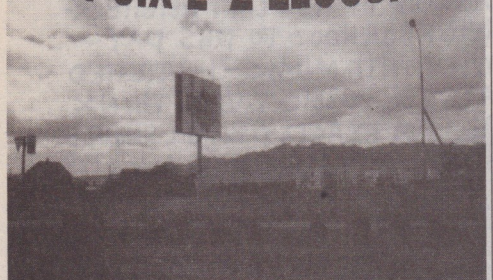

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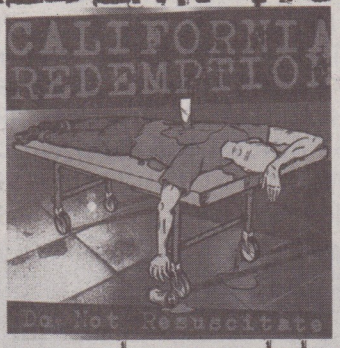

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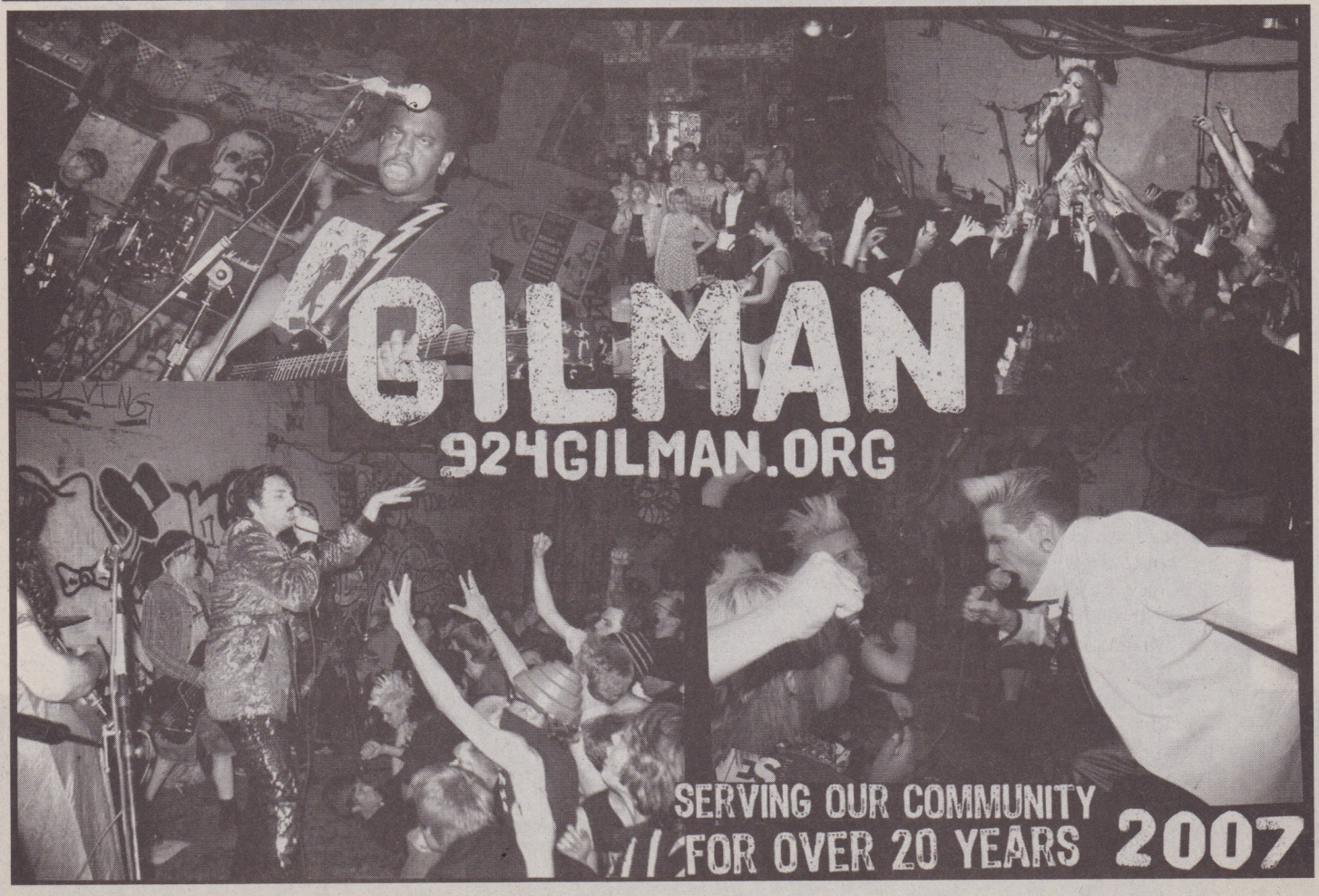

MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #292 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE AND CHRIS HUBBARD

DIY HARDCORE PUNK GIG IN NATIONAL HEADLINES IN POLAND

By Michal NNNW

The plan was very simple—to organize a show on the last day of the school year, and have punk bands with members who are either teachers or pupils. The invited bands were: Eye For An Eye, Tripis, Czosnek—all with teachers—and ADHD—teenage punx from the area of Nowy Targ city in southern Poland.

The concert was to take place in a local club, as there are no punk-run venues in the area. The area itself is pretty conservative and catholic, but quite rich—and with an almost 20-year-old tradition of hosting punk/hardcore shows in different venues.

The event was advertised as the "Gier-tych-dosc Festival," which was a joke name—in Polish it means "Enough of these games" but the first two parts form the family name of the current Minister of Education. This "gentleman" is not only a leader of the Polish nationalist party LPR (currently allied with the leading conservative right), and alleged Opus Dei member, but also the one responsible for the vast number of efforts to "improve" the Polish school system, which means for him and his allies, turning schools into well guarded semi-training camps, where pupils would turn into obedient citizens with very limited mental perspective. It's hard to imagine a better common ground for pupils and their teachers than trying to get rid of this guy and his men.

The information about the upcoming event was sent to the media, who usually ignores punk gigs in the area. And all of a sudden, the biggest Polish daily newspaper, *Gazeta Wyborcza*, decided to use it in its "war" with the present Polish government. The newspaper (started as the official "Solidarnosc" voice in 1989) can be described as "liberal left" ("liberal" in a European sense) and isn't linked to any of the Polish political parties; however, they seem to support the biggest opposition party at the moment. They published a huge page-two article about the event, quoting one of the organizers and changing some of his words. The article became a main topic of debate in that day's morning press overview in the biggest Polish radio show.

Zlodzieje Rowerow

The very next day, the club cancelled the show (possibly from being scared of losing its alcohol license), the event got massive media coverage, and during the following days the organizers went through a series of official "conversations" with their bosses, and bosses of their bosses. Local politicians were quoted in the newspapers claiming "there's no place for such an event in our conservative area" and tried to present the whole thing as arranged by this liberal newspaper. Outrageous... Two national TV channels' crews were trying to get footage at the school of the organizer, whose name became public after the articles. More coverage in *Gazeta Wyborcza* appeared, followed by massive response in the printed and web media. On-line response made this article the most frequently commented (the same happened with the first one) and showed a massive general public support for the idea. All of that because of this punk concert, which would have attracted about a hundred people.

Two of the organizers are known in the Polish DIY punk scene from the early 1990s—mainly through their involvement in setting up shows in Krakow (Econochrist, Yuppicide, Chumbawamba, Dog Faced Hermans, Final Warning, Dirt, Oi Polloi—to mention a few names). The other one is one of the founders of the Nikt Nic Nie Wie label (NNNW), hard to ignore if you have ever heard of Polish punk/hardcore of the last two decades. All three of them have been working in small schools in this area for 10-15 years now.

The organizers were trying to find another venue in the area, but everybody was too scared to rent them the place. Finally, the Warsaw-based club CDQ invited all the bands, and the concert took place there, on the 23rd of June, 2007. The students in ADHD couldn't go there (their hometown is 400

km from the capital city which would have meant a long drive/travel in Poland), but another band was invited—Follow My Back—emo guys from Warsaw schools. The main act of the night was Zlodzieje Rowerow—Polish positive hardcore heroes. The organizers decided not to let TV cameras in, but other journalists could see a crowd of 200 praising the bands. The political character of the event seemed not to be "political" enough—no slagging off, no chaos, "nothing" to write about. There were quite a few people present, who, rather than being interested in the music, came to support the case.

The organizers now wait for consequences to come, curious to see what kind of charges can be pressed for organizing such a concert...

That may all sound pretty crazy, but most of the readers are probably not aware of the policy and deeds of the current Polish government. Among all the mad authoritarian-style conservative Catholic right wing politics they permanently present, they even want to dictate what music people can listen to (a ban on so-called "Satanist" bands was declared in June 2007, but some concerts had been banned even before), what books should they read (an attempt to ban Dostoyevsky—among many others—from schools was a big deal just a few weeks ago), censoring art (the extremely powerful weapon is an "offense against religious beliefs") getting to such absurd situations, when somebody faces a three-year jail sentence for posting a satirical picture via the internet. This is the very same government that feels endangered by such words as "tolerance," "freedom of thought," or "NGO."

The interesting point is that the government, or at least its part, has to feel very weak these days, if they decided to use massive official power to prevent such a small event from taking place, and trying to punish the organizers.

And in both cases—they failed.

GREEK POLICE STATION ATTACKED WITH GRENADE, AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE; NO ONE HURT

Associated Press

Two assailants on a motorcycle hurled a grenade at an Athens police station and sprayed its facade with automatic gunfire before dawn, authorities said. No one was injured. Suspicion fell on anarchist groups, which carry out dozens of arson attacks each year, typically targeting banks and government offices with small incendiary devices overnight when the buildings are normally empty.

A recent escalation in the violence has alarmed Greek authorities, who fear the anarchist gangs may be linked to new domestic terrorist groups, one of which carried out a Jan. 12 attack on the US Embassy in Athens with a rocket-propelled grenade, causing damage but no injuries. The attack, which was the fourth against a police station in a week, damaged several parked cars. Police said at least 25 shots were fired at the Nea Ionia district police station, north of central Athens, before the two assailants fled on a motorcycle.

Also, assailants firebombed a branch of the private Millennium Bank near central Athens on the same day, damaging a cash machine and the front of the building. The attackers used small cooking gas canisters to cause the explosion, which occurred before the bank opened. No one was injured.

Police ballistics experts were due to check if the bullets fired at the police station matched an MP5 submachine gun stolen at gunpoint from a police guard outside the home of the chief judge of Greece's Supreme Court in April—an incident also blamed on anarchist groups. The bullets were of the same caliber used by the stolen automatic weapon. Anti-terrorism police were assisting in the investigation, and Greece's public order minister and a special prosecutor for terrorism cases visited the scene.

Three police stations were attacked with petrol bombs last week, two in Athens and one in the northern city of Thessaloniki. Other recent attacks, blamed on anarchists, include the firebombing of diplomatic cars from the Cypriot and Uruguayan embassies, the burning of 15 traffic surveillance cameras and attacks on several banks.

'TALKING' CCTV SCOLDS OFFENDERS

From an article on bbc.co.uk

"Talking" CCTV cameras that tell off people dropping litter or committing anti-social behaviour are to be extended to 20 areas across England. They are already used in Middlesbrough where people seen misbehaving can be told to stop via a loudspeaker, controlled by control centre staff. About £500,000 will be spent adding speaker facilities to existing cameras. Shadow home affairs minister James Brokenshire said the government should be "very careful" over the cameras.

An example of how talking cameras work

Home Secretary John Reid told BBC News there would be some people "in the minority who will be more concerned about what they claim are civil liberties intrusions."

"But the vast majority of people find that their life is more upset by people who make their life a misery in the inner cities because they can't go out and feel safe and secure in a healthy, clean environment because of a minority of people," he added.

The talking cameras did not constitute "secret surveillance", he said. "It's very public, it's interactive." Competitions would also be held at schools in many of the areas for children to become the voice of the cameras, according to the Home Secretary.

Downing Street's "respect tsar", Louise Casey, said the cameras "nipped problems in the bud" and reduced bureaucracy. "It gets across the message, 'please don't litter our streets because someone else will have to pay to pick up that litter again'," she told BBC News. "Half a billion pounds a year is spent picking up litter."

'Scarecrow policing'

Mr Brokenshire told the BBC he had a number of concerns about the use of the talking cameras. "Whether this is moving down a track of almost 'scarecrow' policing rather than real policing - actually insuring that we have more bobbies on the beat - I think that's what we really want to see, albeit that an initiative like this may be an effective tool in certain circumstances. We need to be very careful about applying this more generally."

The talking cameras will be installed in Southwark, Barking and Dagenham, in London, Reading, Harlow, Norwich, Ipswich, Plymouth, Gloucester, Derby, Northampton, Mansfield, Nottingham, Coventry, Sandwell, Wirral, Blackpool, Salford, South Tyneside and Darlington. In Middlesbrough, staff in a control centre monitor pictures from 12 talking cameras and can communicate directly with people on the street.

Local councillor Barry Coppinger says the scheme has prevented fights and criminal damage and cut litter levels. "Generally, I think it has raised awareness that the town centre is a safe place to visit and also that we are keeping an eye open to make sure it is safe," he said. But opponent and campaigner Steve Hills said: "Apart from being absurd, I think it's rather sad that we should have faceless cameras barking at us on orders from who? Who sets these cameras up?"

There are an estimated 4.2 million CCTV cameras in Britain. A recent study by the government's privacy watchdog, the Information Commissioner, warned that Britain was becoming a "surveillance society".

RWANDA ABOLISHES DEATH PENALTY

From an article on AlJazeera.net

Rwanda has abolished the death penalty, opening the way for genocide suspects to be tried there. The abolition was one of the conditions set by the UN-backed International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda (ICTR) to allow the transfer of genocide suspects to the Rwandan judiciary. Tharcisse Karugarama, Rwanda's justice minister, said: "The abolition of death penalty is effective from July 25, 2007."

Louise Arbour, the UN high commissioner for human rights, welcomed Rwanda's decision. "A country that has suffered the ultimate crime and whose people's thirst for justice is still far from quenched has decided to forego a sanction that should have no place in any society that claims to value human rights and the inviolability of the person," Arbour said. She praised Rwanda for "demonstrating leadership by action" and said the ban announced on Thursday meant countries which had refused to hand over suspects to the courts there because they may face the death penalty could now do so.

The bill was initially put forward by the president, Paul Kagame's Rwandan Patriotic Front, approved by the cabinet at the beginning of the year and by the parliament over the past two months. As a result of the bill's promulgation, some 600 Rwandans should see their death sentences commuted to life imprisonment. The move was immediately hailed by the European Union, which congratulated "the Rwandan government and people" for taking "this important decision." According to the United Nations, the 1994 genocide killed 800,000 in a few weeks, mostly from the Tutsi minority.

Offloading some of the less high-profile cases to Rwandan justice has become a necessity for the Tanzania-based ICTR, which is supposed to wind up all criminal proceedings by the end of 2008, 14 years after its creation.

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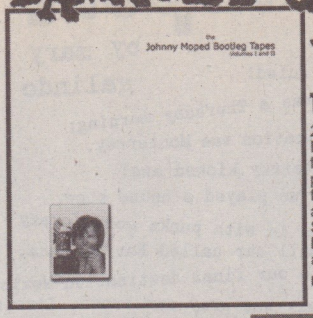

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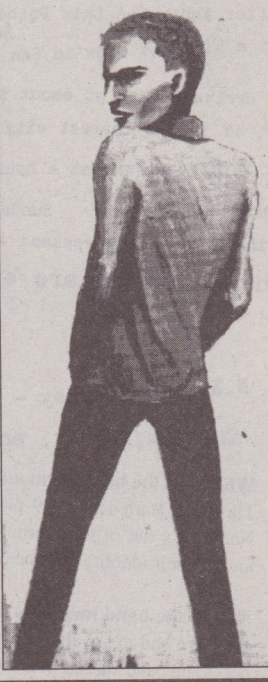

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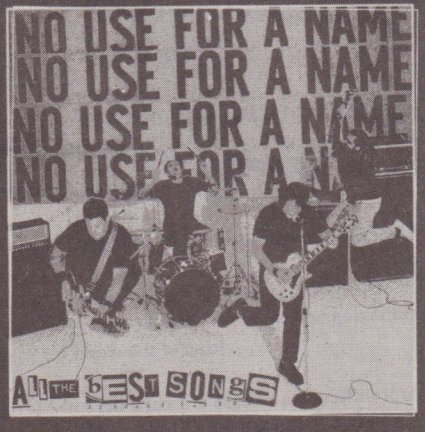

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MEXICO tour report

by mary galindo

Last winter, Rat Salad toured Mexico. Mexico ruled!

We began the tour November 16th, 2006. It was a Thursday morning; we packed up and hit the road. Our first destination was Monterrey. We played a bar there called Deja Vu. Monterrey kicked ass!

Then we headed straight to Zacatecas, where we played a house show.

After that, San Luis Potosi. San Luis was packed in with punks going crazy in a small bar called Bar La Luna.

After a kick-ass show in San Luis, we headed to our final destination-Mexico City.

We arrived there at about twelve noon. The sky was gray and brown. I've seen polluted skies but this was the worst. Well, it is the largest city in the world! We stayed in Mexico City for two weeks. Our drummer Stefan also had some jazz gigs.

Our first show was at a house with a sheet-metal fence and a really high stage that swayed from side to side. That was a Saturday. Sunday we played The Real Under, a three-story punk club near downtown. That place was awesome.

Finally our last weekend we played The Clandestino, a punked-out smelly club that always had something going on.

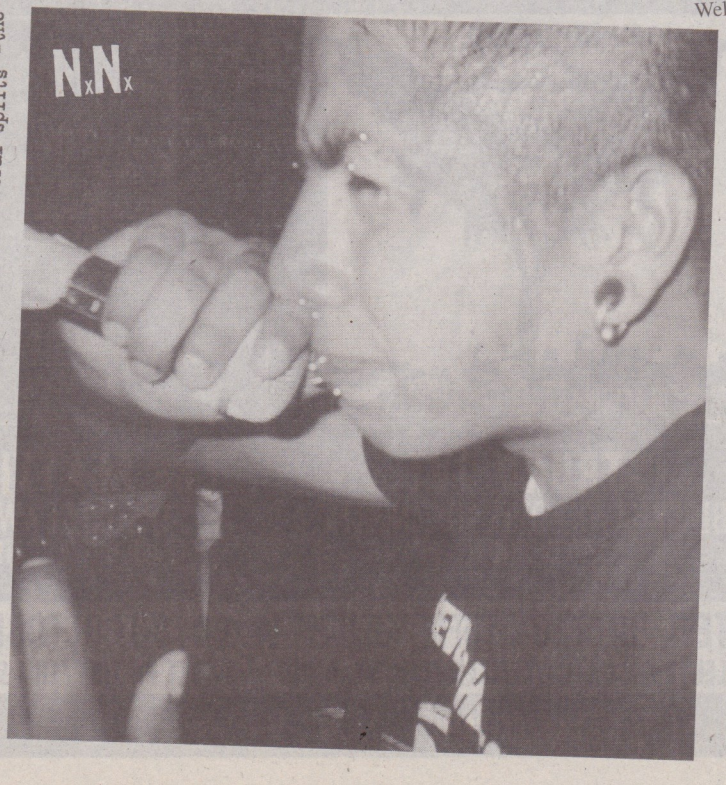
The following are brief interviews we conducted with bands throughout the tour, recorded at the shows with a tape recorder, and translated from fast, drunk Spanish...

N.N. - Monterrey - Alan/drums, Pepe/vocals, Cameron/guitar, and Cabezita/bass.

When did the band form and what does the name mean?
The band started in 1999 playing covers. NN stands for No Name. It's the official term when someone dies and no one knows their identity, no one cares.

Are all the band members original?
We have had many changes and none of us are original members. The band started in 1999 but the line-up now has been the same since 2003.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Yes, it is difficult. Also, most people won't buy a record or a CD if it doesn't have a cover of a punk with a mohawk or dead people/skulls, etc. A lot of people just care about the look.



CHTM - Monterrey - Ahydee/vocals, Miguel/guitar, Anca/bass, and Julio/drums.

What is the name of the band and what does the name mean?
The name is Chec Tu Mente. We got the name from the phrase check your head.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Yes, it is difficult but I think it is possible if you are well organized. For example, I did a compilation with twenty bands here in Monterrey, including CHTM. With the help of other record labels and the money I put in, we put together our first release. The name of the compilation is called *Khutre Punk Noise Ska Compilation*. I put this together because there are so many good bands here in Monterrey. Other labels from Mexico City participated in the comp too. Some of the bands on the label are La Caida De La Civilizacion, Subresistencia, Podrdas, and many more.

What are the plans for the future of the band?
Well, for now, we want to release a well-recorded record and do some splits with some other bands. And keep on playing gigs.

Destruccion y Odio - Monterrey Julio/vocals, Ivan/guitar, Mizael/bass, and Ignacio/drums

When did the band form and what dose the name mean?
The band formed in 2002.The name of the band ("Destruction and Hate") is what we think of the situation of the world we live in.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Yes, it is difficult but a label here in Monterrey, Reacciona Records, liked our band and gave us an invitation to do a record. Right now none of us have time to work on it though. School and work takes up all our time. But soon we plan to make time.

What are the band's future plans?
Our plans for the future are to keep playing music and spread our message. Also put out our record and a tour will be in the future as well.

Well, first off, we are Rat Salad from San Antonio, Texas. We have been together in this current line-up for two years: Mary/guitar and vocals, Oscar/bass and vocals, Stefan/drums. The band first started off with Ray Salazar on vocals, but Ray had other interests and we figured the less people in the band, the better. We have also had several drummers but finally found Stefan, who is from Dallas TX. He also plays in Just Another Consumer and Akkolyte, a bad-ass grind band, with his brother Arron. Rat Salad is the name of a Black Sabbath song. We are all huge Sabbath fans. -and a Southwest/West Coast tour in late September/early October. Finally, we are planning on doing a record and several splits -the first of which being with Insolentes -the first of which being with Insolentes

Agoniar - San Luis Potosi - Manolo/bass, Rocka/guitar and vocals, Ranchy/guitar and vocals, Iram/guitar, and Leo/drums.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
The band started in 2002. We named the band Agoniar because the lack of originality and concentration that reflects misery out of your own eyes. The mirror reflects light onto your heart and mind that's why it is called Agony.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
It is easy to make a CD or tape but difficult for vinyl. Vinyl is not very popular here in Mexico. It is very expensive. The economic system is very poor here in Mexico.

What are the band's future plans?
Right now, we are preparing to go in to the studio and record ten songs. Some friends from Europe, Humilidad y Honestidad Records, and Dieskontento are going to work on our record. We will have a ten-inch record and possibly a CD soon here in Mexico.

Fallas Del Sistema - San Luis Potosi Benjamin/vocals, Yaky/vocals, Gil/bass, Chore/guitar, and James/drums.

When did the band form and what does the name mean?
We are Fallas Del Sistema from Zapapan Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. The band was formed in 1992. We named the band Fallas Del Sistema because in this society there are so many things that are unfair that affect and oppress the people. There are so many failures in this system. This is the reason why we are punks. If all this oppression and all these failures didn't exist, then we wouldn't exist.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
When we started the band, it was impossible to release a record in Mexico. It was very expensive to put one out. But little by little, working and saving money, we released a DIY record. We have had our own record label for over 15 years now. The name of the label is Estajanovismo Records. It all started with the first band on our label, Empirismo, a punk band from LA. Some other bands on our label are Oveja Negra, Hydrophobia, Resist and Exist, Sin Dios, Looking For An Answer, Battle of Disarm, Kontrattaque, etc. The label also works as a distro and a promoter of tours for bands in Mexico. We have been a part of organizing tours for bands like Los Muertos De Cristo, Sin Dios, Apatia No, Last Chance, etc. In 2007, we will be doing a tour for The Varukers in May and June, and Resist and Exist in July.

What are the band's future plans?
We are going to release a 15-year Fallas Del Sistema dicography record. We are also going to tour Mexico, Europe, and try to do Central and South America. It is easy to tour these places but very difficult to tour the United States because of all the permission and papers. But we are going to try to do a small US tour next year.

Los Demenciales - Mexico City - Oskar/guitar and vocals, Guillermo/bass, and Armando/drums.

What does the band name mean?
We came up with the name when we started listening to many bands from Spain. We are crazy for bands from Spain like Eskorbuto. Demenciales means crazy or demented.

When did the band form and are all the members original?
The band has existed for 15 years with other members. Oskar (vocals/guitar) is the only original member but the line-up we have right now has been together seven years.

What are the bands plans for the future?
Well we don't really have a future. All we care for is to do a well-recorded record or CD with all of our songs. We want to leave behind an impression for the people and keep playing fiestas.

Intento Fallido - Mexico City - Cynthia/guitar and vocals, Luara/bass and vocals, and Julian/drums.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
Cynthia: The band started in October 2003. We came up with the name because we were trying to record a song on the computer and it wouldn't record. So we named that song that. Intento Fallido means a failed try. We later named the band that as well.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Cynthia: No, it is not difficult to get a record out. What is difficult is to distribute the record outside Mexico. Right now we are studying in school about how to own our own record studio. So hopefully we can do it ourselves.

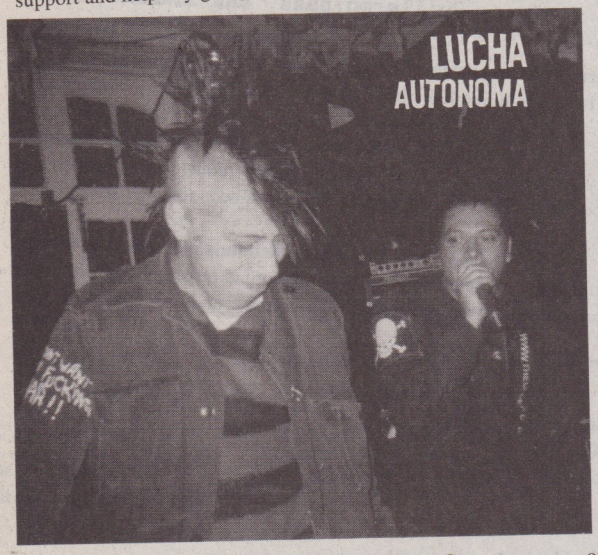
What are the band's future plans?
Cynthia: Well, right now all we have is a demo. We want to put out a record and continue playing gigs. We don't want to be one of those bands that plays for a year and then breaks up. So there is much to be done in the future for this band.

Lucha Autonoma - Mexico City - Fernando/drums, Danny/bass, and Mike/guitar.

What does your name mean?
The name of the band is Lucha Autonoma, which means ultimate fight. The struggles in Mexico are very wide. Since the revolution of 1910, people like Luis Migon and Los Zapatista have struggled and fought for liberty and justice. Lucha Autonoma is to indicate no fascism, no sexism, no racism. Lucha Autonoma is not selfish or closed-minded. It is a tool you use in everyday life to be flexible.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Yes, it is very difficult. You know that Mexico is a third world country. The economic system is very poor. Releasing a record is not very important to us. We like it live. We have recorded with friends but the quality is bad. If we can that is cool but it is not a priority for us. We just love life and being happy with what we got.

What are the band's future plans?
Well, we only play once in a while and we would like to start playing other clubs with a different crowd. It doesn't matter if the people are punks or not. We will play for any crowd who will support and listen. Every member of the band has other projects as well. Some of us work here at the Under and others help write a fanzine. We are all big time music collectors and we all support the counter culture. There is a lot going on right now and we must support and help any groups that have the same view.



Insolentes - Mexico City - Paye/drums, Tio/guitar, Fofo/bass, Silas/guitar, and Vikingo/vocals.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
Tio: We started playing in 2003. I came up with the name Insolentes and we all agreed on it. Insolentes means insolent. It's pretty much the same in English.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Tio: Well, my answer is the same as Anti-Master but I can tell you about the stuff we have recorded. Our first release was a twelve song demo CDR. We put it out ourselves. We made 300 of them and sold them in different parts of Mexico. We also have a split with a band from Spain called Txixaprrnazta. That was released by Liberacion o Muerte and Humildad y Honestidad Records from Spain. Also Mundo en Kaos Records from Chicago and Disfusion Anarcopunk from DF That was released in Spain for our European tour. We have another split 7" with a band from Chicago called Tras de Nada on Southkore Records run by our friend Benito. They are Mexican friends that live in the States.

Caracter X - Mexico City - Xl/guitar, Alonso/bass, Manolo/drums, and Salvador/vocals.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
We have been together about three years with the mentality of hardcore. What we are trying to do with this band is to give people our views of social criticism. We are letting people know how we feel about politics and society. It is our concept of what is not acceptable in society. Like an X-rated character.

What is the future for the band?
The future for the band is to go on tour and keep playing. We don't care for fame, we just want to continue playing hardcore punk.

What If Gods Lie - Mexico City - Zack/drums, Salinas/guitar and vocals, and America/bass.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
The band formed in 2003. The name is a question among the rules of society, like the economic system, laws and all that stuff.

What are the band's future plans?
We want to keep playing shows and continue fighting the system until those fucking bastards give us our way, but for now, keep playing full force with all our hatred.

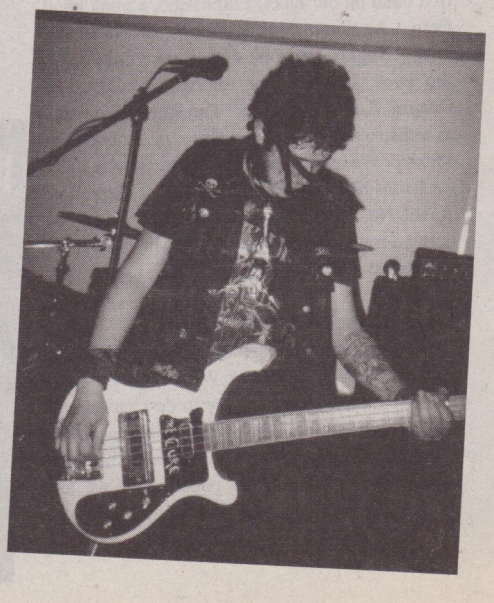
Anti-Master - Mexico City - Rodger/guitar, Ivan/guitar, Mastur/drums, Tio/bass, and Vikingo/vocals.

When did the band form and what does your name mean?
We formed the band in March 2004. One of our guitarists loves Nausea and the song "Clutches" says anti-master so that's where we got the name.

Are all the band members original?
No, Rodger, Ivan, and Mastur started the band. There used to be another bass player and vocalist. Then I joined to play bass and Vikingo joined to do vocals. We are also in Insolentes.

Is it difficult to release a record here in Mexico?
Well, I guess not if you put your mind to it. Recording has been cheap and easy for us. We have good friends who have DIY labels and recording spaces. Three or four labels released our album. That way it is cheaper and they can divide the money up.

What are the band's future plans?
Well we plan to tour Europe in the fall of 2007. Right now we are doing a split with a band from Barcelona called Disnight Bastards that is being released by a friend in Germany. He organizes the Yellow Dog Fest every year in Packebusch. That should be out in February. We also just put out a split CD with Give Up All Hope from the UK in January. It was put-out by Cryptas Records from DF and Dogma Destroyer Records. That is our drummer Mastur's label.



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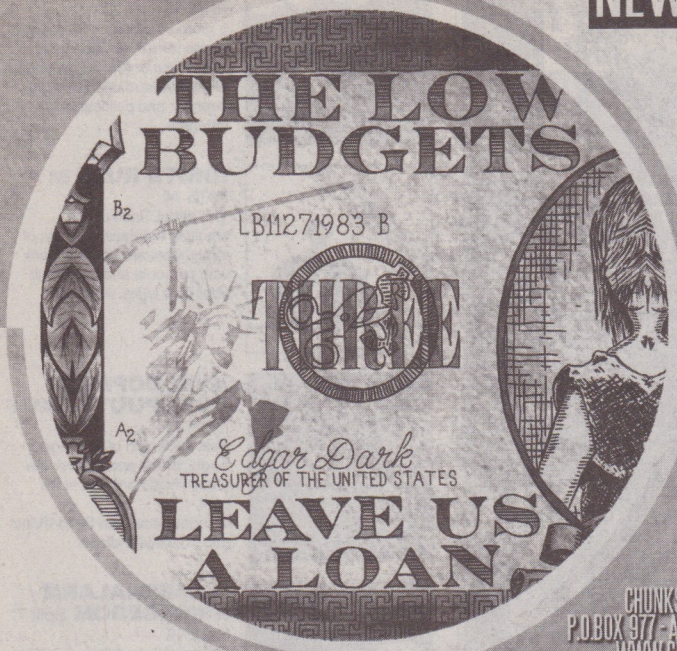

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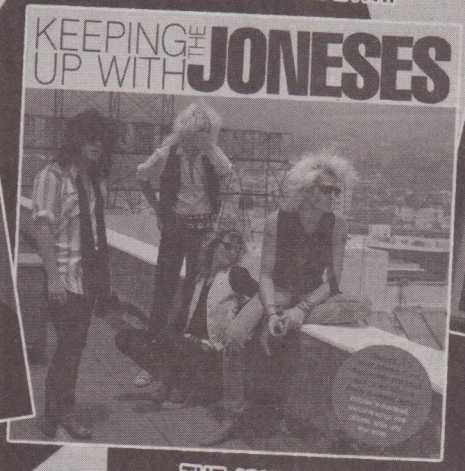

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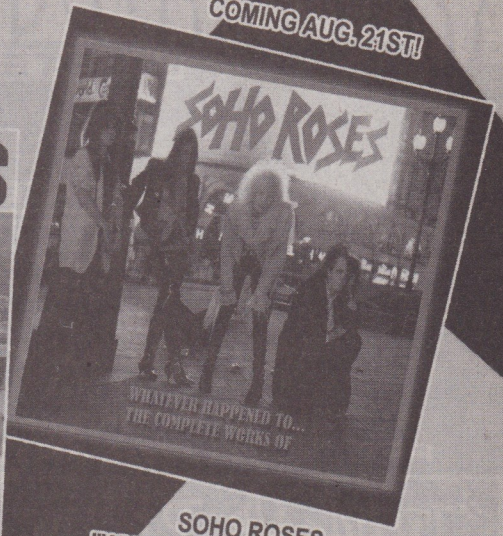

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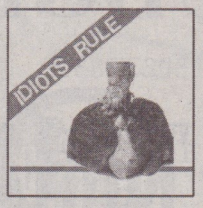

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Interview by Matt Coppens.

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BRYAN: UH, PAT TAKING OUT THE ENTIRE BAND IN ONE SWOOP THAT WE PLAYED WITH DURING, I THINK, THEIR SECOND SONG. NO APOLOGIES AT ALL. PLAYING A FANTASTIC SET. HAVING HIS MIC TAKEN AWAY DUE TO LEWD BANTER. TWO BLACK EYES. GOING THROUGH MULTIPLE EMERGENCY EXITS, HAVING THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PLACE YELLING AT ME, "YOU GOTTA GET YOUR FRIEND OUTTA HERE."
AUSTIN: RUINED SEVERAL RECORDS IN THE HAVOC DISTRO.
BRYAN: SEVERAL R.A.M.B.O. LPS WERE RUINED.
PAT: I'M PROUD OF THAT...I'M PROUD OF THAT.
CRAIG: THREW ERIC'S FROM FASHIONABLE IDIOTS GLASSES.

MRR: AND YOU HAVE NO RECOLLECTION WHATSOEVER?
PAT: NO. IN FACT, I WOKE UP IN THE VAN AND I REALLY THOUGHT WE HADN'T EVEN PLAYED.
BRYAN: YOU WOKE UP AND VOMITED FIRST.

MRR: YOU

THERE'S NOWHERE TO HIDE WHEN IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD.

I'M SICK OF THE TERROR OF BEING AWAKE I'M SICK OF THE FEAR OF MYSELF

GET AWAY FROM ME

DON'T EVEN REMEMBER NEW YORK?
PAT: I WOKE UP WITHOUT SHOES TOO. THAT WAS GOOD. I LOOK AT MY CAMERA AND I SEE ALL THESE PICTURES OF MY FACE AND ME WEARING A R.A.M.B.O. RECORD ON MY HEAD AND I REMEMBER NOTHING. THE THING WAS, THE BAR NEXT DOOR, HAPPY HOUR STARTED AT THREE IN THE AFTERNOON AND WE DIDN'T PLAY FOR SEVERAL HOURS SO WE STARTED WITH TEQUILA AND THEN WE MOVED TO WHISKEY AND THAT'S A *GOOD* IDEA.

MRR; THAT'S A GREAT IDEA. SO, CHRONIC SEIZURE HAS BEEN ON AT LEAST TWO OR THREE OTHER TOURS IN THE PAST. YOU GUYS HAVE ANY PLANS IN THE WORKS FOR ANY TOURS IN THE NEAR FUTURE?
BRYAN: WEEKENDS FROM HERE ON OUT 'TIL FALL AND THEN THE WEST COAST STARTING SEPTEMBER 1ST HOPEFULLY A RELATIVELY COMPREHENSIVE WEST COAST THING.
PAT: MAYBE EUROPE NEXT YEAR IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT.

MRR: SO YOU GUYS HAVE PLANS ON STAYING A TOURING BAND?
PAT: OH YEAH.
BRYAN: HOPEFULLY.

AUSTIN: THE CHICAGO CURSE.

MRR: LIVE, I'VE SEEN BOTH BAND AND AUDIENCE MEMBERS ALIKE COME OUT OF YOUR SHOWS SPORTING VARIOUS MINOR INJURIES MYSELF INCLUDED. WHAT SHOULD PEOPLE IN TOWNS THAT YOU GUYS HAVEN'T PLAYED YET EXPECT WHEN THEY SEE YOU LIVE? YOU'RE NOT SHOEGAZERS BY ANY MEANS.
PAT: SPECTACLE. OVERINDULGENCE. EXPECT AUSTIN UP IN YOUR FACE.
AUSTIN: EXPECT THE *PK STACKER*.
BRYAN: USUALLY BY THE WEEKEND WE'VE ALL HAD A SHITTY WORK WEEK AND IT'S LETTING OUT ALL WEEKLY AGGRESSIONS. SHIT JOBS AND SHIT BOSSES; PARTICULARLY AUSTIN.
PAT: OH YEAH, HE'S GOT THE WORST BOSS OF ALL...BRYAN. YEAH, I DON'T KNOW. I GO INTO A FUCKING TRANCE WHEN WE PLAY. I DON'T EVEN KNOW. YOU GET WHAT YOU GET.
AUSTIN: HEY, IT'S FIVE BUCKS. DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH.

MRR: SO IF SOMEBODY SEES YOU GUYS PLAY, DO YOU WANT THEM TO WALK AWAY THINKING ANYTHING OR FEELING ANYTHING?
AUSTIN: THEY FUCKED UP.

MRR: THEY FUCKED UP BY SEEING YOU GUYS PLAY LIVE?
PAT: NO, NO. I WANT THEM TO WALK AWAY AND GET LIKE, "WHERE'D ALL MY MONEY GO...OH, THAT'S RIGHT, I GAVE IT TO CHRONIC SEIZURE."
BRYAN: LIKING THESE FOUR SONGS. THAT'S ALL WE ASK.
PAT: YEAH, WE'LL PLAY NINE. IF YOU LIKE FOUR WE'LL CALL IT EVEN.
BRYAN: I'D SAY THAT'S A GOOD RATIO.

MRR: WHAT WAS THAT MDC SHOW AT THE BOTTOM LOUNGE LIKE? IT'S A LARGE VENUE AND YOU GUYS ARE USED TO PLAYING MOSTLY BASEMENTS.
AUSTIN; WELL, IT WAS OUR FIRST SHOW WITH CRAIG.
CRAIG: IT WAS A GOOD SHOW.
AUSTIN: WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO IT WITHOUT HIM.
CRAIG: I THOUGHT IT WAS A PRETTY GREAT SHOW, ESPECIALLY FOR MY FIRST SHOW WITH THE BAND. I HAD NO PROBLEM WITH THE SIZE OF THE VENUE. WE JUST PLAYED THE BEAT KITCHEN AND THAT WAS THE SAME SIZE AND THAT WAS PRETTY COOL. I NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO EXPECT FROM PLACES LIKE THAT. WE'VE ALWAYS PLAYING BASEMENTS AND LIVING ROOMS AND THEN YOU PLAY A BIG CLUB THAT'S

ACTUALLY A CLUB AND IT'S KIND OF WEIRD BUT IT'S GONE OVER WELL.
PAT: I THINK ALL OF US HAVE SOME *SEMBLANCE OF HAM* INSIDE US AND EVERYBODY SORT OF LIKES ACTING LIKE A JERK IN PUBLIC SO WHETHER IT'S ON THE GROUND AT EYE LEVEL OR ABOVE EVERYBODY'S HEAD, WHATEVER. YOU GET PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PEOPLE RUNNING INTO YOU AND SLAMMING INTO YOU ON A CONSTANT BASIS IN A BASEMENT AS OPPOSED TO BEING ON THAT STAGE?
AUSTIN: IT'S HAPPENED ON STAGE AT THOSE PLACES. I'M NOT REALLY SURE HOW.
PAT: THE THING ABOUT THAT MDC SHOW AND A LOT OF OUR EARLY SHOWS IS THAT WE PLAYED WITH A LOT OF *LEGENDARY* BANDS FOR WHATEVER REASON...

MRR: SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE PLAYING WITH MDC, NOT EVEN JUST AT THAT VENUE?
PAT: LIKE I SAID, WE PLAYED WITH A LOT OF THESE REUNITED BANDS AND REALLY THE ONLY ONE WHO STOOD TO MUSTER IN MY EYES WAS THE STATE. THE STATE IS FUCKING AMAZING. THEY WERE THEN, THEY ARE NOW. I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG. MDC WAS GOOD. I MEAN MIKEY OFFENDER ON THE BASS? HOLY SHIT.
BRYAN: THAT WAS THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE SHOW MEETING THAT DUDE.
PAT: VERY COOL DUDE.

MRR: I'VE SEEN YOU GUYS PLAY WITH A VARIETY OF BANDS BUT IN CHICAGO YOU PLAY WITH SOME VERY POLITICAL PUNK BANDS.
AUSTIN: IS THAT TRUE?

MRR: AUSTIN OBVIOUSLY HAS NO IDEA BUT DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOU GUYS FIT IN WITH THESE BANDS AND IF NOT, WHERE DO YOU FEEL LIKE YOU DIFFER?
PAT: WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN PERSONAL POLITICS BUT I DON'T REALLY THINK THAT IT PLAYS ANY PART IN OUR MUSIC. IT'S A TIRED SUBJECT FOR ME. I HEAR IT IN AND OUT AND I DON'T LIKE PREACHING TO THE CHOIR. THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN DO WITH THAT.
BRYAN: I THINK THE BAND AS A WHOLE, IF YOU WANT TO GIVE IT A NAME, IS PROBABLY FAR LEFT WITHOUT A DOUBT, BUT AT THE SAME TIME I THINK WE'VE ALL PRETTY MUCH HEARD EVERYTHING BEFORE. WE'RE NOT THE ONES TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND.
AUSTIN: WE'RE NOT IN THIS TO PUSH OUR OWN POLITICAL AGENDA. IT'S NOT REALLY THE PROPER MEDIUM FOR IT FOR ME.
PAT: WE WOULD RATHER TALK ABOUT HOW FUCKED UP EVERYTHING IS ON A PERSONAL LEVEL.
AUSTIN: ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED WITH THESE ANSWERS; YOU WANT BETTER ANSWERS?

MRR: IT'S YOUR INTERVIEW.
AUSTIN: SORRY THE BAND YOU'RE INTERVIEWING SUCKS.

MRR: SO YOU GUYS RELEASED A CASSETTE DEMO AND TWO SEVEN-INCHES ON FASHIONABLE IDIOTS OUT OF MINNEAPOLIS. ARE THERE ANY PLANS FOR NEW RECORDINGS? AN LP MAYBE?
PAT: EVENTUALLY.
BRYAN: THE NEXT RELEASE IS AN LP AND IT'S A SPLIT RELEASE WITH FASHIONABLE IDIOTS AND NO WAY RECORDS.
CRAIG: AND THAT'S THE LAST THING WE'RE EVER GONNA DO. LAUGHS
PAT: WE'RE GONNA BE ON *NO BULLSHIT VOL. 3* ALSO.

MRR: HOW'D YOU HOOK UP WITH NO WAY RECORDS?
BRYAN: WE PLAYED IN RICHMOND WITH GOVERNMENT WARNING AND WE'RE JUST ALL ON KIND OF THE SAME PAGE. THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.

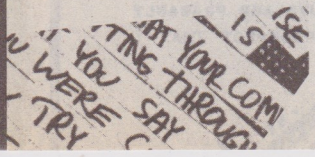
MRR: AUSTIN, YOU WRITE THE LYRICS, RIGHT?

AUSTIN: NO, PAT DOES.
PAT: NO. NO. I ONLY WRITE MY BACK-UPS.

MRR: IT SEEMS LIKE THE SUBJECT MATTER IN A LOT OF THE LYRICS THOUGH NOT ALL OF THEM REVOLVE HEAVILY AROUND PARANOIA AND ISOLATION. "HYPOCHRONDRIAC" FOR EXAMPLE. WHERE DO THE FEELINGS OF PARANOIA AND ISOLATION COME FROM? WHAT IS THAT?
BRYAN: NEXT QUESTION. SNOW DUDES AND STOKED NIGHTS.
AUSTIN: I'D SAY LONG NIGHTS AND KIND OF A CLOUDED HEAD. IT COMES FROM DAY-TO-DAY LIVING. IT COMES FROM WAKING UP EVERY SINGLE FUCKING DAY AND HAVING TO LIVE A LIFE. SO IF YOU'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT, YOU TELL ME.
BRYAN: OF COURSE I DON'T WRITE THE

THESE CHRONIC SEIZURES ARE SENDING ME TO HELL

WEARING DOWN ON MY BRAIN



SAME DESPERATION EVERY SINGLE DAY

LYRICS,
SO THIS IS JUST MY INTERPRETATION YOU HAVE TWO WAYS TO DO THINGS IN A PUNK OR HARDCORE BAND. YOU CAN DO THE PERSONAL TYPE THING, YOU CAN DO THE STRAIGHT POLITICAL THING, BUT IF YOU WANT TO INTERPRET THE LYRICS OF THIS BAND INTO SOME SORT OF POLITICS I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME. IT'S JUST HONEST DAY-TO-DAY LIVING.
AUSTIN: WE'RE NOT TRYING TO PULL ANYTHING. IT'S JUST HOW WE SEE THE WORLD.

MRR: YOU STARTED OUT WITH A DIFFERENT DRUMMER, BUT YOU'VE HAD A STEADY LINE-UP SINCE CRAIG JOINED THE BAND AND YOU GUYS ARE ALL OBVIOUSLY VERY GOOD FRIENDS. HOW DOES THAT HELP THE BAND AND HOW DOES THAT HURT THE BAND?
AUSTIN: IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAPPEN ANY OTHER WAY WITH THIS BAND, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU.
IT'S KIND OF THE DRIVING FORCE IN A LOT OF WAYS.
PAT: IT'S TRUE. I'VE BEEN IN A LOT OF BANDS BUT THIS IS PROBABLY THE ONE THAT I'VE FELT MOST COMFORTABLE WITH THE GUYS IN THE BAND, WHERE EVERYBODY JUST HANGS OUT TOGETHER. WE DO. WE DIDN'T ALL KNOW EACH OTHER BEFORE WE STARTED THE BAND BUT ONCE WE GOT TOGETHER, ALL OUR PERSONALITIES FELL INTO LINE AND EVERYBODY GETS ALONG.
CRAIG: HOW DID YOU GUYS GET TOGETHER ORIGINALLY? YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER A LITTLE BIT.
BRYAN: WANT THE RUNDOWN REAL QUICK?

MRR: LET'S DO THIS AND WE'LL HAVE CRAIG CREDITED FOR ASKING THAT QUESTION.
AUSTIN: I HAD NEVER MET CRAIG UNTIL THE BAND STARTED. I MET CRAIG WHEN HE WALKED INTO THE HOUSE TO PRACTICE THE FIRST TIME.
PAT: I KNEW HIM FROM THE REPOS BUT I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW HIM.

BRYAN: HERE'S HOW IT ROLLS, START TO FINISH. MY OLD BAND WAS BREAKING UP, PAT'S OLD BAND WAS BREAKING UP AND THROUGH THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING THROUGH THE INTERNET I REALIZED WE WERE INTO THE SAME STYLE OF HARDCORE THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE CHICAGOLAND AREA WEREN'T INTO AND I KNEW THAT PAT HAD PLAYED BASS FOR YEARS. I PRIVATE MESSAGED HIM THROUGH A MESSAGEBOARD REGARDING STARTING A BAND LOOSELY BASED ON OLD ITALIAN HARDCORE AND THAT WAS KIND OF THE START OF THAT. THEN HOFACKER WAS...WHERE THE FUCK DID HE COME IN?
PAT: WEREN'T YOU JAMMING WITH HOFACKER AT THE TIME?
BRYAN: YEAH, I WAS JAMMING WITH HOFACKER AND THEN WE GOT PAT IN AND WE PLAYED MUSIC FOR A WHILE AND WE DECIDED TO GET A SINGER AND I HAD MET AUSTIN...
PAT: YOU WERE PUSHING ME TO DO IT AND I WASN'T HAVING IT.

MRR: YOU WANTED TO DO A THREE-PIECE?
BRYAN: INITIALLY, BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE SO FUCKING EASY, BUT PAT WASN'T INTO IT.
PAT: I HAD JUST COME OFF SINGING FOR A BAND FOR SIX YEARS AND I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT ANYMORE.
BRYAN: SO INSTEAD OF GETTING SOMEONE ELSE WHO HAD BEEN IN A BAND, I ASKED PAT, "WHO'S YOUR BUDDY?" AND WE CALLED AUSTIN. HE SHOWED UP...
PAT: AND THEN AFTER A FEW MONTHS OF AUSTIN SAYING, "I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DO THIS. AM I ANY GOOD?" WE JUST TOLD HIM TO SHUT UP.
AUSTIN: HOFACKER QUIT THE FIRST NIGHT WE WENT OUT OF TOWN.
BRYAN: WE WERE KIND OF BUMMED BECAUSE THE DEMO WAS DONE AND WE HAD STARTED A SLIGHT MOMENTUM. THE CHICAGOLAND AREA IS NOTORIOUS FOR A LACK OF DRUMMERS SO I WENT THROUGH EVERYONE I KNEW WHO PLAYED DRUMS AND PROBABLY THE LAST PROSPECT THAT I

EVER EXPECTED WAS CRAIG. I SAID "FUCK IT, I'M WRITING HIM ANYWAY" AND HE SAID HE'D DO IT.

PAT: KISMET.

BRYAN: I COULDN'T EVEN BELIEVE CRAIG SAID HE'D DO IT. SLIGHT BACK-STORY. CRAIG AND I, THROUGH OUR SHARED LOVE OF FACE VALUE, HAD TALKED ABOUT STARTING A HARDCORE BAND.

CRAIG: THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

PAT: IT COULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT BETTER THOUGH. I CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE THIS BAND WITHOUT CRAIG.

AUSTIN: IT WAS FATE THAT BROUGHT IT TOGETHER.

PAT: BIG UPS TO JOE SKELETOR FOR LEARNING OUR SONGS IN THREE HOURS TO FILL IN FOR THE MINNEAPOLIS SHOW HOFACKER BAILED ON.

CRAIG: I'VE ONLY PLAYED IN BANDS WITH PEOPLE I KNOW. I'VE NEVER ANSWERED AN AD BEFORE AND EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW PAT AND AUSTIN VERY WELL, I'VE KNOWN BRYAN FOR A LONG TIME, SO I FELT COMFORTABLE STEPPING IN.

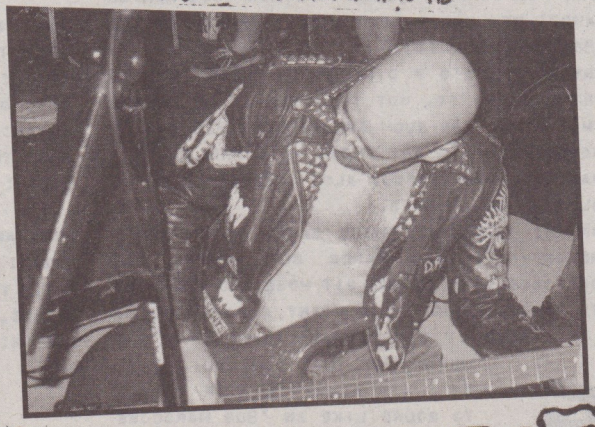
MRR: I HAVE A QUESTION THAT PAT IS GONNA HATE. IT'S A SUBJECT YOU'RE REALLY SICK OF TALKING ABOUT. YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT I'M COMING UP WITH. ONE SEMI-LITTLE-KNOWN FACT IS THAT PAT ROADIED FOR GG ALLIN FOR A FEW A FEW MONTHS IN THE LATE-'80S EARLY-'90S. GIVE ME ONE LAST GREAT GG STORY.

PAT: AW GEEZ. WELL, MY FAVORITE GG STORY IS NOT SO MUCH ABOUT GG BUT IT REALLY IS IN A SPECIAL KIND OF WAY. I WAS DATING THIS GIRL. SHE HATED THE FACT THAT I WAS HANGING OUT WITH THIS GUY AND I HAD BLOWN HER OFF TO GO PARTY OVER AT HIS PLACE AND SHE HAD FOUND OUT SOMEHOW. I'M IN MY CAR, GG IS IN THE BACK STINKING IT UP FOR ALL TIME. HE LITERALLY STUNK IT UP AND I HAD TO JUNK THE CAR EVENTUALLY. IT WAS LIKE THAT *SEINFELD* EPISODE. THE SMELL NEVER WENT AWAY. ANYWAY, SOMEHOW SHE HOOKS UP WITH SOMEBODY I KNOW AND THEY'RE CHASING US DOWN THE HIGHWAY. WE PULL UP AT GG'S HOUSE, HE'S STAYING WITH THIS PHONE SEX OPERATOR OR SOMETHING IN THE NICEST APARTMENT I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE AND THIS GIRL GETS OUT OF THE CAR AND SAYS "I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU BLEW ME OFF TO HANG OUT WITH THIS FUCKING SCUMBAG." AND STARTS BEATING MY ASS AND GG LEANS OVER TO HIS BASS PLAYER AT THE TIME, MY FRIEND CHRIS, AND SAYS, "MAN, I FEEL SORRY FOR THAT GUY." LATER THAT REALLY HIT ME. GG ALLIN FEELS SORRY FOR ME? HOW LOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY GET IN LIFE? LATER THAT DAY GG RIPPED THE PANTIES OFF OF SOME 15 YEAR-OLD GIRL AND I REALIZED I HAD ENOUGH.

MRR: THAT'S THE GUY WHO FELT SORRY FOR YOU.

PAT: HE DID! THERE'S THE GUY WHO FEELS SORRY FOR ME BUT THAT WAS THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK. I REALIZED THIS GUY IS TOO REAL. I'VE SEEN HIM THROW SHIT. I'VE SEEN HIM STICK A MICROPHONE STAND UP SOMEBODY'S ASS. I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT BUT HE RIPPED THE PANTS OFF OF SOME WEEPING 15 YEAR-OLD GIRL...I'M DONE WITH THIS. THIS GUY'S A SCUMBAG. I QUIT. I NEVER ROADIED FOR HIM AGAIN.

EYES ARE BURNING INTO ME



MRR: YOU GUYS ARE I DON'T WANT TO SAY RECORD COLLECTORS BUT YOU ALL DEFINITELY LISTEN TO A LOT OF MUSIC AND YOU'RE ALL OPINIONATED ABOUT MUSIC. WHAT DO BANDS NEED TO DO MORE OF AND WHAT DO BANDS NEED TO DO LESS OF?

PAT: LESS BREAKDOWNS, PLEASE. THAT'S AN EASY ONE.

BRYAN: I HAVE AN HONEST ANSWER. IF YOU'RE A BAND THAT HAS SOME BUZZ AROUND IT AND YOU'RE DOING THE WHOLE LIMITED EDITION, WE'RE MAKING OUR BAND AN OBSCURE RARITY SHIT, RELEASE MORE RECORDS. THAT'S TOO BULLSHIT.

CRAIG: YEAH, C'MON NOW.

AUSTIN: IF THAT'S THE PATH TO CONSTRUCTING YOUR ID, THAT'S A PRETTY LAME WAY TO DO IT.

BRYAN: THE 500 DIFFERENT COLORS OF ONE SEVEN-INCH IS PRETTY TIRED.

AUSTIN: IT RUINS THE FUN OF BUYING A RECORD. I LIKE LIMITED AND COLORED VINYL BUT I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BATTLE PEOPLE FOR IT BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO.

PAT: I JUST STEAL MUSIC OFF THE INTERNET.

BRYAN: IF YOU'RE A BAND WORTH LISTENING TO AND YOU KNOW YOU CAN GET RID OF THEM, DO 1,000 SEVEN-INCHES AND JUST LEAVE IT ALONE. DON'T DO 500.

MRR: THAT'S WHAT BANDS SHOULD DO LESS OF. WHAT SHOULD BANDS DO MORE OF?

BRYAN: PROBABLY BREAKING UP BECAUSE THERE'S SO MANY SHITTY BANDS.

PAT: OH YEAH, PLEASE. BREAK UP. STOP. CUT IT OUT.

BRYAN: WE BOOK A LOT OF SHOWS HERE IN CHICAGO...

PAT: STOP PESTERING BANDS TO SET UP SHOWS FOR YOU. PESTER PEOPLE WHO BOOK SHOWS!

BRYAN: IF YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE BOOKING A SIX-MONTH TOUR OFF YOUR BAND'S DEMO AND YOU'RE HAVING A HARD TIME THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD WAIT ANOTHER YEAR. DON'T TOUR THE MINUTE YOU HAVE FOUR SONGS. DON'T PUT OUT A SEVEN-INCH THE MINUTE YOU HAVE FOUR SONGS. THIS GOES MORE INTO BAD JOCK HARDCORE BUT JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN AFFORD TO GO ON TOUR DOESN'T MEAN YOU SHOULD.

CRAIG: YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT MORE BANDS BREAKING UP BUT WHAT ABOUT BANDS THAT ARE AROUND A COUPLE MONTHS, HAVE AN AWESOME NAME AND

CHRONIC SEIZURE

THEN BREAK UP? NO ONE CAN USE THAT NAME.

MRR: STOP COMING UP WITH GOOD NAMES FOR BANDS?
BRYAN: YEAH. HAHA.
CRAIG: THEY BREAK UP AFTER THREE MONTHS.
PAT: IT PUTS THE NAME OUT OF ROTATION FOR AT LEAST 15 YEARS.
CRAIG: THAT'S NOT COOL. I FUCKING HATE THAT. THAT DRIVES ME UP THE WALL.
AUSTIN: THE THINGS I COULD HAVE DONE WITH THAT NAME...
BRYAN: WE'RE STUCK WITH THIS BULLSHIT WHILE THERE'S PLENTY OF GOOD NAMES ON LOCKDOWN.

MRR: WHAT TRENDS IN PUNK AND HARDCORE NEED TO DIE OUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE?
AUSTIN: USING *KILLED BY DEATH* AS A GENRE.
PAT: YEAH, SO SICK OF THAT.
BRYAN: BY SAME TOKEN, AND PEOPLE MIGHT THINK WE'RE SHOOTING OURSELVES IN THE FOOT HERE, BUT EVERYTHING IS SUPPOSEDLY SST OR POISON IDEA INSPIRED, BUT IT'S NOT. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE INFLUENCED BY A CERTAIN ERA OF HARDCORE DOESN'T MEAN YOU SOUND LIKE THAT. DON'T USE IT AS A DESCRIPTION. YOU'RE NOT SST. YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE POISON IDEA.
PAT: YOU'RE NOT BLACK FLAG
BRYAN: YOU'RE NOT BL'AST. I HAVE A LIST A THOUSAND MILES WIDE. I UNDERSTAND THAT PEOPLE USE THAT SHIT BUT JUST BE A PUNK BAND.

MRR: I AGREE. I'VE SEEN SO MANY BANDS PLAYING YOUR BASEMENT, THAT YOU GUYS EVEN LIKE, THAT TOTALLY FOLLOW DOWN TO THE WAY THAT THEY LOOK. A STEREOTYPICAL '80S FORMULAIC RIP-OFF.
BRYAN: IT'S COMMON. IT ALWAYS HAPPENS. FIVE YEARS AGO TEAR IT UP WAS THE BIGGEST BAND IN THE COUNTRY. TWO YEARS AFTER THAT, EVERY BAND ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH WAS A TEAR IT UP RIP. I'M NOT MENTIONING ANY NAMES. THEY WERE JUST BITING THE BAND THAT HAD A GOOD THING GOING. THEIR SOUND GOT BEATEN INTO THE GROUND BECAUSE EVERY LITTLE KID THAT WANTED TO START A BAND JACKED ALL THEIR SHIT AND NEXT THING YOU KNOW THERE'S 15 TEAR IT UP'S AND AT THAT POINT YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT SOUND. THE EARLY '80S...AND THIS IS A SHAME BECAUSE IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR IT TO HAPPEN, BUT THE RESURGENCE OF EARLY-'80S HARDCORE, PEOPLE WERE JUST WAITING FOR GOOD HARDCORE TO COME BACK AROUND AND IT CAME BACK AND GOT PLAYED OUT AGAIN. MODERN PUNK ROCK MUSIC IS ALL REPETITIVE, XEROX BULLSHIT.

MRR: SO ALL THIS NEEDS TO DIE BASICALLY.
BRYAN: IT MAY OR IT MAY NOT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ANSWER IS.
PAT: I'M SURE WE GET ACCUSED. I'VE SEEN REVIEWS OF OURS WHERE WE GET THE '80S REHASH LABEL, BUT Y'KNOW WHAT? I'LL SAY THIS FOR US AS OPPOSED TO OTHER '80S REHASH BANDS; ME, CRAIG, AND BRYAN? AROUND IN THE '80S, SO SUCK IT.
BRYAN: THERE'S A DIFFERENCE THERE. NOT TO GET BACK TO IT, BUT THE TEAR IT UP REHASH SHIT, THAT WAS SUCH AN APPARENT BAD ERA OF HARDCORE. IT'S NOT THOSE GUYS FAULT.
PAT: OH, AND TRAGEDY ALSO INSPIRED A WHOLE SLEW OF KNOCK-OFFS.
BRYAN: YOU HAVE THESE BANDS THAT AREN'T NECESSARILY BAD BANDS BUT PEOPLE GET OBSESSED WITH IT AND SIT HOME AND JACK OFF TO THESE RECORDS AND START A BAND AND NO WONDER IT SOUNDS FAMILIAR. WE'VE GOT ACCUSED OF THAT TOO, BUT...
PAT: I'M ALMOST 40. IF I WANT TO SOUND LIKE AN '80S HARDCORE BAND THEN THAT'S WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.
BRYAN: I WILL TAKE ALL MECHT MENSCH RECORDS AND MAKE AN LP FROM THEM.

MRR: I WASN'T EVEN GONNA TALK ABOUT YOUR AGE BUT NOW I HAVE TO.
PAT: I'M NOT ASHAMED. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK.

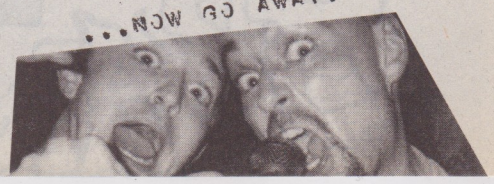
MRR: ANYWAY, LAST QUESTION.
AUSTIN: DON'T FORGET, AUSTIN IS YOUNG.
PAT: GIRLS, DON'T FORGET. AUSTIN IS IN HIS 20S. HAHA.
AUSTIN: GIRLS, THEY WANT THE GUY WHO'S 25...
PAT: HEY, I'M A VERY SVELTE 37.

MRR: SOME BANDS WANT PEOPLE TO FUCK TO THEIR MUSIC, SOME BANDS WANT PEOPLE TO DRINK OR DO DRUGS OR FIGHT TO THEIR MUSIC. WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT PEOPLE TO DO WHEN THEY PUT A CHRONIC SEIZURE RECORD ON THEIR TURNTABLE?
PAT: I WANT THEM TO LOSE THEIR SHIT BASICALLY. SITTING AND LISTENING TO A RECORD ACADEMICALLY...NO. THAT'S NOT WHAT I WANT PEOPLE TO DO. I WANT PEOPLE TO LISTEN TO IT AND FEEL THE ENERGY THAT YOU MIGHT GET IF WE WERE IN THE ROOM SCREAMING IN YOUR FACE. THAT POLITE, QUIET, TOE-TAPPING, CLAPPING BULLSHIT. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT. I WANT PEOPLE TO GO OFF.

MRR: SO YOU WANT IT BLASTING AND PEOPLE TRASHING THEIR APARTMENTS?
PAT: IF PEOPLE WANT TO TAKE AN ASHTRAY AND SMASH IT INTO THEIR FACE WHILE THEY'RE LISTENING TO OUR RECORD...GREAT.
BRYAN: I'D SAY ENJOY THE LARGE PORTION OF IT AND HAVE ONE SONG YOU'D THROW ON A MIX TAPE.
PAT: COULDN'T ASK FOR MORE THAN THAT I GUESS.
AUSTIN: QUESTION CONVENTIONAL MORALITY.

MRR: WHAT ABOUT YOU CRAIG? YOU WANT THEM TO FUCK?
CRAIG: YEAH.
PAT: DRINK, FIGHT, AND FUCK?
BRYAN: A LITTLE GG ALLIN THROWBACK THERE.
CRAIG: I'LL TRY IT TONIGHT.

MRR: ANY LAST WORDS?
BRYAN: THANKS TO ANDY AND ERIC.
PAT: YEAH, BIG UPS TO FASHIONABLE IDIOTS.
AUSTIN: BEST LABEL IN AMERICA RIGHT NOW



About a year or so ago, or maybe a bit more, some of my friends started making noise about a demo tape by a new Portland, OR punk threesome called the New Bloods. Those early converts heaped on so much praise that I was quite frankly incredulous—no one sounds like the Raincoats, I told them—but after finally hearing that demo and then seeing them live, I was a convert myself. Especially live, they were primal and exciting in a way I was genuinely impressed by, and I wasn't the only one who noticed. Comprised of three women—Adee on drums, Cassia on bass, and Osa on violin, with all of them sharing vocal duties—their sound recalls aspects of bands as brilliant as The Ex, Dog Faced Hermans, County Z, and the aforementioned Raincoats—without sounding too much like any of the above. I picked up their first record—a 7" EP on Raw Sugar Records—the night of that show, and happily found that it was as rocking and as moving as their live show had been. I began a correspondence with the band, whose members I was already familiar with through their excellent zines, and finally caught up and talked to them in a neighborhood bar in their haunts of northeast Portland just before they took off for tour with Austin's Finally Punk. They were all very gracious and totally funny, and answered all of my questions with eloquence and charm to spare. If they roll through your town, I recommend seeking them out, and keeping an ear to the ground for their upcoming full-length to be released on Kill Rock Stars. Interview and introduction by Golnar Nikpour.

NEW BLOODS

MRR: I figured we'd start with some basic stuff. None of you guys are from Portland right? How did y'all come together here, and how did you start playing music together?
Osa: Adee brought us all together, so she can tell the story…
Adee: I was friends with Cassia and Osa first. It's all a bit confusing because I lived in a whole bunch of different places, and I met them in two different places. I knew both Cassia and Osa before the band started, but then I introduced them to one another.
Cassia: And we all kind of moved here at the same time.

MRR: Did you have plans to play music together before you moved to Portland?
Osa: No, Cassia and I met when we actually started playing music together here.

MRR: So, why move to Portland?
Cassia: I was in a situation where I didn't really know where to go, and I knew a few people here. I had always told myself since I was about eight that I would at some point live in Portland because I took a road trip here with my family once. I just really like the Northwest, so I knew that at some point I would live in Portland.

MRR: I only ask because Portland has kind of a reputation for music and punk scene stuff, both good and bad, and I wondered if any of that factored into your decision to move here. Or scared you off from coming here?
Osa: Well, I moved here in 2002 or thereabouts. Portland's reputation was part of it, hearing that there was a lot of music here and that this is a really cheap place to live, a really easy place to live. And around the time when they both moved here, I had just moved back from the Bay Area, where I had lived for about a year. There are obviously a lot of things that Portland doesn't have, and that took my moving to the Bay Area to figure that out. But on the other hand, there were things about living in the Bay Area that were a lot harder—like money. *(laughter)* I just feel like Portland is an easy place to live in so many ways, which helps us as a band.

MRR: Was the way that your sound developed and evolved something organic? Was it something that you guys talked about when you first started playing together?
Osa: No…

MRR: Did you have instrumentation set? How long have you guys been playing your instruments?
Osa: Cassia had just started the bass. I've been playing the violin since I was little, through school.
MRR: Yeah, that seems like a little less of a DIY instrument—like, it will probably *not* sound great to just pick up a violin one day and start playing in a band…
(laughter)
Osa: People do it though!

MRR: I ask because you guys do have a relatively less-explored model for a rock 'n' roll band. So I wonder how much of your decision not to have a guitar and to have a violin is in consciously trying to move away from the traditional rock band set-up.
Osa: I played violin in a bunch of bands before as basically the last layer on top. I've watched so many bands have a violin player and usually you can never, ever hear them if there's a guitar. So I decided that I didn't want to be in a band if I couldn't be heard, or even hear myself play. And I didn't want to be in an acoustic band. I personally wanted to try being in a punk band without a guitar.
MRR: Have all of you played in bands before? And were they more—for lack of a better word—straightforward?
Cassia: I've never played with a violin before. I've played keyboards before but I was in bands with guitars, bass, and drums, always.

MRR: Does that make writing songs different? Because I feel like a lot of punk bands and songs are guitar-riff driven…
Osa: To me it's similar. I've been in other bands that were kind of bass-centered, so this band isn't such a leap from that. I used to play all these different instruments in bands—like I used to play bass a lot in bands. Since joining this band, I decided to play violin as much as I can. So I've played in different contexts with other people, and when I come back to this band I realize that we *do* have to play a certain way: in a way that sounds good with the violin. I guess our instrumentation makes a difference but not in a way we have to focus on or consciously think about.

Cassia: It seems like the process is a lot the same as I've encountered. Sometimes ideas come from just getting together and playing together; that's how a lot of our songs have come about. Other times, someone will present a set idea or a part of a song or a riff, and we can work off of that. But it's not much different than I've experienced before.

MRR: So shifting gears a little bit…when I saw you guys play in San Francisco, you were on tour with Natalja from the Good Good and her solo project Querent, and I know you are about to go on tour with Finally Punk from Austin, TX. Is it a conscious thing to try to play shows with women, or with other queer punks?
Cassia: Absolutely.
MRR: Do you guys think of yourselves in those terms? Like, "we're a queer band," or "we're an all-girl band" or…?
Osa: I think everyone thinks differently about it. I definitely think of our band in those terms. Not *just* those terms, but definitely in those terms.

MRR: Just to personalize it a bit…I've been at different points in my life when I really want to push those things—gender, sexuality, race, etc.—because that is an important part of my life and experience, and I have never really related to, for example, women who say, "who cares about my gender, I just wanna *rock, maaan.*" But other times, and with a lot of things that I do, I am not thinking about that stuff super consciously…And one thing I like about your band is that you have a lot of different things

going on; your lyrics are not necessarily super political or identity oriented, etc. So I wonder when you got together how much you talked about that stuff.

Adee: I think us playing with other similar or like-minded bands maybe just works out that way. I mean, we think about what bands we play with, but it's also just our community of peers. It always seems that there are people of color in the bands we play with, or other queer people, or other women...

Cassia: We are open to playing with a lot of people. It's definitely important to play with other women because female musicians are the ones I'm most inspired by. I enjoy and am moved by plenty of music made by men, but if there weren't other female musicians whose music I felt connected to, I probably wouldn't do what I'm doing in this band. I wouldn't have the confidence to do what I'm doing. And for a long time I struggled with that while growing up. I grew up in a pretty musical family, but my brother was always the one who was encouraged to play instruments. I was encouraged to sing, but I wasn't really encouraged to play instruments. So the motivation I have gotten from other female musicians, I want to continue that; that's definitely important to me.

Osa: That's why I am comfortable being identified as those things. I don't mind being identified as an all-girl band at all because I know that if other bands identified as that I don't know if I would have felt...I mean, I think I would be playing music, but maybe not in the same way. Maybe it was just a matter of confidence, like Cassia said.

When we started, we weren't thinking of being anything specific; all of the identity stuff was secondary or coincidental to just wanting to play music together. But once we all got to be friends and became a band, it was just obvious that that would be something that we talked about and tried to focus on in terms of who we set up shows with and so forth. I just feel really lucky in this band because we can be all of these things at once. We play with plenty of bands that we connect with musically, but like Adee said we're really lucky that with a lot of those bands, typically there is at least one other woman, or one other queer person, or one other person of color. I can't even think of one band we've played with where that hasn't been the case.

I think it's really awesome that we can play with whomever we want without any compromises; we can be in all those spaces at once. I think that sometimes focusing on all of those things can make me feel a little bit spread out, but that's just how my personal life is as well where you can't just exist in one scene, really, you have to be in a bunch of different places at once to feel fulfilled. So we try to play queer shows, shows with bands we really, really connect with musically...

Cassia: ...and personally. I think that we've developed a lot of strong friendships with the bands that we've played with, which is a really cool aspect of being this band as well.

(Conversation turns to the nature of tour, and being in a small van with lots of different moods and personalities. Eventually, we got on track and talk about the New Bloods recent East Coast tour...)

Osa: I think this past tour is good example of what we're talking about. We played a people of color only show in Montreal...

MRR: Tell me about that.

Osa: I don't even know where to begin! Basically, it was set up by a girl that I met doing my zine *[Shotgun Seamstress, a zine "by and for black punks"—Ed.]*. She's one of the few people who wrote about the zine, which got us writing back and forth about the zine and about other stuff. Through that, I learned about different stuff that she was doing. She is part of a skill share that is mostly queer people of color, and they put out lots of amazing zines. They distribute the older *Evolution of a Race Riot* zines and other stuff like that. And they're really awesome. Anyway, she had the idea to do an all people of color punk show, which really impressed me, because I dunno, that's just really brave! It was something I was doubtful about because we're all spread out, and there's not that many of us. But then it was amazing; it was so cool. We met these amazing people there, like these incredible Haitian, French-speaking girls with mohawks and shit! *(laughter)*

Adee: I was so shy, I was walking around and thinking, "Dude, that girl is so cute! She's got a mohawk, but it's like an afro!" *(more laughter)* It was just crazy! It was cool there, we had a great time.

MRR: What you're saying leads into something I wanted to talk about. It seems like in the past however many years, the idea of "queer punk" has become something people can wrap their heads around, or maybe being queer has always been a significant part of the punk underground. So people can talk queer issues. But race is still not something that punks talk about, or maybe just something people don't talk about or deal with as much, or talk about in a sophisticated way. And I wonder if you feel if that's the case...?

Adee: Well, it depends on *who* is talking about this stuff. I am always interested in talking to other people of color in the punk scene, or hearing their bands and seeing their art, but if it's just some white dude talking about race or racism—don't even start with me! *(laughter)*

Osa: And that's probably why white people haven't touched the topic that much. The only time we've been officially asked about race is this one other interview we did in the local paper, the *Willamette Weekly.*

Adee: He [the interviewer] made a big deal of being the only person who'd asked us about race in an interview, like he was some sort of pioneer. And I was like, "This *sucks.*" I mean, I don't want to be too harsh because overall he did a really good interview. But still, it was weird, he was like, "I *did* it, I asked them *the* question. I *told* them they're black." *(laughter)*

Osa: I mean, for us the point is maybe not talking about race in forums like that, but talking about it—not even talking *about* something—but just talking *to* other black punk kids. That has been important to us. Not just in the New Bloods, but also through writing zines, which Adee did a lot a few years back and which I do now. I think the whole point is to connect with other people of color so we don't feel like there is a bunch of explaining to do and so that it's not awkward for us, you know? I don't know what those spaces are going to be like, and I think part of it is in figuring out how we want to talk about this stuff, and to who we are going to talk about it to. I kind of think that the point is just to connect to other people who have similar identities, especially people who have similar identities but are in mainly white spaces. For me the point isn't to teach people who don't know better, but to connect with people I can relate to in the spaces in which I travel. Which is why that Montreal show was so awesome, it was amazing to see that a whole event could be set up around those relationships with so many of us who live thousands of miles away from one another. I don't know what else there is to really say—we just want our space, and we want to try to create it with other people.

MRR: Shifting gears, I know that you guys played a kind of bigger show with the Gossip. Have you played a lot of bigger venue shows? Because when I saw you y'all had such a basement show dance party vibe…

Adee: That was definitely the biggest show we've ever played…

MRR: Was that weird?

Adee: Yeah man! It was totally weird! We were up on a big stage…

Cassia: Big stages are so strange for me, they seem really counterintuitive. It just feels like, where is everybody? And what's with these lights? I just prefer to be on the same level as everyone, and to be able to look at everybody and actually connect with the audience. Playing live is not a passive thing for me. I like being able to dance with people, or just make eye contact. I mean, that show was fun; it's always fun to play music…

Osa: …but it was totally awkward.

MRR: So you mostly play basement/house shows?

Osa: Yeah, I would say so. We try to play all-ages shows, and warehouse shows. Though we definitely try to play different kinds of shows, play to different kinds of people—we try to do that as much as we can.

Adee: It's so much more fun when people are all packed in and sweaty!

Cassia: Yeah, you know, rubbing up against folx, dancing with strangers… *(laughter)*

MRR: So, what are you guys trying to accomplish with the New Bloods? And you can answer that in whatever way makes sense…

Osa: That is such a hard question!

Cassia: We all really look forward to being in this band. From the very beginning, I've really enjoyed hanging out with these other two wonderful women. And I like that we can express ourselves individually and collectively, and write music that we are all moved by. As cliché as it is, this band is just something that keeps me sane.

Adee: I don't know if I really have an answer than that... I'm just kickin' it. *(laughter)*

Osa: This band is really important to me in terms of connecting with people…

Adee: Osa, you're gonna make me look back cuz my answer was, "I just wanna kick it." *(laughter)*

Osa: Well, I am really happy to go out there and meet the people we meet, and to get out of Portland. To meet different kinds of people, you just gotta get out sometimes, you know? This band helps me get out and meet different kinds of people. I hope that if we keep playing for another couple of years we would be able to meet and get to know a lot of other queer kids of color in the punk scene. Playing music is such a good way to make real connections with people, in that it's such a positive interaction. It's a really great way to start that connection, because it doesn't have to be about something painful or depressing, or about going through hard times together. Instead, it's a positive way to start talking about the issues in our lives. Or not talking *about* that stuff, but just hanging out and having fun around people you can feel really comfortable with.

MRR: That's awesome. I feel like that's a really good ending point.

Adee: Yeah, that or the kickin' it thing... *(laughter)*

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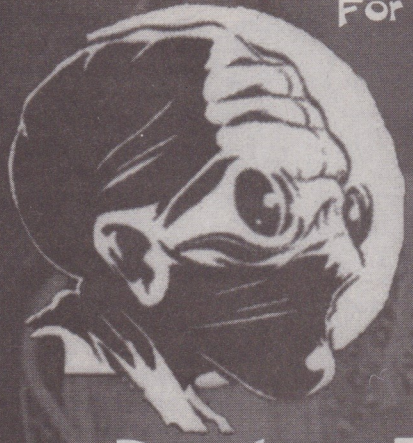

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GERIATRIC UNIT

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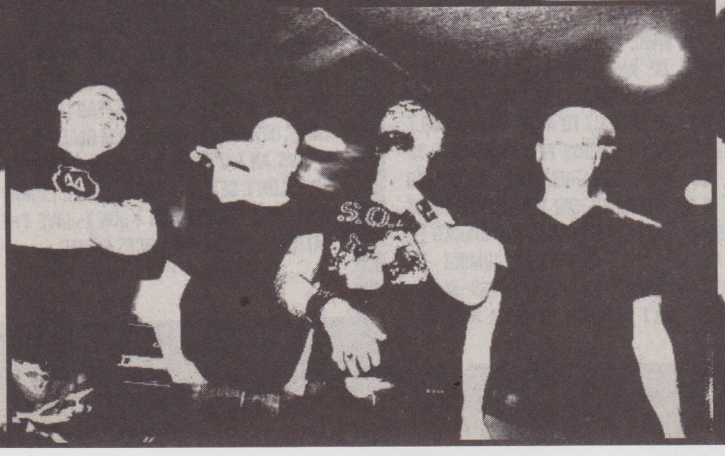
For a long time, I've been putting together Network of Friends, a book documenting the 1980s European hardcore scene. While working on the book I got in touch with Kalv Piper, former bassist for the legendary Heresy. I had been in touch with Kalv for quite a while at the end of the '80s and kept up with him after Heresy's demise, when he played in a few other bands and released records on his In Your Face label. For roughly twelve years he didn't play any music, but while interviewing him about Heresy I witnessed firsthand the start of a great new band. His former band-mate Steve (drums) contacted him to ask if he would be interested in doing a "project" band. And shortly after the first rehearsal it was about time to spread the word: there's a helluva great band playing a bunch of real wild thrashing hardcore tunes, just like they did in their previous bands. But you should do yourself and Geriatric Unit a favor—don't compare them to Heresy. First off, Geriatric Unit's recordings have great sound-quality, something Heresy didn't achieve with their past recordings. But most importantly, Geriatric Unit vocalist Gords has something very interesting to express in his lyrics. Within a few months the band managed to record ten songs for their debut, the Nuclear Accidents 12-inch EP, which was released on Plastic Bomb Records/Network Of Friends Productions in March 2007. They already recorded ten new songs in May for a follow-up 12-inch. For myself, Geriatric Unit's debut record is probably one of the most important records with which I have ever been involved.

Interview by Helge Schreiber of Plastic Bomb fanzine, Germany

GERIATRIC UNIT

MRR: COULD YOU GIVE US A BRIEF HISTORY ON WHO THE FUCK IS GERIATRIC UNIT?! WHO'S PLAYING IN THIS NEW BAND?
GORDS: WELL, ASIDE FROM KALV AND STEVE, WHO ARE KNOWN FOR HERESY AND MEATFLY, THERE'S MYSELF ON VOCALS AND JIM ON GUITAR. GERIATRIC UNIT FORMED AS A RESULT OF DISCUSSIONS AND IDEAS BETWEEN ME AND STEVE IN EARLY 2005. STEVE HAD BEEN HELPING OUT ON DRUMS ON A TOUR FOR MY BAND JOHN HOLMES, AND WE BASICALLY HUNG OUT AND LISTENED TO LOADS OF OLD HARDCORE. STEVE KNEW JIM WANTED TO PLAY IN A BAND AGAIN AND SUGGESTED ONE NIGHT WE SHOULD DO A PROJECT. JIM AGREED AND THE INITIAL IDEA WAS TO BE A THREE-PIECE (I PLAYED BASS BEFORE SINGING IN GERIATRIC UNIT). NOTHING HAPPENED REALLY UNTIL A YEAR LATER AND IT WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN UNTIL I QUIT JOHN HOLMES DUE TO HEALTH ISSUES AND BURNOUT. WITH LOADS OF TIME ON MY HANDS DUE TO REDUNDANCY/ILLNESS, I MADE THE DECISION THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY BASS AND WANTED TO TRY MY HAND AT SINGING. THE IDEA OF KALV PLAYING BASS WAS MY FIRST CHOICE. STEVE WAS STILL IN CONTACT, ASKED KALV IF HE'D BE UP FOR IT, AND HE AGREED TO BE INVOLVED IN THE PROJECT. I WAS BLOWN AWAY. OUR FIRST REHEARSAL IN NOTTINGHAM WAS IN MAY OR JUNE OF 2006 BUT I HAD TO PLAY GUITAR AS JIM HAD OTHER COMMITMENTS. IT WAS CLEAR FROM THE OUTSET THOUGH THAT NONE OF THE INTENSITY HAD DISSIPATED SINCE THE DEMISE IF HERESY. TWO WEEKS LATER JIM PRACTICED WITH THE REST OF US FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND THE BAND JUST EXPLODED INTO LIFE. THE MUTUAL CHEMISTRY WAS PERFECT AND THE SONGS FLOWED. BY LATE SEPTEMBER WE HAD ENOUGH MATERIAL FOR THE FIRST 12-INCH. AFTER A SHORT BREAK, WE ENTERED 1 IN 12 STUDIOS IN BRADFORD WITH BRI DOOM TO RECORD THE *NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS* EP IN NOVEMBER. AT THE TIME OF THIS INTERVIEW, WE ARE FOUR SONGS INTO THE NEXT EP.

MRR: I WAS REALLY AMAZED TO HEAR THE SONGS YOU RECORDED—IT SEEMS LIKE A BLAST FROM THE PAST. ACTUALLY, I DON'T KNOW MANY BANDS RIGHT NOW THAT ARE HITTING AS HARD AS GERIATRIC UNIT. WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO PLAY THRASHING HARDCORE AGAIN?
GORDS: BASICALLY, FOR ME AND JIM, WE HAD NEVER REALLY GIVEN UP LISTENING TO HARDCORE AND EXTREME MUSIC, AND WE PLAYED IN HARDCORE BANDS THROUGHOUT THE '90S. I CAN THINK OF THREE REASONS FOR OUR CONTINUING PARTICIPATION. FIRSTLY, FOR US THE TIME WAS RIGHT: IT SEEMED THAT LOTS OF BANDS WERE PLAYING HARDCORE AGAIN AND TURNING IT INTO THIS CORPORATE HAIRCUT-METAL THING. IN SHORT—ELITIST, MASS-MANUFACTURED DILUTED RUBBISH. DIY ETHICS SEEMED TOTALLY LOST ON THESE PEOPLE. THIS SITUATION WAS EXACTLY THE SAME SORT OF CLIMATE THAT GAVE BIRTH TO HARDCORE IN THE FIRST PLACE: ANGER AND EMOTION NOT REPRESENTED IN POPULAR CULTURE? THE SOLUTION: HARDCORE. SECONDLY, ALONGSIDE THIS WAS THE PREEXISTING IDEA FOR THE PROJECT—THIS SEETHING RESENTMENT HELD TOWARDS SUCH DILUTION OF THE SCENE. FINALLY, THERE HAVE BEEN LOADS OF KILLER BANDS COMING ALONG IN THE LAST FIVE TO EIGHT YEARS, SUCH AS AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME, DS-13, ETA, FUCKED UP, CAREER SUICIDE, IN ADDITION TO LOADS OF DOWNLOAD INTERNET SITES SUCH AS 7INCHPUNK AND THE LIKE THAT ALLOWED US TO ACCESS LOADS OF THE OBSCURE HARDCORE AND PUNK BANDS WITHOUT PAYING THE EXORBITANT EBAY PRICES. HEARING SOME OF THAT MUSIC THAT I NEVER HAD BACK THEN WAS CERTAINLY AN INSPIRATION TO CONTINUE TO BELONG TO THE HARDCORE SCENE. OVERALL, WE HIT HARD BECAUSE WE ARE STILL ANGRY AT THE WORLD. THAT TRANSPOSES ITSELF INTO THE MUSIC.



MRR: DID THE ACTUAL *NUCLEAR ACCIDENTS* RECORDING TURN OUT TO BE LIKE YOU EXPECTED?
GORDS: YES, I HAD HEARD OTHER RECORDINGS OUT OF BRADFORD'S 1 IN 12 CLUB STUDIOS RECORDED BY BRI DOOM (THE HORROR, BOXED IN, ETC.) AND KNEW THAT IT WAS THE RIGHT MATCH. I HELPED TO BUILD THE STUDIO WITH STICK, RUSS, AND PROTAG, AND BRI FROM DOOM BACK IN 2001. BASICALLY I REALLY HAD A BURNING DESIRE TO RECORD THERE; IT IS JUST ABOUT AS DIY AS YOU CAN GET WITH A KILLER SOUND PRODUCER.

MRR: OK KALV, FROM WHAT WE'VE HEARD NOW, YOU AND STEVE SHARE A PAST HISTORY PLAYING IN HERESY. WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GUYS? DID THEY PLAY IN ANY OTHER BANDS BEFORE?
KALV: GORDS PLAYED BASS IN CABBAGE, KILLING FLOOR, FORCEFED (THE POST KALV FINAL LINE-UP), HARD TO SWALLOW, SHOT TO FUCK, AND JOHN HOLMES. JIM PLAYED EITHER GUITAR OR BASS IN IMPOUND, WARTORN, IRONSIDE, HARD TO SWALLOW, IRON MONKEY, ARMOUR OF GOD, PHANTOM LIMB MANAGEMENT, AND GAMMACROM.

MRR: THE LAST BAND I REMEMBER YOU PLAYING IN, KALV, WAS FORCEFED, WHO HAD A DARKER, MORE METALLIC SOUND. HAVE YOU PLAYED IN ANY OTHER BANDS SINCE THEN?
KALV: I PLAYED IN FORCEFED FOR ABOUT A YEAR AND A HALF OR SO, AROUND 1990 OR '91, AND RECORDED AN ALBUM AND AN EP WITH THEM. I QUIT TO CONCENTRATE FULLY ON MEATFLY, WHICH WAS THE OTHER BAND I WAS PLAYING IN AT THAT TIME. STEVE PLAYED DRUMS IN THAT BAND ALSO. WE MADE TWO ALBUMS AND TWO 7-INCH EPS AND SPLIT IN LATE '92. AFTER THAT, I TOOK A NICE LAZY BREAK FROM PLAYING IN BANDS FOR NEARLY SIX YEARS. IN 1998 I GOT COAXED OUT OF RETIREMENT AND TALKED INTO PLAYING IN ANOTHER BAND, WHICH WAS CALLED 666DEAD, AGAIN WITH STEVE ON DRUMS. THAT BAND LASTED ONLY A YEAR—WE RECORDED A 7-INCH EP, AND UNFORTUNATELY IT ENDED REALLY MESSILY. I MOVED OUT OF NOTTINGHAM SHORTLY AFTER AND THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER PLAY THIS CRAZY STUFF AGAIN. SOME SIX YEARS LATER I GOT ASKED TO GIVE IT ANOTHER GO. GERIATRIC UNIT IS MY FIFTH BAND.

MRR: AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO STEVE IN THE MEANTIME?
KALV: MUSICALLY, A LOT! STEVE PLAYED IN THE X-RAYS, A GARAGE PUNK COMBO FROM NOTTINGHAM WHO PLAYED A LOT OF SHOWS—INCLUDING IN EUROPE AND ON THE WEST COAST OF THE US. THEY DID TWO ALBUMS AND A WHOLE LOAD OF 7-INCH RECORDS. AFTER THAT, SOME OF THE BANDS HE'S BEEN IN ARE 666DEAD, WOLVES OF GREECE, FOKKEWOLF, AND NO

DOUBT MANY OTHER PROJECT BANDS. AS WELL AS PLAYING IN GERIATRIC UNIT HE IS CURRENTLY ALSO IN GOD'S CHOSEN DEALERS AND THE SNEINTON STOOGES—A PARTICULARLY GOOD STOOGES COVERS BAND. BASICALLY, AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT IN TIME, STEVE USUALLY SEEMS TO BE PLAYING IN AT LEAST TWO BANDS. PERSONALLY I THINK THAT'S A GOOD THING—HE HAS A NATURAL TALENT FOR DRUMMING. BETTER THAT HE PLAYS THE DRUMS RATHER THAN WASTE HIS TALENT DOING SOMETHING ELSE...

MRR: HERESY WAS ONE OF REAL IMPORTANT HARDCORE BANDS IN THE '80S AND GAINED A CULT-STATUS AMONG THE WORLDWIDE SCENE. WERE THERE ANY HERESY RE-RELEASES IN THE PAST?

KALV: THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL REISSUES. THE OLDER ONES ARE OUT OF PRINT AND BASICALLY WEREN'T DONE VERY WELL. THE REISSUES FROM RECENT YEARS ARE DEFINITELY THE ONES TO TRACK DOWN FOR ANYONE INTERESTED IN THAT OLD HERESY STUFF. THERE ARE THREE TITLES AVAILABLE: *1985-'87*, *FACE UP TO IT!*, AND *20 REASONS TO END IT ALL*. INITIALLY, THEY WERE AVAILABLE IN JAPAN ON THE SPEEDSTATE LABEL. THEY'VE SINCE BEEN PRESSED UP ON A UK LABEL (BOSS TUNEAGE) AND ARE NOW ALSO AVAILABLE ON VINYL.

MRR: HOW DID YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH THESE JAPANESE LABELS?

KALV: WELL, I KNEW THAT AT SOME POINT THE HERESY STUFF HAD TO BE RE-PACKAGED AND REISSUED...IT WAS A JUST A QUESTION OF WHEN AND WITH WHAT LABEL. THE EX-HERESY/RIPCORD GUITARIST, BAZ, FIRST HAD CONTACT FROM THE FOLKS AT THE SPEEDSTATE LABEL AND INFORMED ME OF THEIR INTEREST. I OF COURSE GOT IN TOUCH WITH THEM AND THINGS FELL INTO PLACE. THEY WERE THE FIRST OF SEVERAL INTERESTED LABELS WHO WERE PREPARED TO PUT SOME MONEY ON THE TABLE UP-FRONT SO THAT BAZ AND I COULD BOOK SEVERAL DAYS IN THE STUDIO AND COMPILE/MASTER ALL THOSE OLD RECORDINGS INTO SEVERAL "VOLUMES" OF MATERIAL THAT AT LEAST MADE SENSE FROM A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE.

MRR: ARE YOU PLEASED THAT HERESY HAS LEFT SUCH AN IMPACT ON THE WORLDWIDE SCENE, OR DO YOU THINK THAT "ENUF IS ENUF!!!" WHILE HAVING A LOOK AT THE CRAZE ON A BAND THAT BROKE UP OVER 15 YEARS AGO?

KALV: ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!!!—DEFINITELY! HA. I MUST ADMIT THE AMOUNT OF INTEREST IN THAT BAND IS SURPRISING AT AFTER ALL THIS TIME. ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT MOST OF THE RECORDINGS WERE "SOMEWHAT" LACKING IN QUALITY! SURE—IT'S NICE TO BE REMEMBERED AND ALL THAT, BUT THINGS MOVE ON. THERE WILL BE A FEW HERESY INTERVIEWS IN BOOKS THAT ARE COMING OUT SOON. I'M HOPING THAT AFTER THAT, ANY QUESTIONS I'M GOING TO BE ASKED ABOUT THAT BAND WILL BE LIMITED TO JUST ONE OR TWO—HOPEFULLY BY THEN ALL THE STORIES/GOSSIP AND LOW-DOWN WILL BE COVERED IN PRINT ELSEWHERE. I CAN THEN ASK FOLK TO GO KINDLY LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR THEIR NOSTALGIA-KICK.

MRR: HOW DID YOU MINGLE WITH DIG OF EARACHE RECORDS AND HOW WAS THE NETWORK? WHY DID YOU SPLIT WITH EARACHE RECORDS AND DO YOU STILL HAVE CONTACT TO DIG?

KALV: CONTACT WITH DIG HAS BEEN KIND OF MINIMAL SINCE 1987 AND, FOR MYSELF AT LEAST, PRACTICALLY NON-EXISTENT FOR SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS. I KNOW THAT STEVE AND GORDS OCCASIONALLY SEE HIM AROUND IN NOTTINGHAM AND CHAT FROM TIME TO TIME. AS FOR OUR EARLY INVOLVEMENT WITH HIM AND HOW WE CAME TO BE INVOLVED WITH EARACHE, IT'S SOMETHING OF A LONG AND MEANDERING STORY... BASICALLY, DIG AND I BECAME FRIENDS IN AROUND LATE 1982. WE WERE BOTH FANS OF THE FASTER/MORE EXTREME END OF ANARCHO-PUNK AND THE SUBSEQUENT WORLDWIDE HARDCORE EXPLOSION. BOTH OF US WERE INVOLVED WITH SMALL FANZINES AT THAT TIME AND DIG WAS ALSO ACTIVELY INVOLVED IN PROMOTING ANARCHO/HARDCORE-TYPE SHOWS IN THE NOTTINGHAM AREA. IN TIME, HE AND I CO-

RELEASED A COUPLE OF FLEXI-DISC COMPILATION EPS OF INTERNATIONAL HARDCORE, AND THE THIRD AND FINAL CO-RELEASE WE DID WAS ACTUALLY THE HERESY DEBUT EP. DIG PUT "EARACHE" ON THE BACK OF THE SLEEVE ON THAT ONE—ALTHOUGH IT ISN'T REALLY AN OFFICIAL EARACHE RELEASE AS SUCH. SO...WE WERE ALL GOOD PALS BY THE TIME HERESY WAS UP AND RUNNING—OUR VOCALIST JOHN MARCH EVEN SHARED A FLAT WITH HIM—AND HE CAME AROUND WITH US TO A LOT OF OUR EARLY SHOWS, INCLUDING OUR FIRST FEW TRIPS OVER TO EUROPE. BY 1987 THE FRIENDSHIP BEGAN TO BECOME A BIT STRAINED—DIG WAS OFFERING US ALL KINDS OF "ADVICE" ON WHAT WE SHOULD BE DOING AS A BAND, ALMOST BECOMING AN "ASSUMED" MANAGER IN THE PROCESS—SOMETHING THAT DIDN'T GO DOWN TOO WELL WITH THE REST OF US, JOHN IN PARTICULAR. JOHN MOVED OUT OF THE FLAT HE SHARED WITH DIG AND WE APPROACHED REVOLVER (WHO PRESSED AND DISTRIBUTED THE EARLY EARACHE CATALOGUE AND OTHER LABELS SUCH AS COR, MANIC EARS, ETC.) ABOUT SETTING UP OUR OWN LABEL WITH A VIEW TO RELEASING THE FIRST HERESY FULL-LENGTH ALBUM. THAT HAPPENED OF COURSE AND OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH HIM KINDA DISSOLVED QUICKLY AFTER THAT. HIS LABEL OBVIOUSLY WENT ONTO MUCH BIGGER THINGS WITH THE (LARGELY UNEXPECTED) BIG SALES OF THE FIRST NAPALM DEATH ALBUM. I GUESS HE SAW SO MUCH MONEY BACK FROM THAT RELEASE THAT HE INVESTED IT IN RECORDING MORE STUFF THAT CROSSED OVER TO THE EXTREME METAL CROWD AND THE PROFILE OF HIS LABEL GREW IN A REALLY BIG WAY...HE'S STILL RUNNING THE LABEL, BUT I'M KINDA CLUELESS AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON WITH IT. IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH ME AND HAS A LOT LESS TO DO WITH GERIATRIC UNIT.

MRR: YOU'VE DONE IN YOUR FACE RECORDS FOR QUITE A WHILE. WHAT BANDS DID YOU RELEASE ON YOUR LABEL AND WHY DID YOU STOP DOING IT?

KALV: OK, THE BANDS I RELEASED RECORDS BY WERE HERESY, PINK TURDS IN SPACE, FORCEFED, KINGS OF OBLIVION, MEATFLY, MONKS OF SCIENCE, CAN'T DECIDE (ALL UK BANDS), LAST OPTION, POISON IDEA, ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT (US BANDS), ROSE ROSE, NUKEY PIKES, AND AMERICAN SOUL SPIDERS (JAPANESE BANDS). 19 RELEASES IN ALL. THE LABEL STARTED OUT AS A LOOSE COOPERATIVE BETWEEN MYSELF, JOHN, AND TREV READ. TREV USED TO DRIVE HERESY AROUND AND KEPT US ENTERTAINED WITH CRAZY JOKES AND SO ON. AFTER THE FIRST YEAR GETTING THE LABEL STARTED, JOHN AND TREV DECIDED THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED WITH RUNNING A LABEL ANYMORE, LEAVING ME WITH THE OPTION OF CARRYING ON THE LABEL IF I WANTED TO, WHICH I DID FOR A FURTHER FOUR YEARS. TO CUT A LONG STORY SHORT, BY THE TIME OF MY 17TH RELEASE I WAS IN DEBT TO MY DISTRIBUTOR, REVOLVER, WHO DUMPED ME AS A LABEL, LEAVING ME WITH NO DECENT DISTRIBUTION FOR MY FINAL TWO RELEASES. I WAS LOSING INTEREST IN RUNNING A LABEL BY THAT POINT ANYWAY, SO INSTEAD OF MAKING AN EFFORT TO SORT OUT THE DISTRIBUTION AND FINANCIAL PROBLEMS—WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN ACHIEVED, I THINK—INSTEAD I RAN THE LABEL DOWN AND IT ENDED. I'M GLAD I DID IT, IT WAS AN EXPERIENCE AND ALL THAT, BUT I WOULDN'T SET UP A LABEL AGAIN. I KNOW WHAT IT INVOLVES AND I DON'T HAVE THE PATIENCE—OR THE FINANCES EITHER.

MRR: IN 1989 HERESY RECORDED THREE SESSIONS FOR JOHN PEEL, BUT ONLY THE SECOND AND THIRD SESSIONS WERE RELEASED. WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE FIRST PEEL SESSION?

KALV: TO START WITH, THOSE THREE SESSIONS WEREN'T RECORDED IN 1989. THE THIRD AND FINAL ONE WAS, BUT THE FIRST TWO WERE RECORDED IN THE SPRING OF '87 AND FEBRUARY OF '88, RESPECTIVELY. BY THE END OF THE BAND AND BY THE TIME WE WERE LOOKING AT APPROACHING THE BBC WITH THE INTENTION OF GETTING ACCESS TO THE MASTER TAPES SO WE COULD RELEASE THEM, WE'D DECIDED THAT THE SECOND AND THIRD SESSIONS WERE THE BEST OF THE THREE AND THAT WE'D JUST RELEASE THOSE TWO—WHICH HAPPENED, AS A HERESY MINI-ALBUM ENTITLED *13 ROCKING ANTHEMS*. THIS DECISION WAS LARGELY MADE BY JOHN, WHO WAS UNHAPPY WITH HIS VOCAL PERFORMANCE ON THE OPENING SONG, "FLOWERS IN CONCRETE" FROM THAT FIRST SESSION. (IT'S KINDA OUT OF TUNE, ALTHOUGH CONSIDERING IT'S EXTREME MUSIC YOU WONDER IF THAT REALLY SHOULD MATTER TOO MUCH...?) WE ALL AGREED WITH HIM AND SO, EFFECTIVELY, THE FIRST SESSION BECAME LOST AND FORGOTTEN. CASSETTE COPIES STILL EXIST, BUT NOT OF A GOOD ENOUGH QUALITY TO JUSTIFY PUTTING IT OUT ON A RECORD. THE OTHER OPTION—TRYING TO GET A COPY OF THE ORIGINAL MASTER TAPE FROM THE BBC AND ALL THE HASSLE I KNOW IT WILL INVOLVE—ISN'T EXACTLY AN ATTRACTION. THAT FIRST SESSION IS PRETTY MUCH A GONER.

MRR: COULD YOU PLEASE TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT JOHN PEEL? WHAT TYPE OF GUY HE WAS?

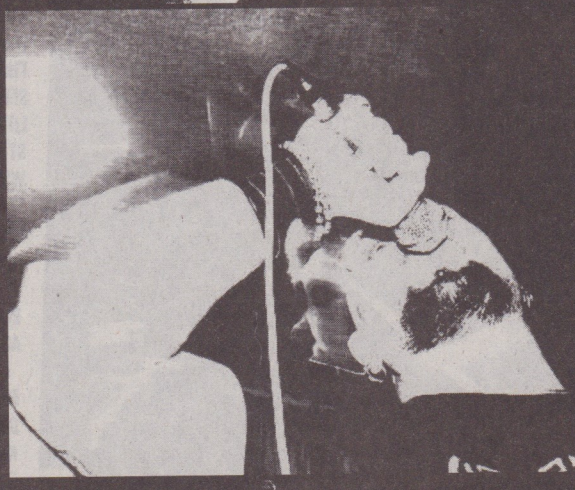
KALV: WELL, I CAN TRY, BUT OUR EXPERIENCES WITH MR. PEEL WERE VERY LIMITED—TO THE POINT THAT I'M HARDLY ENTITLED TO HAVE AN OPINION AT ALL MAYBE!? JOHN PEEL SHOWED UP AT TWO HERESY SHOWS. JOHN MARCH, OUR VOCALIST, SPOKE TO HIM; THE REST OF US, MYSELF INCLUDED, PROBABLY SAID NOTHING MORE THAN "HELLO." ON A MORE PRACTICAL LEVEL, HE DID CALL US UP SEVERAL TIMES AND HAVE CONVERSATIONS WITH US ABOUT THE BAND: WHAT WE WERE DOING, WHEN WE WERE NEXT PLAYING GIGS OR RECORDING AGAIN, AND SO ON. THIS IS PROBABLY WHAT MADE THE BIGGEST IMPRESSION ON US, AND LIKE OTHER BANDS, WE QUICKLY CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT HE WAS A GENUINELY NICE GUY. HE COULD HAVE HAD SOMEBODY ELSE FURTHER DOWN THE CHAIN OF COMMAND AT THE BBC TO PROBABLY DO THAT KIND OF STUFF FOR HIM, BUT INSTEAD HE PICKED UP THE PHONE HIMSELF AND SPOKE TO US DIRECTLY, WHICH IS ABOUT AS GENUINE AS IT GETS, I THINK. WE ALL GREW UP LISTENING TO HIS RADIO SHOW, AND OF COURSE PLENTY OF DOCUMENTARIES HAVE BEEN MADE AND BOOKS WRITTEN ABOUT HIM. TO THIS DAY I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYONE BAD-MOUTH HIM AND THAT PROBABLY SPEAKS VOLUMES ABOUT THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN. WHAT MORE CAN YOU SAY? EXCEPT THE VERY OBVIOUS: REST IN PEACE, JOHN.

MRR: ARE YOU STILL IN TOUCH WITH OTHERS FOLKS FROM THE OLD ENGLISH SCENE, LIKE PEOPLE FROM RIPCORD, NAPALM DEATH, EXTREME NOISE TERROR OR CONCRETE SOX? WHAT ARE THEY DOING TODAY?

KALV: I'VE SERIOUSLY LOST CONTACT WITH MOST OF THOSE GUYS OVER THE YEARS. ONE EXCEPTION IS BAZ OF RIPCORD—HE ALSO PLAYED GUITAR IN THE FINAL LINE-UP OF HERESY AND WE'VE KEPT IN CONTACT OVER THE YEARS. HE HAS A NEW BAND AT THE MOMENT WITH THE EX-RIPCORD DRUMMER, JOHN MILLIER. THE BAND IS CALLED VIOLENT ARREST AND THEY'VE RECORDED A GREAT 12" EP FOR DERANGED RECORDS WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE OUT AS YOU READ THIS. AS FOR THE OTHERS... I KNOW ENT HAS SURVIVED IN SOME FORM OVER THE YEARS AND PLAY SHOWS FROM TIME TO TIME. CONCRETE SOX CONTINUED WITH VARIOUS LINE-UPS FOR SOME TIME BUT I GUESS ARE FINISHED FOR GOOD NOW. THEIR BASSIST/VOCALIST, LES DOOLEY, IS STILL AROUND I THINK... AS FOR NAPALM DEATH, THEY'RE STILL GOING OF COURSE. SHANE EMBURY IS THE ONLY SEMI-ORIGINAL MEMBER OF THAT BAND, BUT BY THE TIME OF THEIR SECOND ALBUM THEY HAD GRAVITATED MORE TOWARDS AN "EXTREME METAL" KIND OF CROWD, PLAYING BIG SHOWS/FESTIVALS AND SO ON... OVER TIME, A LOT OF THOSE PEOPLE DRIFTED APART AFTER GETTING CAUGHT UP IN THE WORLD OF WORK, STARTING FAMILIES, AND SUCH—AS IT DOES FOR MOST PEOPLE OUT THERE—OTHERS I GUESS JUST LOST INTEREST IN THIS STUFF AND FOUND OTHER PURSUITS IN LIFE.

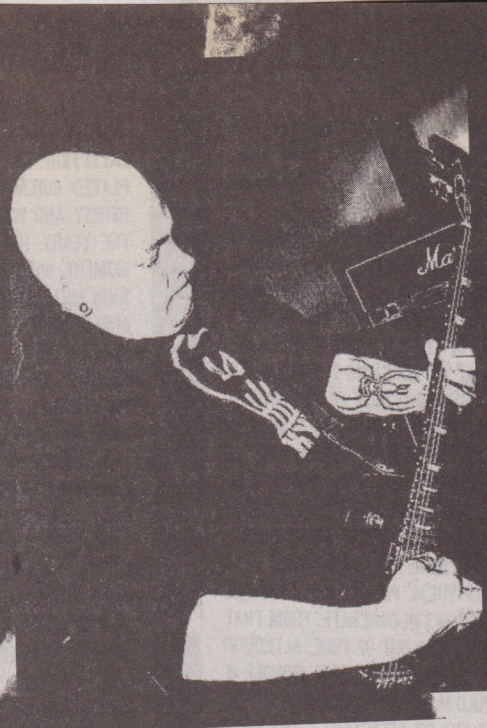
MRR: HERESY SONGS HAD VERY STRONG POLITICAL VIEWS; WHAT ABOUT GERIATRIC UNIT LYRICS? WHAT ARE THEY DEALING WITH?

GORDS: GERIATRIC UNIT LYRICS DEAL WITH A RANGE OF POLITICAL AND SOCIAL ISSUES. THE REALIZATION THAT LIFE IS NOT THE PARENTALLY PROMISED BED OF ROSES AS YOU APPROACH MIDDLE AGE IS CERTAINLY A FACTOR IN THE LYRICS. DEPRESSION, ILLNESS, DEBT AND BAILIFF TROUBLE, AND RELATIONSHIP AND EXTENDED STEP-PARENT FAMILIES ISSUES PRESENT A WHOLE NEW TAKE ON THE SOCIO-POLITICAL FLAVORS OF PREVIOUS HARDCORE LYRICS. ONE OF THE CENTRAL FACTORS IS FINDING OURSELVES IMMERSED IN A YOUTH SUBCULTURE AT THE ROUNDABOUT AGE OF 40 AND DEALING WITH A WHOLE NEW GENERATION THAT SHARE THE LOVE OF REBELLION, AND SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES AND BENEFITS SUCH NEW PEOPLE REPRESENT. ALSO, THE HISTORICAL CONTEXT FOR STRUGGLE AND CHANGE WITHIN PUNK CULTURE AFFECTS MY LYRICS. I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED IN THESE SO-CALLED "LATTER DAYS" OF THE PUNK AND HARDCORE SCENE, AND ALSO THE WIDER GLOBAL CULTURE, BUT IT APPEARS TO THE ETERNAL OPPOSITE PREVAILS: RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE, WAR, THE THREAT OF NUCLEAR ANNIHILATION, VIOLENCE, RACISM, ELITIST BULLSHIT, BACK-STABBING, DRUG PROBLEMS, AND MORE ARE ALL PAINFULLY EVIDENT. ADMITTEDLY IT IS NAÏVE TO SAY THAT THESE THINGS SHOULD HAVE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED, BUT IT APPEARS THAT SUCH EXAMPLES ARE FIRMLY ON THE RISE AGAIN. THE BRIEF RESPITE OF PROTEST AND REJECTION OF SOCIAL NORMS IN THE '80S GAVE US SOME RESPITE, BUT CONSERVATIVE FORCES ARE ON THE TURN AGAIN; THEY WANT TO START OPPRESSION ALL OVER AGAIN. SUCH THINGS SIT IN THE BACKGROUND AND ARE ALSO PART OF OUR LYRICS. ONE OF THE MORE HUMOROUS ISSUES IS THE "GRUMPY OLD MAN/WOMAN" ASPECT OF THE SCENE AND ITS EXPRESSION OF DISGRUNTLEMENT. THIS IS PURE COMEDY, YET IT REPRESENTS THE REPRESSED FRUSTRATIONS OF HALF A LIFETIME SPENT ON FRUSTRATED REBELLION. AGAINST THIS IS THE NEW PEOPLE IN THE SCENE—SOME ARE A TOTAL INSPIRATION WHILST OTHERS ARE JUST PLAIN DEPRESSING—BUT THE "OLD-TIMERS" CONSTANTLY HARPING ON ABOUT HOW GOOD IT WAS



GERIATRIC UNIT

GERIATRIC UNIT

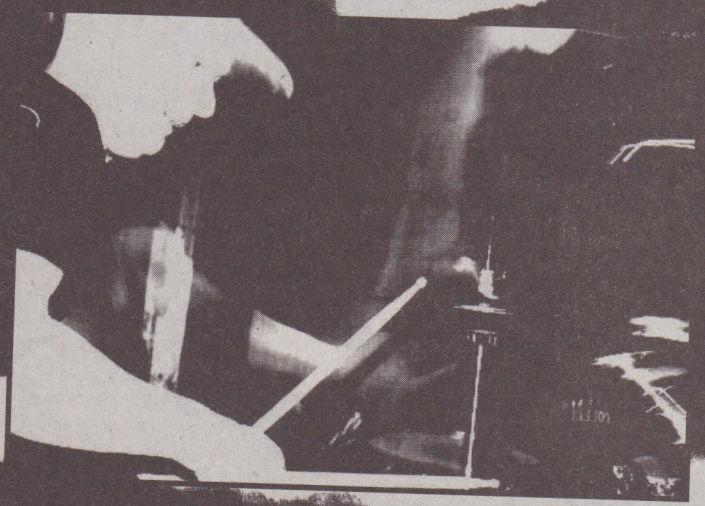


"BACK IN THE DAY" FUNDAMENTALLY MISREPRESENT OR GLOSS OVER THE SHIT SCENE POLITICS THAT WERE PART OF THE SCENE TOO. THESE GIVE ME STRONG EXAMPLES TO INCLUDE IN SONG LYRICS. THAT MIGHT SOUND HUMORLESS, BUT I CONTEND HEAVILY THAT THERE IS A VERY DARK SENSE OF HUMOR SET IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE LYRICS; YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SUSS THAT OUT!!!

KALV: AS FOR HERESY'S LYRICS—THE EARLY LYRICS OF THAT BAND WERE WRITTEN BY GUITARIST/VOCALIST REEVESY AND WERE POLITICAL IN THAT THEY DEALT WITH THE THEMES BEING COVERED BY MANY UK BANDS FROM THAT TIME IN THE MID-'80S: ANTI-WAR THEMES AND TAKING A STANCE AGAINST THE ABSURDITY/INSANITY OF ITS NASTY KNOCK-ON EFFECTS—DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AND SO ON. WHEN JOHN JOINED AS VOCALIST, HE FELT THOSE THEMES WERE BEING OVER-USED IN THEIR REGULARITY BY BANDS OVER HERE AND WANTED TO TAKE A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO THE LYRICAL CONTENT, SO JOHN'S LYRICS STARTED TO DEAL WITH MORE PERSONAL SOCIO-POLITICAL KIND OF THEMES, THE KIND OF ISSUES THAT AFFECT YOU IN DAY-TO-DAY LIFE. THEY CERTAINLY READ STYLISTICALLY DIFFERENTLY THAN REEVESY'S LYRICS. AS FOR WHETHER OR NOT HERESY WAS A POLITICAL BAND—PROBABLY! WE CERTAINLY PLAYED PLENTY OF BENEFIT SHOWS FOR "POLITICALLY CORRECT" CAUSES. MOST OF THE BAND MEMBERS HAD A VEGETARIAN CONSCIENCE AND WERE ALL OF THE ANTI-RACIST, ANTI-SEXIST SCHOOL OF THOUGHT. AT LEAST AS MUCH AS IS PRACTICAL IN GETTING BY IN THE "REAL WORLD."

MRR: WHAT'S YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE HARDCORE SCENE AT THE MOMENT—ANY NEW BANDS YOU LIKE? WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE ENGLISH SCENE TODAY?

GORDS: WELL, I THINK THE ENGLISH SCENE IS HEALTHY, YET STILL FUNDAMENTALLY DIVIDED. YOU HAVE THOSE DEDICATED TO THE DIY SCENE, YOU GOT THE STRAIGHT EDGE YOUTH CREWS, YOU GOT THE SQUATTERS AND POLITICAL SCENES AND ALSO THOSE PEOPLE WHO INSIST THAT UK82 SHOULD RETURN (ALONGSIDE SOME OF THE DUBIOUS POLITICS ASSOCIATED WITH THE LATTER), AND THOSE WHO ARE GETTING OLDER IN THE SCENE, STAND AT THE BACK OF SHOWS, AND JUST DON'T WANT TO GIVE UP: THEY STILL LOVE IT AND CONTINUE TO PARTICIPATE, DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO. FINALLY THERE ARE THOSE THAT JUST DON'T GET IT AT ALL AND APPEAR TO GLEAN ALL INFORMATION AND TASTES FROM THE METAL PRESS AND WHOSE BANDS ARE REALLY BAD IMPRESSIONS OF THAT. LOCALLY, IN NOTTINGHAM WE HAVE CAROLINE FROM TEAM-TACTICS DOING AN EXCELLENT JOB PUTTING TOURING BANDS ON AT THE OLD ANGEL. THERE ARE A WHOLE RAFT OF NEW BANDS LIKE BRAINDEAD, HANGOVER HEARTATTACK, DEAL WITH IT,



AND MORE, ALL MOVING THINGS FORWARD. OVERALL I THINK THE HARDCORE SCENE IS VERY HEALTHY, NOT JUST IN THE UK BUT GLOBALLY. THE RISE OF THE INTERNET AND FILE-SHARING MP3S AND "MYSHITE" HAVE ALL HELPED THE HARDCORE SCENE; COMMUNICATION IS EASIER. ADMITTEDLY THERE ARE ISSUES OF RELATING TO THE RAPID CHANGES AFOOT AND HOW THEY PRESENT NEW OPPORTUNITIES AND DANGERSTO THE HARDCORE SCENE—ISSUES OF CONTROL AND CENSORSHIP—THOUGH THIS WILL JUST HAVE TO BE USED AND ACCEPTED IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS THE ADVENT OF THE ELECTRIC GUITAR BACK IN THE 1940S. OVERALL, HARDCORE PUNK CULTURE IS HEALTHY: FROM BANDS LIKE TRAGEDY TO CAUSTIC CHRIST, FROM NO FUCKER TO THE CONTINUING DEDICATION OF OLD BANDS LIKE DISCHARGE AND THE VARUKERS, THE SCENE IS DIVERSE, DIVIDED, AND WELL-POPULATED. THERE ARE SOME KILLER OLD AND NEW BANDS ALIKE. AS I SAID BEFORE, THE ADVENT OF MP3 SITES LIKE 7INCHPUNK, KILLEDBYDEATH, ETC. HAVE ADVANCED THE ACCESSIBILITY OLDER BANDS, MANY OF WHOM WERE IN DANGER OF SINKING INTO THE OBSCURITY OF ELITIST COLLECTORS STOREROOMS, NEVER TO BE HEARD OF AGAIN. AT THE SAME TIME, MYSPACE OFFERS THE OPPORTUNITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE NEW AND OLD ALIKE, AND THE WHOLE DIGITAL THING HAS ADVANCED THE SCENE BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS—THIS WAY WE FUCK MURDOCK FROM THE INSIDE.

MRR: WHAT'S THE STATUS QUO OF GERIATRIC UNIT? ARE THERE ANY PLANS ON PLAYING SHOWS IN THE NEAR FUTURE?

KALV: AS PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED, THE ORIGINAL IDEA FOR THIS BAND WAS TO GET TOGETHER AND RECORD AN EP AS A PROJECT. ONCE THINGS GOT BEYOND THE FIRST HANDFUL OF SONGS IT GOT MORE SERIOUS. IN TIME I'M SURE WE'LL PLAY SHOWS...MAYBE EVEN TOUR A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE LINE. WHAT IS HARDER NOW, AT OUR STAGE OF LIFE AS INDIVIDUALS, IS THAT EVERYONE IS IN FULL-TIME WORK NOW. IN OUR YOUNGER/EARLIER YEARS, WE ALL HAD MORE TIME ON OUR HANDS BY BEING EITHER UNEMPLOYED OR LIVING ON THE FRINGES OF SOCIETY, SO IT WAS NO TROUBLE TO DROP WHAT WE WERE DOING, JUMP IN THE VAN, AND HEAD OFF ON TOUR. DOING THAT KIND OF THING WILL TAKE A LOT MORE ORGANIZATION NOW, SO WE'LL SEE. IN THE MEANTIME, WE'RE WRITING NEW MATERIAL AND WILL RECORD AGAIN.

MRR: ANY LAST COMMENTS?

GORDS: THANKS, MATE!

KALV: OUR DEBUT 12-INCH/CD EP CONTAINS 10 SONGS AND WILL BE OUT ON PLASTIC BOMB RECORDS BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS. CHECK IT OUT MAYBE?

OUTRAGED

Every once in awhile we all come across a band whose energy on stage and on record blows our minds. Outraged is definitely a prime example of what I am talking about. Hailing from a small, mostly migrant town outside of Santa Cruz called Watsonville, Outraged have helped build a scene and nurture a new generation of punks, taking things in their own hands via booking shows, running a distro, and projecting a true DIY ethic. MRR *had the chance to visit and interview with Outraged in their hometown and witness firsthand the effect the band has had in here.*

Interview conducted by Miriam and Megan from Condenada and Martin Sorrondeguy. All photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

MRR: Who and what is Outraged? Let's start there.

Eduardo: Outraged is Eduardo, Jose and Miguel...

MRR: What do you do?

Eduardo: I play guitar and do vocals.

MRR: And fine-ass haircuts?

Jose: Yeah, he does fine-ass haircuts. I play bass.

Miguel: I play drums.

MRR: What is Outraged?

Eduardo: I dunno. I guess it's something...you know, it all started when I had something I wanted to get out. My brother was in jail, so that's how it started on my part. And then it turned out to be something where we just wanted to have fun, express everything we wanted to say.

MRR: Can you get into it a little bit? You said your brother is in jail. So that was the catalyst that started the band Outraged?

Eduardo: Yeah. My brother was 16, and this was 6 years ago, in 2000. He got locked up. After that, it just started building up inside me I just started to scream.

Miguel: For me, it was a feeling, an expression that I just needed to get out. For some reason I didn't feel accepted in my surroundings at school, in the streets. It just wasn't right. There was something that bothered me, gangs, police, all those little things. Outraged really helped me out; I feel like it's helped in my life. It's been a part of me for a few years now. I've been enjoying it, and it's what I'm gonna keep on doin'. Show the new generation what we got.

MRR: Maybe you can let everybody know, where are you from?

Jose: I'm from Hollister originally, but now I live in Santa Cruz.

Eduardo: I was born and raised in Watsonville.

Miguel: Here, from Watsonville.

MRR: Watsonville is here in California, right outside of Santa Cruz, Northern California. It's still Northern, isn't it?

Miguel: Central.

MRR: Central? What-*ever*. (Laughs) OK, "No Somos Igual," what is that about? Can you get into it, 'cause your record's called *No Somos Igual*.

Eduardo: With "No Somos Igual," it means we're not the same. It's about how everybody sees, from my part, being Mexican, I was born here but my parents are from Mexico. Whenever somebody tries to put an image on us-we're not the same as what they think we are. To me, that's what it is.

MRR: You're first-generation American, right?

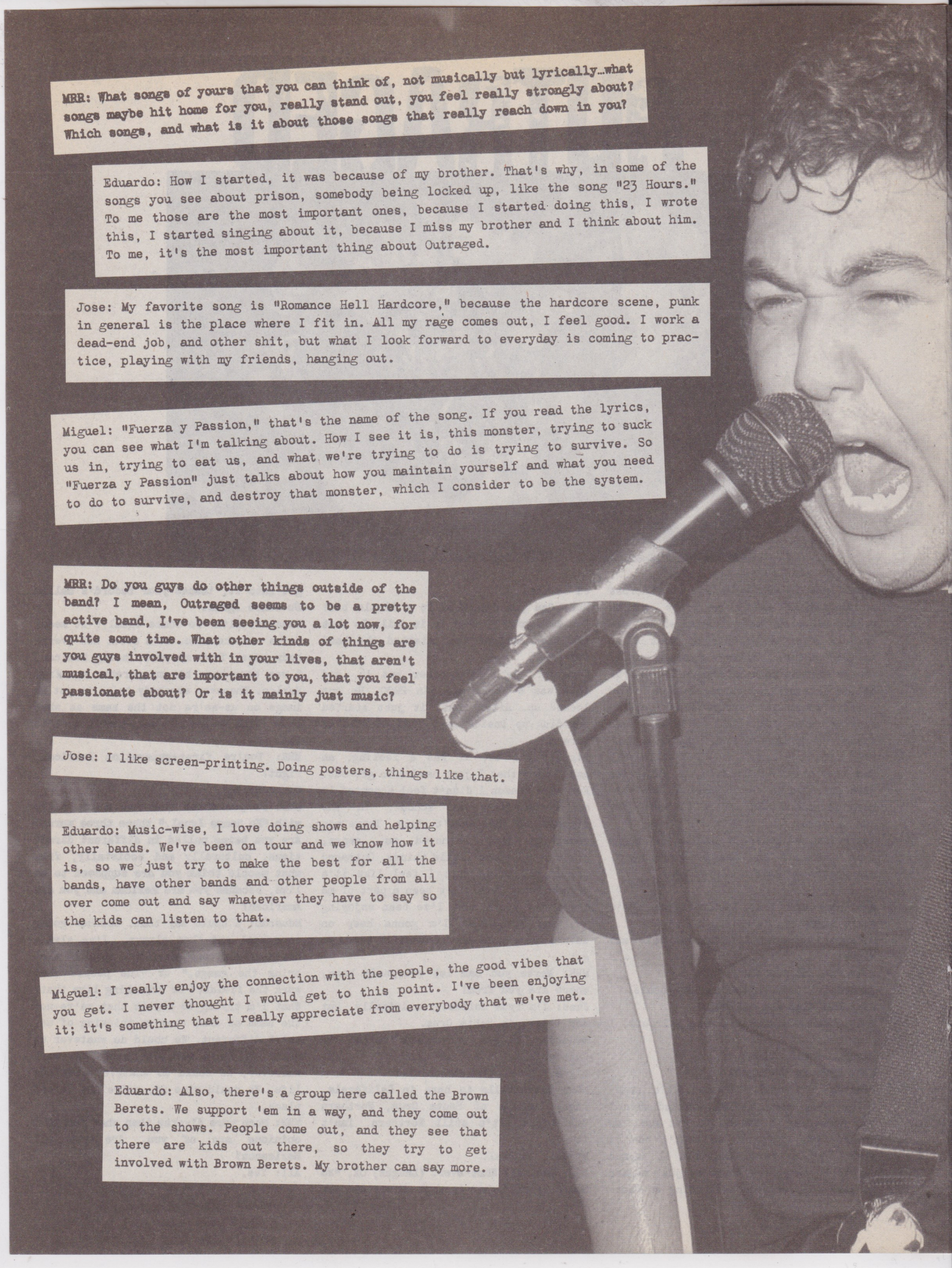
Eduardo: Yes.

MRR: Do you think that has a lot to do with "No Somos Igual," those three words? Are you being pulled in different directions, culturally and societally, from what people think you are supposed to be like, because you are Mexican and you are American?

Eduardo: I could say that, because going to school and then always...I've always heard, "Mexicans are the people that bring the gangs," or "The people that work the fields," or something like that. What I'm trying to say is that we're not the same as what they're thinking of us, we're different. We could do whatever we want. We could work in an office, work wherever, we could do whatever with our life. We could rise up, we're not in one place.

MRR: Much more diverse than what people's opinions are of you. Are you all Mexicanos?

All: Yes.



MRR: What songs of yours that you can think of, not musically but lyrically...what songs maybe hit home for you, really stand out, you feel really strongly about? Which songs, and what is it about those songs that really reach down in you?

Eduardo: How I started, it was because of my brother. That's why, in some of the songs you see about prison, somebody being locked up, like the song "23 Hours." To me those are the most important ones, because I started doing this, I wrote this, I started singing about it, because I miss my brother and I think about him. To me, it's the most important thing about Outraged.

Jose: My favorite song is "Romance Hell Hardcore," because the hardcore scene, punk in general is the place where I fit in. All my rage comes out, I feel good. I work a dead-end job, and other shit, but what I look forward to everyday is coming to practice, playing with my friends, hanging out.

Miguel: "Fuerza y Passion," that's the name of the song. If you read the lyrics, you can see what I'm talking about. How I see it is, this monster, trying to suck us in, trying to eat us, and what we're trying to do is trying to survive. So "Fuerza y Passion" just talks about how you maintain yourself and what you need to do to survive, and destroy that monster, which I consider to be the system.

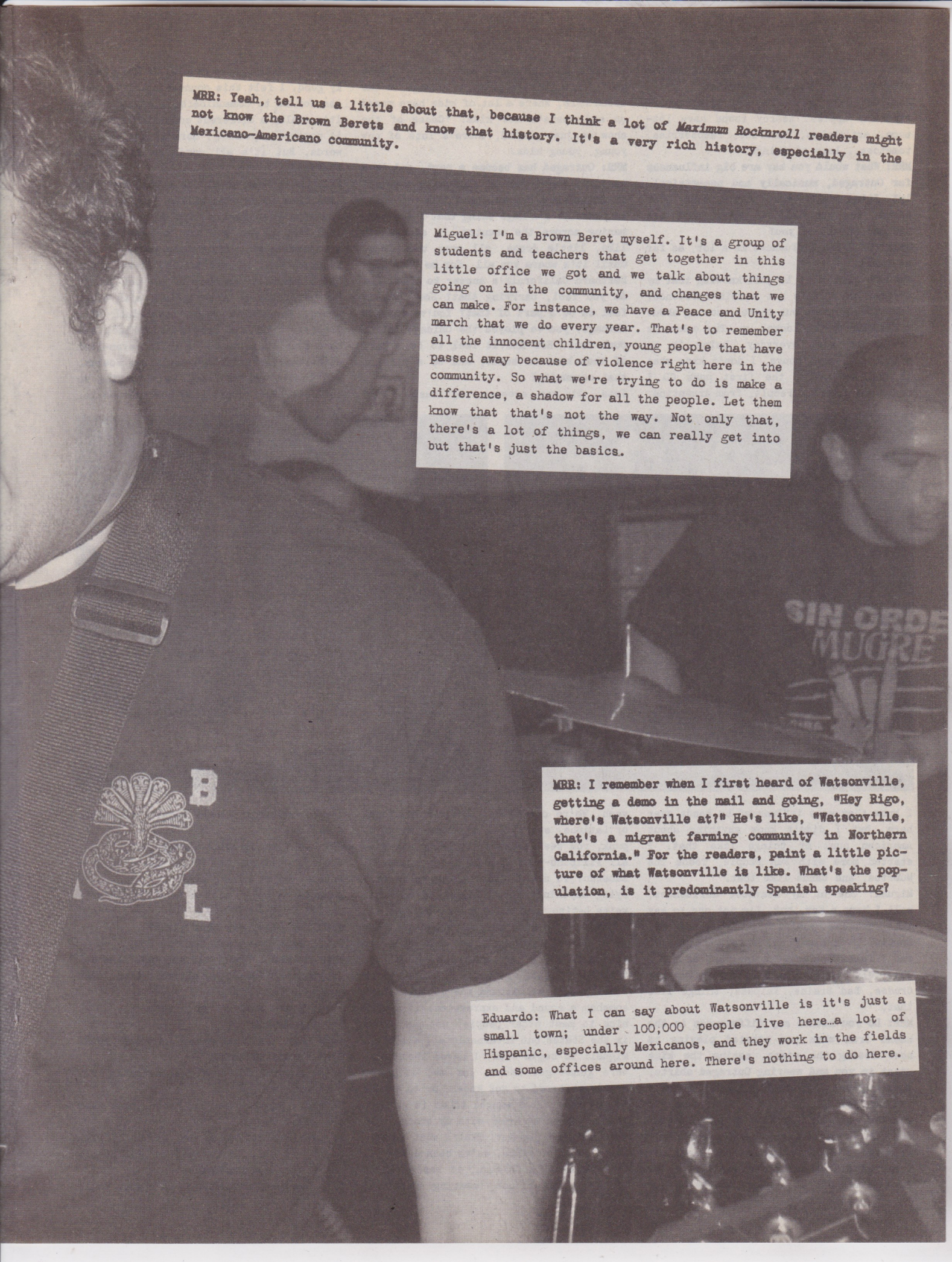
MRR: Do you guys do other things outside of the band? I mean, Outraged seems to be a pretty active band, I've been seeing you a lot now, for quite some time. What other kinds of things are you guys involved with in your lives, that aren't musical, that are important to you, that you feel passionate about? Or is it mainly just music?

Jose: I like screen-printing. Doing posters, things like that.

Eduardo: Music-wise, I love doing shows and helping other bands. We've been on tour and we know how it is, so we just try to make the best for all the bands, have other bands and other people from all over come out and say whatever they have to say so the kids can listen to that.

Miguel: I really enjoy the connection with the people, the good vibes that you get. I never thought I would get to this point. I've been enjoying it; it's something that I really appreciate from everybody that we've met.

Eduardo: Also, there's a group here called the Brown Berets. We support 'em in a way, and they come out to the shows. People come out, and they see that there are kids out there, so they try to get involved with Brown Berets. My brother can say more.



MRR: Yeah, tell us a little about that, because I think a lot of *Maximum Rocknroll* readers might not know the Brown Berets and know that history. It's a very rich history, especially in the Mexicano-Americano community.

Miguel: I'm a Brown Beret myself. It's a group of students and teachers that get together in this little office we got and we talk about things going on in the community, and changes that we can make. For instance, we have a Peace and Unity march that we do every year. That's to remember all the innocent children, young people that have passed away because of violence right here in the community. So what we're trying to do is make a difference, a shadow for all the people. Let them know that that's not the way. Not only that, there's a lot of things, we can really get into but that's just the basics.

MRR: I remember when I first heard of Watsonville, getting a demo in the mail and going, "Hey Rigo, where's Watsonville at?" He's like, "Watsonville, that's a migrant farming community in Northern California." For the readers, paint a little picture of what Watsonville is like. What's the population, is it predominantly Spanish speaking?

Eduardo: What I can say about Watsonville is it's just a small town; under 100,000 people live here...a lot of Hispanic, especially Mexicanos, and they work in the fields and some offices around here. There's nothing to do here.

MRR: You say it's a lot of farming community out here, what is harvested?
Eduardo: This is the capital of strawberries and apples. Nearby towns have lettuce, artichokes, cherries, raspberries, tomatoes...lots of things.
MRR: What would you say are big influences for Outraged, musically and non-musically? It's really more fluid than just sound. Can you tell us about what has influenced all of you?
Jose: MK Ultra influences me a lot, as far as music.
Eduardo: One of it is just knowing that my brother is... It's not a main influence; it's what gets me out there, knowing about my brother being locked up. The other is having to work everyday, being in an office for eight hours, I don't know what to do. Musically, the first punk CD I heard was from Fun People, from Argentina.

I know they were influenced by bands over here, but I didn't know anything about American punk or things like that. I started more with Fun People, Todos Tus Muertos, and bands like that.
Miguel: One of my heaviest influences, well I have a few, but, I'm not one to say this because you're in front of me, Martin... Straight up, when I heard it, and I felt it, fuck, it was part of me, I just felt it. So I have to say it was Los Crudos, Bad Brains, Vulpess, things like that.
MRR: Do you notice any differences in the scene from when you started playing to now? Seeing the scene, seeing the kids react to you and wearing Outraged shirts, that's gotta feel really good, but have you noticed any difference from when you started and now? Any kind of community?
Eduardo: From the first time, nobody really moved, nobody moving around. The first show, we didn't even have any lyrics. We just jammed out at a show, that's how we started it. Then after that, kids got into it. I know there's a lot of change in the scene here, where a lot of kids have moved on and there's new kids. 'Cause of the show we just played, there's lots of new young, young kids.
MRR: Outraged has become a part, and is a part, of what I see as a growing movement of Latino and Chicano, and kids of color in punk. It's a huge thing that I see happening across the country. It started in like, little drops, all over the place, until it's where you all, for me, are like Northern California's answer to that. How do you feel, carrying that? How does it feel to be a part of that? You've been to Chicago, you've played the Chicago Latino punk fest. How did it feel to be a part of that kind of scene, and be a part of that community?
Jose: It was awesome, obviously. Fuck yeah. We're coming up. Not just Mexicans or Latinos, everybody. Anywhere you go in punk, you see Asians, like Eskapo-they're all Filipino-plus there's Delubyo too.
Eduardo: To me, I don't think we're carrying anything, because just saying that we're Latino, and we're a band-anybody can do that. It's nice to get recognized that we're from up here, or out here in Watsonville. Being able to play the Southkore fest, getting together with other people all around the US that share somehow a sound and expression, it's very nice to meet other people, not just here in the States but international, all over.
Miguel: To begin with, I never thought we were gonna get known. For me, it never really mattered to get known, or to do CDs or records. All I wanted to do is get out there, get on my drums with my brother and Jose and just jam out. That's what I wanted to do. Ever since, we've been doin' it. When we went to Chicago, it was a really beautiful experience, meeting a lot of really, really great people. It felt really good. I felt this connection. It's easier for me to communicate in Spanish, and it's really a different communication when it comes to speaking, more slang, Mexican words. But it's all good, we do respect everybody.
MRR: Let's talk about the music. You guys have been doing some killer, killer sets, and I've been really into what's happening. What do you have out, and what do you have coming out, let people know.
Eduardo: What we have out is, first we put out a demo. And somehow it got put out by Lengua Armada as a seven-inch with eight songs. We have a split seven-inch with Tropiezo, who are from Puerto Rico, and have four songs there. A split seven-inch with Positive Reinforcement, from Boston, and that's all we have. We're hoping we can do a LP, I don't know how many songs, that's coming up in the future, on Lengua Armada.
MRR: Is that certain? (laughs)
Jose: What about the split? Don't we have another split coming out?
Eduardo: A split with a band from Brazil called Contra Cultura.
MRR: How about any tour plans?
Jose: East Coast and Mexico, 2007.
MRR: Awesome. What would you guys like do? If you could have your ultimate tour, what would it be?
Jose: South America. Fuck yeah.
Miguel: Japan.
MRR: Any last comments, anything you'd like anyone to know?
Jose: Support international hardcore, not just American bands.
Eduardo: Support touring bands, feed them and house them.
Miguel: Everything we do, we do it with heart, so this is for all of you people out there, new generation.
MRR: Gracias, muchachos. All right, cool.

THE FAKES

The Trashville, TN boys, The Fakes, have been through hell and back in the last few months. Back in April in the middle of a tour, they were all lifted to the hospital after being rear-ended by a semi going easily 50 mph more than they were. Their equipment was trashed, the rest of their tour was canceled, the recording of their full-length LP was delayed, and over all it put the band out of commission until just recently. I got the chance to catch up with The Fakes and talk about the effects of the accident and what is to come for them as a band.

Interview by Isaac Smith.

MRR: So, who are The Fakes?

Hero: I'm Hero Fake, I do the vocals.

Chris: I'm Chris Piss and I play guitar.

Johny: I'm Johny M. and I play bass. And our drummer is not present right now—he is Bacon Bob.

MRR: Right on. So let's get straight down to business here. There was kind of a large accident that happened while you guys were on tour, actually right before you supposed to come up my way—what all happened with that?

Hero: All I remember is being passed out and fucked up most of the time. These guys remember more than me.

Chris: We basically got rear-ended by a semi and after the semi hit us we hit somebody in front of us. It fucked all of us and fucked our equipment up. I don't know how much we are allowed to say for legal purposes...

Johny: Yeah, we don't want to go into great detail. What happened was we were on the road going to Morristown, TN to play at the Downtown, we were in I-40 headed towards Knoxville and we were slowing down for another accident that had happened prior to ours. We were doing probably 15 and the semi rear-ended us doing probably 70. It was a pretty traumatic accident; caused us a lot of grief. It put us out of commission for a while as far as playin' shows. We had to cancel half our tour, man; it was pretty rough.

MRR: So, how long did it take for you guys to recover from the accident?

Hero: We're still fucked up right now (and it happened back in April).

Chris: We're still all half-swollen and our bones and stuff are still poppin' out...scars everywhere.

Hero: I was in the hospital for three weeks and I still can't lift over five pounds. My collarbone's popped out and I'll be deformed for life. Everybody else is fucked up. Chris's girlfriend, her leg is fucked up.

Chris: If you shaved all of our heads we'd have like a bunch of gunshot wounds. Half of my chest is swollen; I had a cracked rib.

Hero: I can only work 20 hours at work because I can't lift nothin'; my back's all fucked up and shit.

MRR: Do you guys have all of your equipment back and everything by now?

Johny: We got some money back for it, y'know, the insurance paid for all of that. Actually, today was supposed to be our first practice, but our drummer he couldn't make it down here. He lives in Cookeville which is about two hours from here.

MRR: Where did the name The Fakes come from?

Hero: Well, we were called The Miserables and there was a metal band called The Miserables. The original Fakes drummer and bass player, we parted ways with them and me and Chris thought it would be good to change the name. We were tryin' to think of the realest name that would mean the most shit possible. We just thought about all the bands today tryin' to say they're doin' this new crazy shit, like all these screamo bands, and they're breakin' boundaries and shit. But, pretty much no matter what you do, you aren't going to make new shit. Everything is off of something else and everything is, like, tradition especially in punk rock. And in a lot of ways it's sad but in a lot of ways it's cool and we were like "fuck, everybody's fake," so we called ourselves The Fakes.

Chris: You could say our name is a semi-political name. It's more of a sociopolitical status rather than, like, Anti-Flag.

MRR: So as a band, how do you feel about politics, Bush in particular?

Hero: Fuck man, we used to have a song called "George W. Hitler" but, when we saw all of the other bands comin' up with that shit, we were like, fuck having an agenda. We play in a band to write stuff that everyone can relate to but we aren't tryin to jump on their anti-Bush bandwagon. That seems like something everybody does. Like those fuckin' "Rock Against Bush" comps or whatever, Good Charlotte was on that shit.

Chris: I mean, it's not a bad idea or anything, but some bands do it just to get their name out there and it's just not a way that we want to go. We talk about things that are relatable to everyone, like, the state of welfare and our friends stuck in the military, stuff you can relate to forever, rather than just the next year and a half that Bush has left.

Hero: I'm not a fuckin politician. I sing about shit that pisses me off in the life I live. If it wasn't for punk rock I wouldn't have no goals.

MRR: So what is the back-story on this band? I was listening to the EP you all sent me and it made some references to maybe some people being from California....

Hero: I'm from Taft, CA—it's in Kirk County. I've lived in like five fucking states. But, I used to be a stupid ass and never could keep a band together until I moved out here. I met up with Chris and we played with some other guys; we were called The Miserables. It didn't work out with them and we got the new members and changed our name to The Fake and we've been a band for about a year.

MRR: What California scene were you in when you lived out there?

Hero: The first punk show I ever went to was at Jerry's Pizza in Bakersville. When I was real young, I wasn't really into it. I got into Punk around the time I was 13 and I had already moved. But, I would go back every summer to visit my dad and my cousin took me to my first show and it was Peter Pan's Army, The Canker Sores, and I think Section 8 and I was like "fuckin' A." It blew me away.

MRR: How did you living in California affect how The Fakes play?

Hero: Well, I've been living out here for a long time and we all fucking hate it out here. I mean, I've got family that lives down here and they all have families here and that's cool but like...I don't know if it really affects us. When I was a kid I used to rip Davey Havok off vocally (like old AFI when they were hardcore).

MRR: Yeah, I noticed that in the song "Overcome," not a bad thing though.

Hero: They are like one of my favorite bands. That's probably my only influence from the whole California thing. But, I know that Chris is into a lot of California punk like a lot of old Rancid.

Chris: We draw our influences from pretty much all punk rock, man. If you go from '77 punk rock all the way up to the '81-'84 hardcore scene.

MRR: Do you guys get down on anything new?

Hero: I really like Clit 45 and Regulations fucking rule. They are like, of any new hardcore band I've heard, fucking Regulations are the shit.

Chris: We don't get a lot of punk bands through Nashville.

Hero: We got a chance to play with the Scarred. They are a band on Punk Core Records; they are from California. We thought they were a pretty cool band to play with. But most of the shit that I listen to is early-'90s AFI and '80s hardcore.

MRR: With punk rock becoming more marketable, like with chain stores carrying more punk records, FYE and shit like that, how do you feel that has affected the overall Punk Rock scene?

Chris: I think personally it's put a big divide in punk everywhere. Like, you have the mainstream punks and the punks that don't want to go mainstream and, I dunno, people overlook those bands and just think that they are not as wonderful as the people who are going mainstream.

Hero: And it's saturated the subculture I think and made it fucked up, like, punk is a generic term for all sorts of shit now. We think a lot of bands that we play with are cool, but a lot of shit just doesn't impress us anymore. And we're not doing anything different; we're just following tradition. But, it's like, ever since punk broke through in the late '90s it's almost turned into a fucking mockery.

MRR: So you guys are talking about putting out a full-length. Do you have that recorded or are you still looking for a studio?

Hero: We have the guy who we recorded our EP with. When we recorded that, we didn't have a lot of money so we did it as fast as we could.

Chris: We did it all in four hours and it only cost us 200 dollars.

Hero: Yeah, and he said he wanted to get us in there and take our time and record a real good album and we could talk about the cost later. We're havin' our two comeback shows—I dunno if they are comeback shows, but the first shows since the wreck—on the 17th and 18th, playin' the Punk Across America Tour. We're playin' with The Scarred again.

MRR: When is that LP looking like it's going to come out?

Chris: The way it's looking, we're going to get it recorded as soon as he has some free time, which might be a month or so. Once we get it all done right, I would say sometime next year even though we all want it to come out as soon as we hit the last chord.

Hero: The wreck fucked us up, but definitely by the time we go on tour next summer we'll have the full-length ready. That sounds shitty and we'll probably have it done before then but ...

Chris: Yeah, the LP is gunna be called Tiger Gods.

MRR: How did that come about?

Chris: It all started out...we were at the Battle of the Bands and we had won in the first round. We go to the second round and before we go on stage we had this big huddle—

Hero: Yeah, it was basically just like being outside the fucking place getting ready to go on stage. I looked at Chris and was like, "We're gunna win this," y'know, just being a jackass, y'know, just like, "We're gunna win this thing, ya know why? Because we're fuckin' Tiger Gods!" *(Laughter)*

Chris: But, it all inspired us and I think that was one of our best shows to date.

Hero: We didn't win, but it was one of our best shows ever.

GRUK

GRUK is: Rachel Loveless (Vokills), Scribles (shredding), Johnny Street (Bass), Hipmo (Stix).

Interview by: Renae Bryant

photo: BRENT BLACKLISTED

MRR: I am really excited to do this interview. Your band rocks, you have intelligent lyrics, some of you are vegans, and you are super involved in your punk scene here in Chico. Tell us how Gruk came to be.

Hipmo: Two words: The Bluff.

Loveless: Well, growing up in the shithole town of Red Bluff, a few of us decided to start playing, even though none of us really knew how to play our instruments... We just stuck with it, and here we are.

MRR: What releases do you have out so far and what is in the future?

Hipmo: There's the self-titled CD, the *Straight-Edge Kegger* split EP, the *While You Were Apathetic* EP, the *Razor* EP, a couple of *Suburban American Tract Home Project* compilations, a *Put Some Pussy in Your Punk* compilation, and the *Don't Fuck With Her* four-way split CD with All or Nothing HC, Bruise Violet, and Riot This. Coming soon is a split EP with The Wobblies from Oregon, another *Suburban American* comp, and look for a new full-length within the next year. And probably another split or two.

Loveless: We also did a split tape a few years back with Dogshit Sandwich.

MRR: You said on your website that you suffer from a Spinal Tap curse. How is the new bassist working out?

Hipmo: As like the fourth bassist, he's fucking shredding. In fact, he just wrote the first of what I'm sure will be many new songs, and it completely rules. I'm at least the fifth drummer, and Scribles is probably like the third guitarist, but I really think that we've finally achieved a stable combination. We work well together, have shitloads of fun doing it, and are pretty much poised to take over the world.

Loveless: I feel like all these years we've been trying to find the ultimate lineup, and I think we finally got it right.

MRR: You have a new release coming out. Lyrically, where are the songs coming from?

Loveless: Well, there are a ton of issues and injustices in the world, as we all know. The lyrics come from articles I read and long discussions with friends. The songs on our new split are about people popping pills without trying to fix what's actually wrong with them, and the problem with pharmacies refusing to fill birth control prescriptions to unmarried women.

MRR: The new song about the lack of access to birth control in our nation—could you talk more about it?

Hipmo: 43 years ago, the Supreme Court made a ruling in the Griswold case that said that laws banning or restricting access to birth control are unconstitutional. Since then, pharmacists all around the country have refused to dispense birth control or refill prescriptions based on moral objections allowed by conscience clauses that pharmacies have written into their by-laws. This creates a situation where you might have a rural area with only one pharmacy, and people trying to access birth control who may be unable to commute to another town are denied and forced to do without. Pharmacies are supposed to always have at least one pharmacist on hand who will fill birth control prescriptions, but this is not enforced and isn't always the case. There are people working to rectify the problem through various legal channels, but as of now, the situation persists.

Loveless: I previously wasn't too aware of the lack of access in the US until I read an article about it in *Profane Existence* and was blown away and really pissed off, and decided to write a song about it.

MRR: You book a lot of the shows that come

through Chico. Could you tell us about the group that does shows up here, some shows that you've done so far, and how things are going?

Hipmo: We're part of a larger network called Pyrate Punx. There are a total of 21 Pyrate Punx chapters, with chapters in Canada, in the Amsterdam area, in Bath, England, in Reno, and all up and down the West Coast. Basically, the Pyrate Punx organize, book, promote and crew shows, in an effort to provide stability and continuity in each of our local punk scenes. In Chico there are 13 of us. We've all been doing shows for years, but recently have organized and are now doing better and more consistent shows. Just last night we had Akimbo. We've had such bands as The Mathematicians, Monotonix, All or Nothing HC, and others. As a whole, our scene is fucking strong right now. Killer bands keep coming through (due largely to the work of our four totally kick-ass touring bands—Madmom, PAWNS, The Makai, and, of course, Gruk—making friends on the road and getting them to play our hometown), kids are coming out to shows, we have a sweet all-ages venue that also happens to sell pizza and Pabst. All in all, things are definitely on the upswing.

photo: RENE BRYANT

Scribles: Working as a collective has helped us get better organized and other Pyrate Punx chapters have helped us out a lot too. We've been really busy and have shows booked up through the next three months. We are playing with Raw Power next weekend and Ganglion is coming back after that. I'm very excited about both those shows.

MRR: What are the punk scenes and activists' scenes like in Chico?

Hipmo: Punk is doing well. There are probably like 12-20 punk bands at any given time, which isn't bad for our little town. Activism is a different story. Aside from our own personal activism that we accomplish by living out our values as much as we possibly can and the activism that we engage in through our music, there isn't much organized activism. There's the Peace and Justice Center, being all hella liberal with peace vigils and flag displays and what not, and there's Food Not Bombs, of course. We have an annual DIY skill share that a few people in our scene organize. I spent the last two years working in the Women's Center on the Chico State campus, which is a sort of nexus for activism around feminist and gender issues on campus. We train 20-40 interns per semester in community and event organizing and how to raise awareness about various issues. There is activism in Chico, it's just a little splintered.

Scribles: Though both are very active and diverse, especially considering how small Chico is.

Loveless: The punk scene is fairly large and pretty incestuous as far as musicians are concerned, but it's like that everywhere you go.

MRR: Rachel, you are a fellow educator. How is it being a punk rock teacher?

Loveless: Being a teacher is totally kick ass! Every day's an adventure, and you never know what randomness is going to come out of some kid's mouth.

Hipmo: I just finished my MA in teaching English as a Second Language. I'll be a punk rock teacher soon!

MRR: I know you teach high school level Spanish, Rachel. Did you always want to teach? Do you have any songs that you sing in Spanish?

Loveless: No, I didn't always want to teach. I started school, wanting to be a journalist, and then felt that scene was way too cutthroat. Shortly after that, I decided to be a high school Spanish teacher. Yeah, I have a few songs that are half Spanish, half English, like "Maquiladoras" ("Sweatshops") and "Protect Your Rights."

MRR: Rachel, I know that you are a vegan. Are any of your bandmates vegan? What inspired you to go vegan?

Loveless: I've been vegan for about four years now, and before that I was veggie. For a really long time I didn't want to be associated with veganism because of the preachy vegans I had come in contact with. But being unable to eat dairy products—I'm lactose intolerant—I decided to just go for it. And after I did, not only did I feel amazing, but I also felt better about not contributing to dairy/egg corporations.

Hipmo: Not vegan (yet), but I'm a vegetarian of three years. Factory farming and mass production of meat is disgusting.

Street: I'm the only one who still digs the carcass, but I'm my own worst hypocrite when it comes to that.

Scribles: I eat vegetarian, but I cook mostly vegan. I was inspired a lot by a conversation I had with BJ from the Vals and also just realizing my actions and not just my words should reflect my outrage against the meat and dairy industries' waste and cruelty. I continue to be inspired by trading recipes with my friends.

MRR: Many people avoid the "F" word—you know, "feminist." Are any of you feminists? Why or why not?

Hipmo: Yep. There was a time when I identified as a socialist. As I was getting into socialism, I had a partner who was getting into feminism, and we kind of converted each other. Since then, as I mentioned before, I have been doing campus-based feminist work with a significant chunk of my time. Also, Gruk is most definitely both anarchist and feminist.

Scribles: Yes. Empowered women are sexy. There should be more empowered women. Also, people shouldn't be afraid of admitting they are or being labeled as feminists. Feminists have the best parties. But seriously, the Supreme Court, which has been populated by judges appointed by the Bush administration, has already begun to strip away women's rights, and things are going to get worse before they get better. So anyone who is outraged by this should stand up and be counted.

Loveless: Hell yeah! I would like to think the majority of people are feminists, even though they're afraid of the "F" word, since the definition is social, political, and economic equality.

MRR: You have a long tour starting in July. Where does this tour take you, and are you taking any bands with you?

Hipmo: Holy shit! We're going all around the country again—40-something shows in six and a half weeks: up the northwest, back down into Utah, and over through Nebraska up to Fargo and Minneapolis. Then down through the Midwest, and up into New York and maybe even Vermont, which would be a first. Then down the eastern seaboard, through the south, Texas, the southwest, and then back into California for Libertatia, the annual punk rock festival of all festivals, somewhere deep in the forest up in some mountains by a lake somewhere.

MRR: What are Gruk's future plans?

Hipmo: We've definitely been seriously considering crossing the pond to Gruk shit up over in

photo: BRENT BLACKLISTED

Europe. I'd love to play Japan, and of course, we'll be recording as much as possible and playing as many shows as possible until, well, probably until we're all dead.

Loveless: Touring, touring, and touring some more. We also plan on releasing some more music. We try and put something out every six months, if at all possible for us.

MRR: Any last words?

Hipmo: Play fast or die!

Street: To the person reading this, get off your ass and do something. Drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes is not a way to have a revolution.

Scribles: If you see us on tour this summer, please buy us a beer or let us sleep on your floor.

Loveless: Nos vemos.

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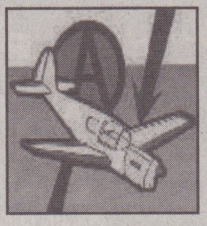
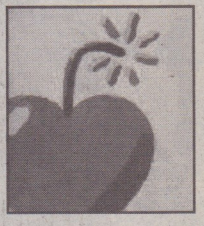

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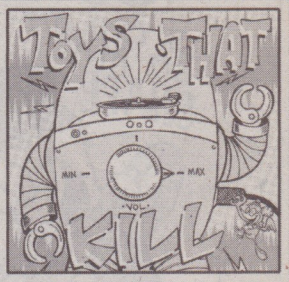

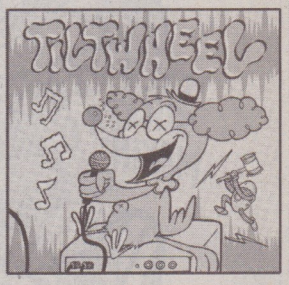

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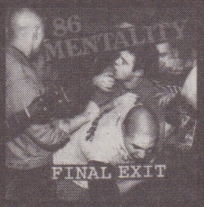

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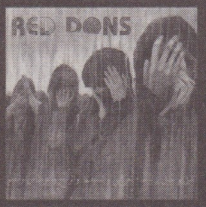

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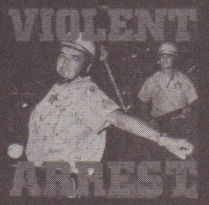

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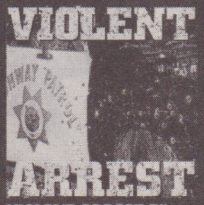

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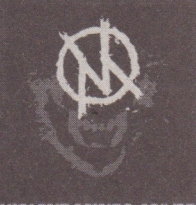
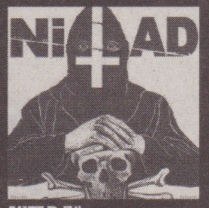


VIOLENT MINDS 12"/CD
'WE ARE NOTHING'



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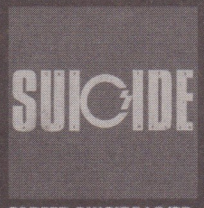

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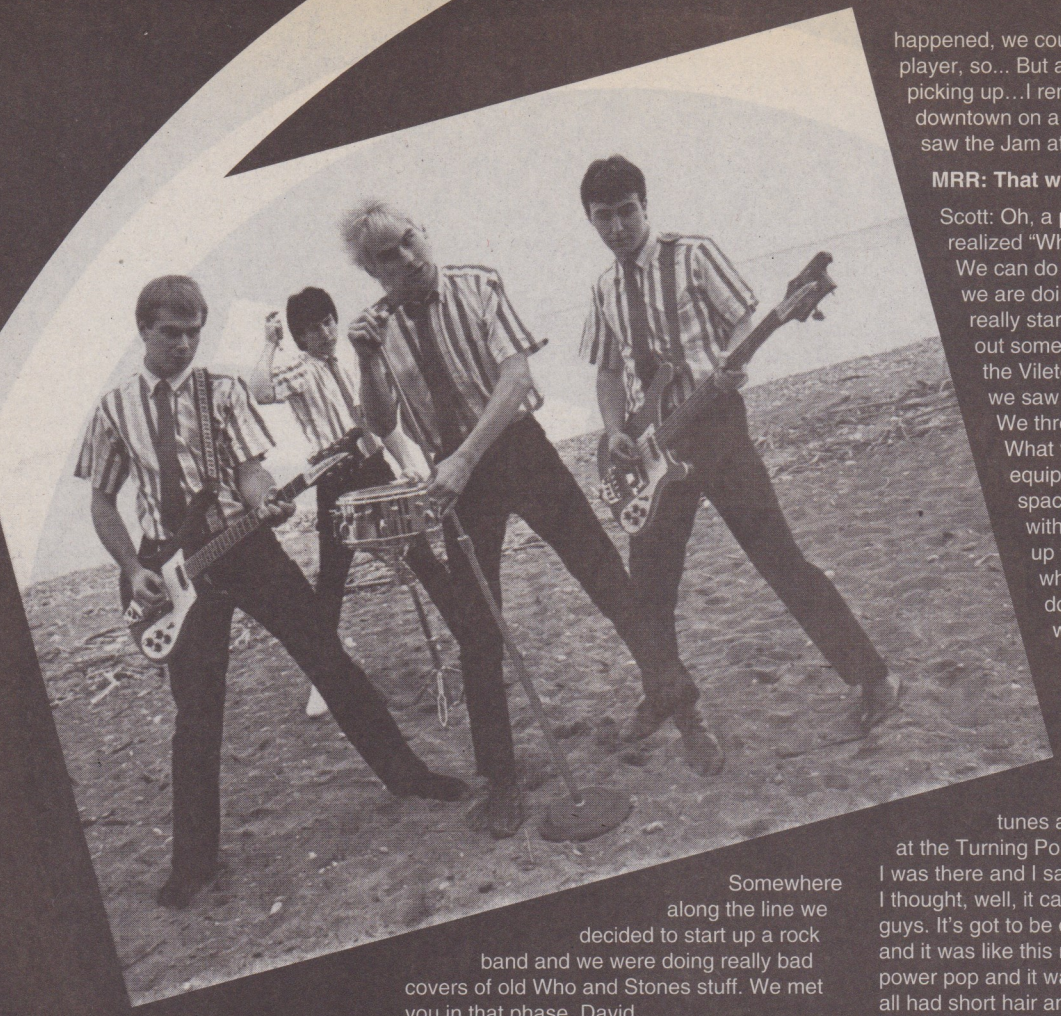
THE MODS

The Mods were a four-piece Toronto punk band from the late-'70s with a unique look and sound. They added another inspiring dimension to the Toronto scene with the killer 45 *Step Out Tonight* and the '95 CD release *Twenty 2 Months*, both long out of print. There was also their inclusion on the extremely rare *Last Pogo* LP and appearance in the obscure Colin Brunton film of the same name. The following interview was conducted by Greg Dick, the singer of the Dream Dates, and took place one week prior to their reunion gig, which coincidentally was the band's first gig in almost 30 years. Scott Marks, the guitar player, and David Quinton, the drummer, were interviewed on Equalizing Distort radio. All photos and images courtesy of David Quintron.



MRR: So, the Mods are going to be playing this coming Saturday for the first time in over 25 years at the Horseshoe, a place that was almost home base for you guys.

Scott: It's been a short sabbatical.

Dave: You know, the last time we played there was December 1st, 1978. We used to play there a lot before that, but that show was the Last Pogo show. That was the last time we played.

MRR: How did the Mods form?

Scott: Well, the Mods—pre-David—was Greg Trinier, Mark Dixon, and myself. We were all in close proximity in Scarborough and we really had similar tastes in music but more venturing towards folk.

MRR: I don't believe that.

Scott: Yeah we did. We used to go to Mariposa and the River Boat.

Somewhere along the line we decided to start up a rock band and we were doing really bad covers of old Who and Stones stuff. We met you in that phase, David.

Dave: Yeah, at the Philips Building. There were a whole bunch of bands that used to rehearse at this…I don't even know how to describe it. It was almost like an abandoned warehouse and somebody picked it up and started renting rehearsal space. I first met the Mods when they were doing these cover tunes and I was in a band called the Androids. This was 1977 and right down the hall from us was the Diodes. Right next door to us was the Ugly. So it was the Ugly, the Androids, the Diodes, the Mods down the hall, and some other bands. So I had actually met these guys just in the hallway hanging out and found them rather amusing then because I was already fully into the punk thing …

Scott: But we were not… We were basically trying to be a cover band and break into the traditional bar circuit, but we really weren't good enough for that.

MRR: What kind of covers were you doing?

Scott: We did everything from old Who to Buffalo Springfield to Dylan songs to Byrds to Stones. I mean, we did basically everything. You know, from "Midnight Rambler" to "Hey Mr. Tambourine Man." And they had long hair, man.

MRR: And you had long hair and were calling yourselves the Mods at this point?

Scott: We were calling ourselves the Mods. And then the metamorphosis of the band happened, we couldn't stand our bass player, so... But at the same time we started picking up…I remember buying "Anarchy" downtown on a 45 RPM and we went and saw the Jam at the Colonial.

MRR: That was a great show.

Scott: Oh, a phenomenal show. And we realized "What the hell are we doing?" We can do this, or we can do what we are doing, and that's when we really started going and checking out some Toronto bands. We saw the Viletones, we saw the Ugly, we saw Johnny And The G-Rays. We threw our bass player out. What we did was we had his equipment there at the rehearsal space so we had a rehearsal without him and Mark picked up the bass and we took our whole repertoire and paired it down to about six songs that we still liked.

Dave: That was a real shock for me because I knew them from the Philips Building and they had long hair and were doing these cover tunes and then one night I was at the Turning Point and they were playing. I was there and I saw this band the Mods and I thought, well, it can't be the same group of guys. It's got to be different. I walked in there and it was like this really aggressive punk power pop and it was these guys and they all had short hair and their singer—I didn't know what kind of transformation had taken place, but it was like the most bizarre on-stage presence that I had seen.

MRR: Yeah, Greg was a very unique performer. He had a lot of presence and he had a really interesting voice. Were you guys still in high school at this point?

Scott: I wasn't.

Dave: We were.

Scott: Mark and Greg were.

MRR: And which high schools in Scarborough did they go to?

Scott: We all went to Thompson.

MRR: Dave, what school did you go to?

Dave: I grew up at Bathurst and Eglinton and my father was a music teacher at Forest Hill Collegiate. After Nick left, they were looking for a new drummer and they asked me to join because I had friends with them. We used to hang out with them a lot. This is an interesting fact—I don't even know if Scott knows this but they asked me to join the day before Keith Moon died and I accepted the day after Keith Moon died.

MRR: Who you were often compared to?

Dave: Yeah, it was flattering to be compared to him. I don't know if anyone could be compared to him though. It was really interesting because I was 17 at the time and it just seemed like the right thing to do. I really

liked the guys and I liked what they were doing musically and I was really excited about it. We did our first gig September '78 at the Hotel Isabella.

MRR: That was the first place the Mods played?

Dave: Well, with me. That was the first gig I played with the band.

Scott: I remember playing the Isabella. I had no idea that was the first one with you.

MRR: Dave, you were in the Androids originally as we said earlier with Bart and Sally who originally had a band called the Concords. When you were in the Androids were you in the Qute first and then you joined the Androids?

Dave: No. Actually, it was the other way around. I was in the Androids and our first singer was Ruby T.

MRR: ...who was on the cover of the Last Pogo record, for all you kids trying to figure out who Ruby T is.

Dave: She was really a fun girl. She was Mike Nightmare's girlfriend, the singer for the Ugly, and then when the Concords broke up, Sally joined us and the band was kind of weird and dark and strange. I didn't love the experience, if you know what I mean. And after the Androids broke up, that's when I put together the Qute. And the Qute were together for three or four months, during the time that I was hanging out pretty heavily with the Mods and getting to know these three crazy bastards from Scarborough.

Scott: That's when I recall seeing you guys at the Bev and Vince was your drummer then.

Dave: I was singing.

MRR: Was the Qute a punk band, or...

Dave: Power pop, punk band. You know what's funny is when we talk about punk nowadays everybody thinks of mohawks and pins and this hyper-fast music.

That's not what it was when it started. For us, in '77, everything from Elvis Costello to the Police to Talking Heads to Patti Smith to Television to the Dead Boys was all considered punk. Basically, any band that played simple raw punk music and wasn't caught up in the corporate rock scene was considered a punk band and a new wave band. So it's funny, even the Androids, they had punk-ish leanings but it wasn't punk in the sense that people think of it now.

MRR: How did you guys get turned on to punk? Where did you hear about it?

Scott: I think my first experience wasn't going to see punk rock. I saw Patti Smith play Massey Hall on the *Horses* tour. I was interested in Patti Smith mostly from reading *Rolling Stone* where they were talking about Patti Smith playing the Bottom Line and all these places in New York and everyone, from the folk scene to every scene, was thinking about Patti Smith. And that show at Massey Hall was incredible. I remember buying tickets and we ended up with floor seats halfway back. I think we were the only two who knew who Patti Smith was. But I didn't know what it was called at the time. To me they were just a great rock band. And then I remember reading the article in *Rolling Stone* about the Pistols. It was all about their secret tour, the Spots tour where the Sex Pistols were on tour secretly. That article just fascinated me. Talking to Greg and Mark at the time, it was before we had really gotten involved with David, it made sense that this is where we had to go. What we were doing was just not making any sense. It was a slow evolution. We started hanging out at Records on Wheels downtown. Seeing the Jam at the Colonial was definitely a turning point for all of us and we realized we can play this, we can do this. We could probably do it better than some of the people out there and we can write this stuff.

Dave: When you talk about the first exposure to punk or what got us interested, you know you have defining moments in your life when you remember things especially from your teen years and I remember my first exposure to it like it was yesterday. I was watching a TV show and they had this segment on the Damned from England and they showed them doing their photo session and they were putting brown paper bags on their heads.

MRR: That was a single cover for "Neat Neat Neat."

Dave: Yeah exactly, and I had never seen anything so outrageous in my life. That was at a time when rock bands were supposed to look pretty and everything was Elton John and Boston and all that kind of crap, and just to see these guys putting bags on their heads... It was outrageous for 1976-'77. I got interested in it and the next thing I did was pick up a Viletones single downtown—"Screaming Fist." And then I just started buying 45s of all these different bands. I think the first punk album I actually bought was the Dead Boys record, which was one of my favorite ones.

MRR: Yeah, the Damned record came out... I think that was actually the first "punk" record and back then especially in the earliest days there really wasn't a lot to choose from. I mean, if you bought compilation records, you had stuff like Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers.

Scott: Or Eddie and the Hot Rods.

MRR: Yeah, Eddie and the Hot Rods. Those guys were wearing bellbottoms. They did have some cool songs. "Do Anything You Wanna Do" is a pretty cool track.

Dave: Well, a lot of bands went through transformations just like them...

MRR: I was going to ask you about Bookies in Detroit. Tell us about it now. What was Bookies like?

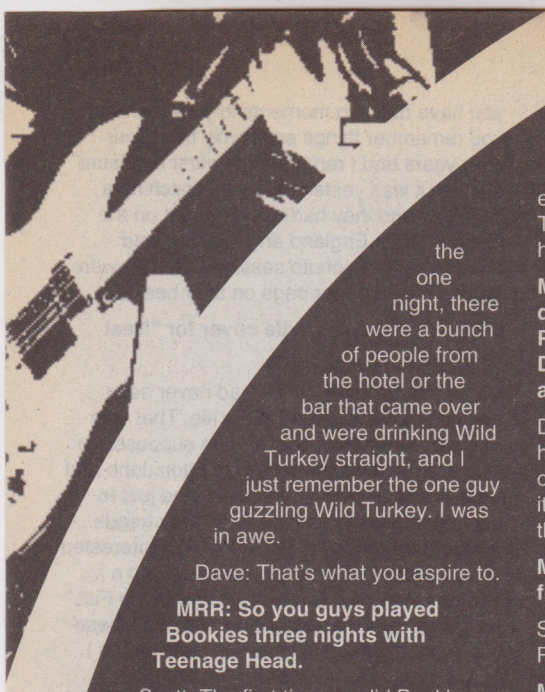
Scott: Still the strangest club experience of my whole life. Bookies was located close to the university, but was also the local transvestite bar.

MRR: That always makes for a good mix.

Scott: So it was the university students into punk and new wave, and transvestites. I know my ex-wife, my girlfriend at the time, went into the washroom and there was as many guys facing the toilets at the stalls with their mini skirts on... Do you remember the women who ran the door that had a shotgun across her lap? I mean, it was just the most bizarre experience playing at Bookies.

MRR: And Detroit has quite a few crazy characters running the streets, so...

Scott: We were there for two or three nights and I just remember



the one night, there were a bunch of people from the hotel or the bar that came over and were drinking Wild Turkey straight, and I just remember the one guy guzzling Wild Turkey. I was in awe.

Dave: That's what you aspire to.

MRR: So you guys played Bookies three nights with Teenage Head.

Scott: The first time we did Bookies we were on our own. The second time was in that summer of '79. We did a number of dates in the States. We did Hurrah's in New York. Went on to Philly. I don't remember the name...

Dave: Pirate's Cove in Cleveland. The place we played in Philly was the Hot Club. The Hot Club was unbelievable. It was all cement. It was a cement floor, cement walls, in a really bad part of town and I played there a couple of times.

Scott: And then we went to Chicago. The first time we played Chicago was really weird. We played this bourbon bar on one night and the next night we played punk night at Mother's. And then the next time when we played with Teenage Head...

Dave: All I remember from that one was that it was our first gig in Chicago and it was the first time I ever saw that guy Jim Skafish, who put out albums on IRS Records. That really weird looking dude with the big nose.

Scott: What I remember—I have a few memories of Chicago—I remember being very, very, very, very hungry in Chicago because we hadn't eaten in three days and we had no money because we played Cleveland and I think there was six people there. Us and Teenage Head. At that time Teenage Head were really breaking in Ontario, they were starting to fill traditional bars, but once you got south of the border... Do you remember the Pirate's Cove? I remember doing sound check and a girl coming out and asking us if we did any Bob Seger. They had no idea. And I think, generally speaking, any of the cities we went to in the States, with the exception of New York, were far behind the Toronto scene. The Toronto scene was really healthy at the time.

MRR: Well, you guys were actually quoted as saying after playing New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit that you realized how much further ahead the Toronto scene was.

Dave: I think that's right. I think Toronto has had periods in its history where its been ahead of the times and other times in history where it hasn't been, when it has been other cities in the US or whatever, but yeah.

MRR: What other local bands did you guys find inspiring?

Scott: Like I said, I was a big fan of the G-Rays.

MRR: Where did you first see them play?

Scott: The first time I saw the G-Rays was at the Horseshoe and I guess what I really found refreshing about them was the fact that you could tell they had some musical background... Johnny wrote great lyrics, phenomenal lyrics, and he had such a great stage presence. I mean, to me they that folk or country background. That was there. It wasn't necessarily at the front but you knew that these guys listened to something other than punk stuff. They were probably one of my favorite Toronto bands at the time. The Diodes I liked as well.

Dave: I think all the guys in our band really liked Johnny And The G-Rays. I know Greg did a lot and Mark did a lot. Scott loved them. We used to play with them sometimes.

Scott: And when we split up I joined a band called Popular Spies for a while. It was a great experience.

Dave: There were an awful lot of eccentric Toronto bands in those days.

Scott: There was the first wave. I don't know if you guys caught anything like Oh Those Pants, Zoom, the Cads...

Dave: I saw the Cads. They used to play at the Bev sometimes. And you know who I really liked was the Government.

MRR: Yeah, I loved the Government.

Dave: I liked Andy Paterson. I thought he was a really interesting character. I liked their songs. I thought they were cool.

Scott: The Scenics were an interesting band too but...not really accessible live but I liked their recorded stuff.

MRR: Yeah, they had a record out on Ready Records and actually I remember hearing a story about them recently. There was a concert promoter in Toronto who came up around the late '70s named Louie Louie and I remember the Scenics opened for a band called the New York Niggers at the Horseshoe and it was the same time that the Gary's had the Edge and after that gig the Gary's apparently wouldn't book the Scenics anymore. And I was actually going to ask you guys, I know you guys started playing Larry's Hideaway.

Dave: '79.

MRR: Yeah. Now I think that was the same time as the Edge. Did that run into any problems for you? Were you guys getting gigs at the Edge?

Dave: No, the Gary's were always really cool with us.

Scott: They were great with us. We got great shows with them. And I don't think they minded that we played other places in town.

Dave: Larry's is filled up with grass now.

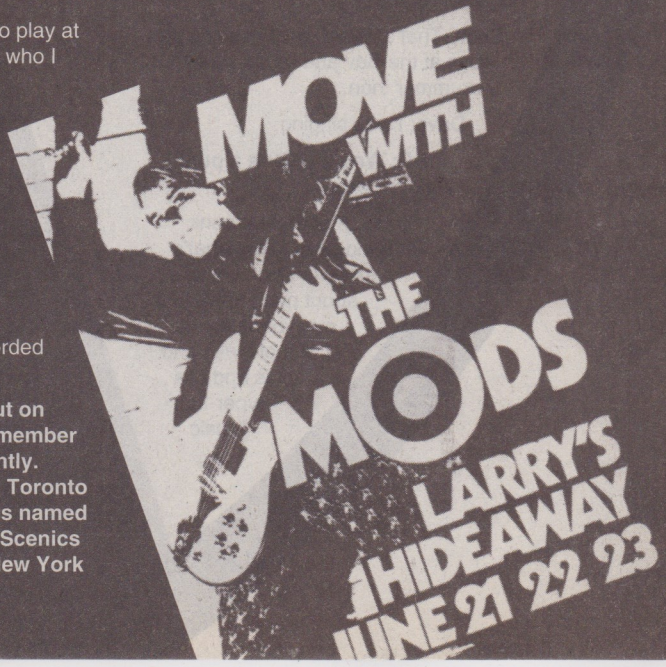
Scott: I know, I worked the fire there. The best Gary's show that we opened was with the Specials at the Palais Royale. That was just an awesome venue. It was a great night. It was steamy. It was hot. That's the show to me that stands out of our big opening acts.

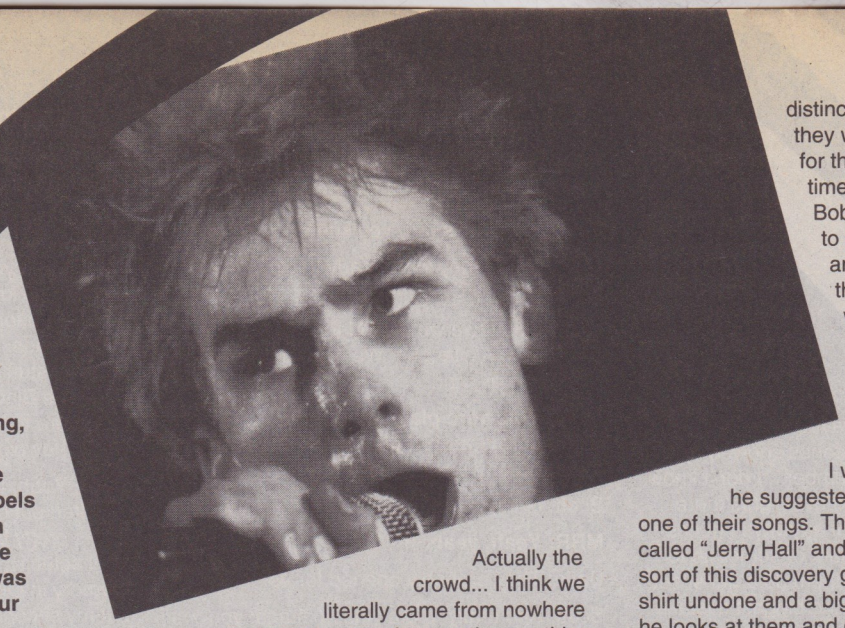
MRR: Yeah, the floor in there is like a trampoline. Kind of like the Commodore in Vancouver. Now, the Mods had a very unique sound that was unlike any of the other Toronto bands. How would you guys describe yourselves, as being a part of that scene?

Dave: I think we were a punky power pop band. I don't think we were a punk band. We played pop music. We had harmonies, but we played very, very aggressively. And I think the punk overtones were in there. So by no stretch were we a pop band, but I don't think we were a punk band either. We were somewhere in the middle.

Scott: Yeah we moved more towards the pop but there was some other influences as well. But I think the studio stuff was never captured. In retrospect I still find the live stuff more interesting. A lot of the studio stuff that was recorded sounds kind of pale.

Dave: Yeah, I agree.





MRR: It was interesting, Mickey De Sadist of the Forgotten Rebels was making fun of you guys in the *Last Pogo* film. I was wondering what your reaction to that was.

Dave: The Forgotten Rebels weren't good enough to play at the Last Pogo. That's why they weren't there.

Scott: After they magic-markered my house on Main Street. That was the first time I had met the Forgotten Rebels. We had done a gig downtown and I was renting a house on Main Street. A bunch of people came back there and there was this Johnny Rotten look-alike, who was Mickey of course, and in the morning we woke up and there was all these Forgotten Rebels things written in magic marker all over the house. So he didn't really ingratiate himself.

MRR: But he did go and see the Mods a lot.

Dave: Yeah, we used to see Mickey at Mods gigs and I've always quite liked him. I think he is great and I think their band has always been good and done some good things and he has hung in there a really, really long time.

MRR: They've never broken up. He's a great guy. He's got a sense of humor in him. He used to rub the Toronto people the wrong way. It seemed like it.

Dave: When he said that about us in the *Last Pogo* movie I never took offense to it at all.

Scott: I thought it was hilarious.

Dave: I always thought it was very funny and that he had a very sharp wit. I never took offence to it whatsoever.

MRR: Your first gig was at the Horseshoe with the Jumpers and the Viletones. How did the crowd react to you guys?

Scott: June '78.

Actually the crowd... I think we literally came from nowhere and people weren't expecting anything and I honestly think we blew them away that night. To this day I have never been so scared. Nicky was on drums at the time. We had just revamped the band. We had been rehearsing for about a month. We had a set. The first song we opened with was "Substitute" and literally I remember us being up on stage and people had told us "You guys looked scared shitless" and we were. We were scared. We didn't know what was going to happen. And we did it and the place, literally, you could see people stopping and turning and watching because we had been playing together for a year and a half. We could play. We were tight. Musically we were tight. We had vocal harmonies. It was a great reaction we got an encore that night. And from there on, Gary Cromier, I remember him coming up and saying "I want to book you guys again." It was immediate. And I remember we drank for two nights after that, we were just so happy about it.

MRR: You guys built up a following pretty quickly it seemed like.

Scott: Within two months. I mean, it was unheard of and it was weird. It was really weird.

MRR: Now, you guys were talking about the Philips Building, the old warehouse where you guys practiced. The Ugly practiced there too and I know Dave, you told me a story about the Ugly, that some of the gear might have been found or borrowed and you were telling me about a few constables coming down looking for Mr. Nightmare.

Dave: Well, it was really weird because the Philips Building was a little refuge for all these bands and nobody from the outside would ever really came in. One day these plainclothes policemen came and they were looking for guys from the Ugly and I remember them questioning Sam and asking whether he had receipts for equipment and Nightmare had sort of run outside and gotten onto the roof and taken off. Yeah, it was one of my memories of that place because I hadn't really seen that sort of thing before. At 17 years old I hadn't been exposed to that kind of stuff.

And I also remember the Diodes very distinctly rehearsing because they were doing rehearsals for their first album at the time with their producer Bob Gallow and I used to go into the room once and a while and listen to them and kind of watch what a supposedly real record producer would do with the band and their music. The one thing that kind of freaked me out was I was in the room when he suggested they change lyrics for one of their songs. They used to have a song called "Jerry Hall" and Bob Gallow—he was sort of this discovery guy, you know, with his shirt undone and a big medallion and stuff—he looks at them and goes "Who's Jerry Hall?" and they kind of laughed and they said "It's Bryan Ferry's girlfriend" and of course we all knew of her as Bryan Ferry's girlfriend in those days, and he said 'Well, you know, nobody knows who Jerry Hall is so I think you guys should change the name to something like 'China Doll'" and of course they did change the name of the song to "China Doll." That's the way they recorded it, but to me it was always "Jerry Hall."

MRR: It's funny considering how popular Jerry Hall is now, especially with her own reality TV show.

Scott: They were there the first night we played the Horseshoe, because I remember Cato coming down to the dressing room after and he kept looking at me and pointing at his Townsend button because I was playing a gold Les Paul with a Hi-watt amp, which I didn't do for any particular purpose other than I bought them together off a guy used. I'm going "Yeah, well..."and of course it was Townsend's signature thing.

MRR: It wasn't Mike Nightmare, was it? (*loads of laughter*)

Scott: No, it wasn't. Thank goodness.

MRR: What Toronto clubs did the Mods play?

Scott: We did the Horseshoe, we did the Turning Point, Larry's...

Dave: The Edge

Scott: Isabella.

MRR: No one seems to mention the Cheetah Club much. I know you guys played there. Tell me about the Cheetah Club. Where was it?

Scott: Cheetah was on Isabella almost at the corner of Isabella and Yonge on the south side and it had been a disco. In the heart of the disco era it had been a hardcore disco with the glass tables and these little loungey things. It was as far removed from a punk bar as you could get. You know, going from the Horseshoe, which was your typical beer-swilling place, to the Cheetah, which opened up to some punk bands who immediately started to destroy it. That's what I remember.

MRR: I don't think it lasted very long.

Scott: No, it didn't last long. We played there and the Viletones showed up and I remember... I don't know if we did two nights there or one but anyways I guess they got Mark or someone to agree to let them do a guest set and that was the biggest mistake. The Viletones got on stage and they wouldn't get off and that was the night that the PA toppled over and they had one of those big old juke boxes at the Cheetah and it crushed the juke box. It was a mess.

Dave: I remember Leckie getting thrown into that juke box.

Scott: I remember Leckie up on stage. He took his spike belt off and started just swinging it around.

MRR: I saw him do that a few times at various places. Either his belt or a chain.

Dave: There was a big, big fight. I think we did the two nights and there was a huge fight on the second night and that was the end of the Cheetah Club basically. The thing I remember about it is that was the first night I met Stiv Bators. The first night that I actually talked to him was at the Cheetah Club.

MRR: He was probably here with Cynthia from the B-Girls.

Dave: Yeah, he was here with Cynthia. Cynthia was his girlfriend at the time. But I remember that fight. That was a massive ugly fight at the Cheetah Club. It was funny, in those days I remember in '79 or early '80 when all of a sudden there was a lot of violence at the end of gigs. Do you remember there were times at the end of every show where there was a fight?

Scott: Well that's how you knew it was over.

Dave: Yeah, they were ready to close the place.

Scott: In Ottawa we played the Roters Club and that was hilarious. We were right at the end of the gig and…

MRR: You were playing with the Bureaucrats at that gig I think because they actually wrote about it.

Scott: Is that right?

MRR: Yeah, yeah.

Dave: They probably opened for us.

Scott: And really, there was no stage, you just played at the end of a room in the corner and they were all pogoing in front of us and I remember the one guy leaning over and pouring beer on my guitar and then all of a sudden Mark flys off the stage, puts his bass down and attacked this guy and a brawl ensued.

MRR: Who was pouring beer on your guitar? Was it a guy from another band?

Scott: No, a guy from the audience, but Mark was our fighter.

Dave: Scott is not telling the whole story here. The guy sort of sprayed beer on him first and Scott was warning him. You came to the front and you said "If you do that again, blah blah blah" and then the guy did it again and Mark leapt on him and this huge fight ensued. Again, me and Greg, being the tough guys in the band, we kind of went out the back door because it got really rough. That was a small little place.

MRR: When you guys were playing Ottawa, was there much of a crowd there?

Scott: Yeah, it was packed. The scene up there was pretty good.

Dave: It was a good scene. It was very, very underground because Ottawa was Ottawa. It was a government town. A university town. But they had this really strong, very underground scene. But we had a very strange set of experiences there. Not only that bad fight, but I got hit with a bottle at a club called the Black Swan. And it was a quart of beer that was full, you know.

MRR: Like those big ones that they had at the Gasworks?

Dave: Yeah. It was a guy from a motorcycle gang that had just walked in and picked it up and...

Scott: Well, you used to go on the road and you had no idea. I mean, at Cobourg, you play for these people where they had Led Zeppelin cover bands, and we would walk out playing our own stuff and that's what the situation was. The Black Swan was not a punk club but they were trying out some punk bands, and when they didn't like you they just killed you.

Dave: Yeah, they tried to kill me. I was knocked out cold. I had to go to the hospital. It was pretty bad. My other favorite memory... Well actually, no, I have another favorite memory in Ottawa that I don't like to discuss, but my second favorite memory is of Scott at the Beacon Arms Hotel.

Scott: (*laughter*) And you want to discuss that one.

Dave: Well, you might know that Hotel Detectives in the '30s and '40s were called Hotel Dicks, right?

MRR: Yeah.

Dave: Scott was the Hotel Dick.

Scott: I had a tendency sometimes to get naked on the road and cruise the elevators at 2:00 in the morning with Mark. Cruise is probably the wrong choice of words.

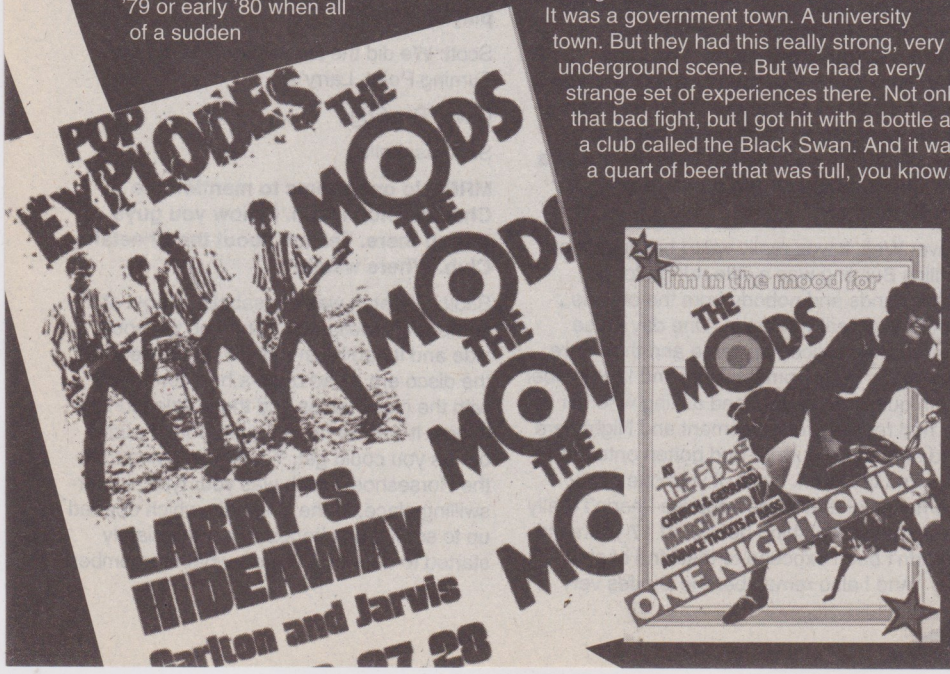
Dave: Yeah, you weren't cruising.

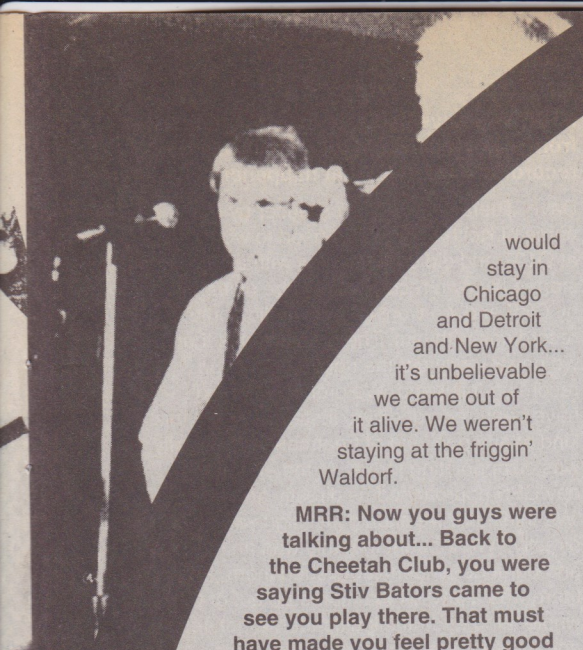
Scott: The joke was that the elevator opens up at 2:00 in the morning with myself and Mark on it, and this guy is walking by the elevator promptly turns around and gets in with us and I am thinking, "Why would any guy in his right mind get into an elevator with a naked guy?" Anyways, it turns out that he is the house detective. So the elevator proceeds to the basement where we are both just pissing ourselves laughing and so we get off and nonchalantly walk away, and that's when he tried to stop us and we head for the stairs. I ran up nine flights of stairs ball-assed naked and got into bed and the guy caught Mark on the second floor because he was smoking like a chimney and Mark was totally winded. He couldn't get away.

Dave: It's funny. Every time the Mods went out of town, it was some kind of adventure. It was very funny and I think it had something to do with the way we were as people, but also our age because unlike a lot of the punk guys who were 30 years old and pretending to be 19 or 20, we were young.

MRR: Well, you were young.

Dave: And so was Mark and Greg, and Scott was just a little bit older than us. We were young guys so when we went away out of town, away from our families and our parents and whatever, we would go crazy. To think that we never got in trouble, never got arrested or never got in accidents or whatever. We would pile into this little van with all of our equipment... I mean, the fact that we came out of this stuff alive is amazing, and the hotels we





would stay in Chicago and Detroit and New York... it's unbelievable we came out of it alive. We weren't staying at the friggin' Waldorf.

MRR: Now you guys were talking about... Back to the Cheetah Club, you were saying Stiv Bators came to see you play there. That must have made you feel pretty good to have somebody with that high of a profile would have come and seen you.

Dave: Well it's funny because Bators and Leckie were at a Mods Turning Point gig that we did, and they both came on stage and did "Tell Me," the old Stones song, with us.

MRR: Three singers?

Dave: The Dead Boys and the Mods had both done "Tell Me," so Greg and Stiv and Leckie sang it together. But I didn't talk to Bators at all that night. I didn't talk to him until the Cheetah Club gig and he came up to me afterwards and he was so drunk he could barely stand up and all I remember him saying is "You've got to play with me." And I was like "Uh huh." (*hesitantly*) And he was like "I'm going to call you. I'm doing this record and you'll come and play on it." And I was like 'whatever.' Then I didn't hear from him for five months.

MRR: Then you ended up playing in his solo band and on his album of which you contributed a song "Make up Your Mind." Did you write it for Stiv?

Dave: I wrote it for Stiv. I wrote it when we were all living in Ohio and writing for his solo album, and he recorded it and then when I did my solo record in 1980 I re-did it. Scotty came in and did guitar on it.

MRR: Beautiful. So you guys kept in touch. Now Stiv, he knew a lot of people in Toronto, so he was close to Steve Leckie (of the Viletones)?

Dave: I don't know that he was close with him. I know he knew him. And Bators had a funny tendency of making fun of people that were very intense. So the more intense you were, the more he made fun of you. He knew that I liked Leckie and I liked the Viletones and stuff, so he used to try and poke fun at me. He used to write letters to me and stuff saying 'How is Nancy Dog and the V-Tones?' And used to tell me that I should start a band called David and the Quintones. The funny thing is that Bators was much older than me. He was born in 1949 so he is a child of the '50s and early '60s, so a lot of his humor was that kind of stuff. Like plays on words and making fun of you like 'You were in a doo-wop band.' So I think when he would make fun of Leckie, it was all like that. Like in good spirit. I think he liked Steve and I think he liked the Viletones, but the more Bators liked something the more he made fun of it. That's how he was.

MRR: What is the song "The Other Side" about?

Scott: Greg wrote the lyrics for that, and that was definitely a song about the hypocrisy of the downtown punkers. I mean the reality was... Steve Leckie, the first time he came out to hear us in Greg's basement, we were driving out to Scarborough and Steve's going 'Wow man, like I am out in the country' and of course Steve went to Midland Collegiate down the road from where we grew up. "I'm from the other side." I can't even remember the lyrics, but it is basically you live downtown, you talk like you're a street person, but the reality is you're just like us. You're from Scarborough. You're from North York. You're a poseur.

Dave: I think the more I came to realize over the years, I concluded that it's not where you come from and it's not your education level and its not the community that you grew up in, it's a feeling that you have. If you have that same feeling, you come together and enjoy the same kind of music and might enjoy the same kind of scenes together. It doesn't matter where you come from. So people who were trying to say "I'm like this and you're not, so you can't be a real punk or you can't be a real this or a real that" it's really just a crock of bullshit. People come together because of what they like. People come together because of a commonality and a community of feeling.

MRR: Tell us about your 45.

Scott: The 45 was recorded in late November of '78. A couple of nights at Comfort Sound up at Dufferin and Rogers Road ....

Dave: For $120.

Scott: We did a basic bed track with everyone playing. We did a guitar overdub then we threw the vocals on it. We pressed a thousand copies with the picture sleeve and they sold out very quickly. They were selling them at the Record Peddler at the time and Records on Wheels. They got around the country a little bit but it wasn't the distribution you could get today. The first time it was ever played before it was released on vinyl was we had gone to see Elvis Costello play at the O'Keefe. Battered Wives were opening the show, that would have been November, and Mark and Greg and I went to the early show. He did two shows that night. From there we went over to the Horseshoe and got over there at about 10:00 and the Police were playing the Horseshoe. The first Toronto appearance by the Police.

MRR: I was at that gig.

Scott: Well, there wasn't many people there.

MRR: It's funny, because the amount of people that said they were there...

Scott: It would have been packed.

MRR: I came into Toronto with my friend John Rudyk to buy a Bryan Ferry album, because records came out a week earlier in Toronto then they did in Hamilton, and we had come in and we were in town that night and we went down to the Horseshoe and there was a little color picture on the door and it said "Tonight from England the Police at the Horsehoe" and we thought, what the hell, we'll go in. I didn't like them. I thought they sounded like Styx because he had such a high voice. There was no one in the place and he had this green jumpsuit on with zippers on it and stuff and it really wasn't my bag.

Scott: The person doing the sound for the Police that night was Nash the Slash. I went over because I was standing beside the soundboard and he gets talking to me and he says to me "You're in the Mods" and I said "Yeah" and we got talking. Anyways, that night in the Horseshoe they played "Step Out Tonight" on cassette in between the sets for the Police.

MRR: Well I left after the first set so I probably didn't hear that.

Dave: I'm sure it was the highlight of the evening.

MRR: You guys started playing universities a fair bit. What was the difference with playing universities as opposed to playing the usual venues?

Scott: The money was better. And the beer was better. There was more free beer.

Dave: It's really interesting the kind of things that stick out in your mind. One thing that I remember so distinctly is we were playing at Western and I remember doing a college radio show and whoever was interviewing us said, "So you guys are just in this for fun and to have a great time and you don't care about money" and for some reason it pissed me off. I don't remember what it was, but I think it was the fact that a college kid was saying that to me. And I thought to myself "Why is it that we can't care about money or success? Are we just there for people's amusement?" So you're here getting a college education and you are going to get a job and make money and have a family and am I supposed to die in a gutter? And I remember sort of challenging the kid and saying that we have to live too. We have to survive also. You know, the beautiful thing about this band is that we have also survived so nicely. Because to me, this life was not about ending up in a gutter. It wasn't about ending up dead. It was about infiltrating the regular world with our influence and the way we think about things. And I think that the four of us have been really successful in doing that. We've all sort of achieved success in ways other than music but we have infiltrated the world with our attitude. In that way, in that very tiny corner of the world in which you live, you effect a little bit of change. And to me that's what it was all about. It wasn't about dying. It was about staying alive and surviving. I didn't think Sid Vicious was such a wonderful character.

MRR: You just had one foot in the gutter.

Dave: Yeah, once in a while, it's nice but you don't have to give up your life and ruin it in order to have a great time and to be involved in rock and roll.

Scott: I thought we were totally in it for the money back then. (*loads of laughter*)

MRR: I never believed anybody that said they didn't want money. I remember Joe Strummer kind of going on about that and the next thing you knew he was riding in a limo opening for the Who in football stadiums.

Scott: You know what though? In all honesty, to me...when you're 18 to 21, the idea of being famous is more exhilarating than having a mansion in the south of France or something like that.

MRR: Absolutely.

Dave: It was all about that, and when I say money, it was not about money to be rich, it was about money to survive. To have enough to go to on. Scott had money problems the whole time we were in the band because he was older then us and he lived on his own. I remember a lot of gigs where you would get more than us just to keep you going. He had to buy groceries and stuff.

MRR: You guys had a lot of A&R interest from major labels and then finally almost a recording contract. What happened?

Dave: There was a local producer by the name of Keith Elshaw. He used to work at Q107 and did some demos with us. He started his own record label to be distributed by CBS and we went in and we did some recordings with him. The problem was that we never really got the right approach in recording this band. We probably should have been recorded live. Instead, we got this kind of airy pop kind of treatment and it really was disappointing for us. At the end of the day CBS approached us directly and said, 'We think that we should just sign you guys directly.' We thought that this was an OK idea, and our independent label sued them. So there was a lawsuit that came up out of the whole thing and I think ultimately it got settled and the settlement was that CBS stayed away from us and then paid the studio bill to the independent label. So our album remained on the shelf until 1995 when a handful of those tracks ended up on our CD. But I think all the guys in the band agreed that the best stuff that we recorded was either live or demos that hadn't been released and I think our single is probably pretty representative of what we sounded like at the time.

Scott: Yeah, the early phase of the band, I think the vocals got a lot stronger and a lot more cleaned up. We were just badly produced. No one knew how to produce us. Everything was being produced like they produced Queen back then. They separated you, moved you far into the studio and it was all about separation. It was just the absolute wrong approach for the type of band that we are. It took about ten years before people figured out what they should be doing with bands like us.

MRR: So this recording is on the *Twenty 2 Months* CD, correct?

Dave: Yeah, some of the tracks.

MRR: But it's cleaned up?

Dave: For *Twenty 2 Months*, we chose a whole range of material, some from our demos and some from that album. It was never released.

Scott: Not a heck of a lot. There are three tracks on *Twenty 2 Months*—"Reactions," "Coming In Out of the Rain," and "Change My Mind"—that were recorded on 24-track but not in the album sessions.

Dave: Those were for Warner Brothers.

Scott: Warner Brothers wanted to do some demos so we went in and they were done in a ten hour period overnight from about 10:00 at night until 8:00 in the morning. We punched out the three songs from beginning to end and they partly stood the test of time because we didn't dick around with them.

Dave: Yeah. And in fact they are more representative of what the band sounded like then. There are a lot of bands from that period that had similar complaints. The second Dead Boys record...

step o

MRR: Yeah, they hated Felix Pappalardi, I think.

Dave: The same situation. They totally cleaned it up, whereas the first album, those were demos done with Genya Ravan and they ended up being their first Sire Records album. It was the same thing. The demos were more representative of these bands than the records that they eventually did, because people were trying to clean them up and make them commercial and I guess that is the only way the music industry responded back then, although the music industry is still horrible and always will be horrible.

MRR: Christina Hunt of the *Toronto Star* wrote an article on April 26th, 1979 saying that "violence, hatred, and ugliness died when punk rock crashed out. In its place are new wave bands like Toronto's the Mods, aiming to put fun back into the music." Do you agree with that statement?

Scott: That's what we told her.

Dave: You know what? I think that as much as punk was the beginning of a whole period of change, people were anxious for it to go away.

MRR: But one thing that did change around that time was that you guys changed your name to the News. Why did you do that?

Scott: Well, the whole Mod revival thing was coming out of England. Greg and Mark had gone over to England in that summer of '79 and they had come back and everything was mod. It was like calling yourselves the Rock and Rolls. It didn't make any sense anymore. It was probably the right thing to do at the time but the wrong thing to do in retrospect. And the News was an OK name until Huey Lewis took it.

MRR: Did the News sound any different from the Mods?

Scott: No, it was a name change only. It had nothing to do with musically. I don't think. It was strictly to do with the Mod revival that was happening in England. It was a name that wasn't going to fly outside of here.

Dave: We were trying to distance ourselves from it, but the problem was the name never really took. Like every time we were doing a gig the News was always "formerly the Mods."

MRR: I remember that. Times were changing.

Scott: There were just more bands coming out that were doing things that were a little more complicated and interesting. I don't think it was a question of punk dying. I think when the Viletones split up and the Secrets formed and Leckie took all the Ugly and created the new Viletones and it was just like they were shuffling the deck chairs on the Titanic. It was the same guys playing in different bands. But we...

MRR: In 1980, you guys started getting frustrated. What was starting to happen?

Dave: I think the recording was very disappointing for us and the record company shenanigans was disappointing for us and I don't think we had an appreciation at that age for how long it took for things to happen. We were very impatient and naïve. It's funny because the same naïvete and innocence that made the Mods such an incredible experience for us and has left us with such good memories is the same naïvete and innocence that caused us problems as kids because we couldn't wait. We thought that things had to happen quickly. But you know what? To us, we saw bands like the Police where it did happen quickly. It was like, every step that they took was boom-boom-boom and it was a period of months, not years. You gotta remember man, in those days there weren't old grey-haired 50-year-old farts playing rock 'n' roll music. You did not see that. So guys did have their success early. Guys did have their success young and they were on their third record or fourth record or whatever. So, it's easy for us to say now that we were impatient, but the fact is that is kind of the way it was back then. That was a big, big part of the problem.

Scott: It was the first real turnover of rock 'n' roll too. I mean, finally Lennon and McCartney were getting old. The Kinks...all these guys were getting old and they were moving into different things, and you had the new bands coming in like Queen and all these studio bands that no one could even hope to sound like. It was really what punk was, giving the music back to the next generation. That's my theory on it. No one realized it in the late '70s. Now, I think you look back and you see exactly what was happening—we could not sit down and learn "Bohemian Rhapsody" and play that. We could not learn Steely Dan songs. We just did not have the virtuosity to do it. And when you're 18 or 19, you shouldn't be playing that crap. You should be playing something that means something to you.

MRR: Your last gig was at a private school, of all places. Where was the school and how did you get a gig at a private school?

Scott: That was our last gig that no one really knew about. What everyone thought was the last gig was opening for Squeeze, and then we went and did this show at the private school. Where was it? Bathurst and Bloor somewhere.

Dave: Yeah. I can't remember the name of the school.

MRR: Like UCC? Oh, Bathurst and Bloor. There is one just sort of north of Bloor, a little bit west of Bathurst. I've seen that school.

Scott: I don't know how we got it. Greg got it somehow. Someone approached Greg at a show and they brought us in and we played there and that was it.

MRR: What finally broke the Mods up for good?

Scott: Hmm. I think it was Mark's socks. (*laughter*) I think Mark sort of had enough and you had the offer from Bators.

Dave: I had the offer from Bators.

Scott: Greg and I were not ready to pull the plug, but...

MRR: After the Mods broke up I saw a piece on the New Music where the Numbers were having a party in a basement and Greg was with them. I don't know if he was actually a member of the Numbers.

Scott: Yeah, he joined them.

MRR: And Scott, you went on to be in the Popular Spies. What about Mark, was he in any other bands?

Dave: No. You know, it's funny that when we broke up, it was kind of like me and Mark deciding to do it. Greg and Scott weren't ready to do it. So, it was like a marital couple kind of coming apart in a way. But there was always a strand of friendship that went through us and

has been there all these years and that's how we are able to reunite right now.

MRR: Now Dave, you started with Stiv Bators and then you ended up in the Dead Boys. Is that correct?

Dave: Yeah.

MRR: So you met Stiv at the Cheetah Club, and you ended up playing on his record. Tell us what happened next.

Dave: When I met him at the Cheetah Club with the Mods, he really liked the Mods a lot. I went down first in the summer of 1979 to Los Angeles to record a couple of singles with him and one of the guys from Blue Ash, which is an Ohio band, and I spent a month and a half down there. We recorded a bunch of material, most of which came out on singles and has since been released over the years. I then came back to Toronto and re-joined the Mods and we played for several more months while the Dead Boys went back on the road. The original band had reformed, and when they started to fall apart Bators called me and said "Would you like to come and replace John in the Dead Boys?" So after having done these solo singles with him, that's when I joined.

MRR: And how old were you then?

Dave: When I joined Stiv I would have been 19 years old.

MRR: So your parents were pretty liberal about letting you go to play with a bunch of guys called the Dead Boys.

Dave: Yeah.

MRR: Hanging out at the Tropicana with everybody from John Belushi to Dee Dee Ramone. I know I have heard a lot of crazy stories from you. You eventually went along and were in the original line-up for Lords of the New Church with Brian James and Stiv Bators. What happened?

Dave: Well, after the end of the Dead Boys and after Bators' solo record had come out, Brain James came and joined the band. We didn't have a name for the band at first. We actually played some gigs under the name Partners In Crime. I quite liked playing with Brian, I thought he was a great guy and a really fabulous guitar player. We did a bunch of gigs together, and then this decision was made to re-locate to England where the band was going to be managed by Miles Copeland. So I kind of faced this dilemma whether to come back home to Toronto or whether to go to England with Stiv and Brian and I chose to come back home to Toronto.

MRR: Then you went solo. You released an album on Bomb Records which has a killer photo of you taken by Rodney Bowes. Listening to the album, it is clear of your love for pop music. Did Stiv and the Dead Boys turn you onto pop?

Dave: Yeah—I mean, I always liked pop music anyway. I loved the sort of pop glam phase, bands like Slade and the Sweet and stuff, but the Dead Boys and Jimmy Zero loved the Raspberries and a lot of that sort of Ohio pop, bands like Blue Ash. So, that influenced me a lot. And, in fact, I think a lot of guys in punk bands were closet pop music fans. Really, it was just a stone's throw away. We thought punk was so dangerous at the time, but we go back and listen to the Ramones now and it sounds like the Beach Boys.

MRR: You said "the only really beauty in music is the people who make it and the people who listen to it. Everything else sucks." You kind of hinted at that earlier. I thought it was a very interesting statement. I couldn't agree more. There is a lot of interest in the '70s Toronto punk scene now—film projects from Colin Brunton and Blair Martin, the "Punk 'til you Puke" exhibit by Will Munro, an upcoming book by Liz Worth, a photo documentary by Rodney Bowes. Scott, what do you attribute this to?

Scott: People are really bored. (*laughter*) No, Toronto, probably outside of London and New York, had the best scene going. Maybe LA but I don't even think LA had much going at the time. And it took a while before people realized it and there is some history here that has been unearthed and people are going back to revisit it.

MRR: What is inspiring you guys to play again?

Dave: For me, it was the fact that we have talked about it over the last few years but it never materialized because there wasn't a proper venue or anything. For me personally, it was watching the documentary *New York Doll* about Arthur Kane. Watching that film just made me feel like "You know, what if we want to do this, now is the time to do it." We really want to do it now while the getting is good, because the fact is as we get older and stuff like that, it becomes more and more difficult to pull it off. And watching that film just gave me a sense of immediacy about all of this and thinking now is the time to do it. And Cleave Anderson, it was him who first called me, the drummer from Battered Wives and Tyranna and a whole bunch of other bands. He is also in the Screwed.

Scott: The Way Outs.

Dave: He had called me and said "Would the Mods ever consider doing something?" And I said "You know what, I think we will, as long as we don't have to play three hours."

MRR: Can we expect any more shows after this gig?

Scott: Just the Asian tour. (*laughter*)

STAYING ACTIVE

Article written by Noah Eber-Schmid

WWW.ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG

Fierce independence and a do-it-yourself ethic are the core values of any punk endeavor. They are the key ingredients for the perfect punk band, artist, or writer, and they spring from an idealism that seeks to nourish the individual as a unique person. But, along with the multitudes of creative individuals and perspectives that emerged from punk, there has always been the problem of how to share the products and perspectives of punk rock creativity. So alongside the DIY approach to music, art, and literature, there evolved a DIY approach to the dark and dreary business end of distribution of the punk rock realm. Sometimes, the often-overlooked job of distribution has as much of the idealism, romance, and thirst for change as that of bands and artists who speak of change and hope for a better tomorrow. But staying punk and sticking to punk ethics can be a difficult task for an inherently business operation.

"We provide information—that's why what we do is so important to us. We do the punk thing but we're about spreading alternative ideas. So many kids today don't read and don't ask questions and that's why what we do is so simple and so beautiful." The high-rise flat in Hackney is overstuffed with cardboard boxes full of merchandise: badges, CDs, books, pamphlets, stickers, posters, placards, and other assorted paraphernalia. The walls are showcases where a multitude of concert posters, album promotions, and souvenirs of political activism cover the halls and hide the standard apartment complex veneer beneath a pictorial history of radical politics and punk music.

Walking down the crowded hallway (fighting for space between a couple of bikes and a trail of boxes that frames the path), I notice that there is a room off to the left, dark, but the contents edge their way out into the hall, clearly making their presence known. I move toward the end of the flat and there is a small ubiquitous compact apartment kitchen and an open room with a lofted shelf, couch, computer, and windowed nook that looks out over the backdrop of North London. It is in this cluttered apartment (which doubles as a storage facility) where Jon and Marta Active reside, each composing one-half of the devoted workforce of Active Distribution, a small but well-known grass-roots and not-for-profit punk music and radical literature distributor based out of London. From their high-rise fortress, a towering apartment complex, Jon and Marta run their distro. It is there, amongst the stickers, CDs, piles of punk magazines, and mountains of books that they spend a tremendous amount of time sorting, packaging, labeling, filing, and accounting for this plethora of material that makes up their inventory—actions in keeping with their purpose of fertilizing the already sown seeds of discontent.

Jon Active is a lanky man with long tattered hair and pasty-white British skin. Perpetually casual, he has a preference for black trousers and sleeveless t-shirts with band logos scrawled across the front. It's doubtful that Active is his true surname, but if nothing else it serves as a more than adequate description of his life for the last twenty-something years. When he was young, the Cold War and the grey skies over Britain did little to hide the ever-looming threat of total nuclear annihilation. These happy thoughts raged through the mind of the young English schoolboy who read too much and had too many opinions: "I started getting leaflets and badges from the local CND (Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament) contact. Back then we were all pretty sure we were about to get blown up by the evil Americans and Russians who were talking about having a tactical nuclear war to decide who was going to rule the world, and that meant us getting blown to smithereens. Mutually assured destruction meant mutually assured European destruction." For Jon, the possibility of perishing in the blaze of a nuclear holocaust provided more than enough impetus to engage in political discourse, even if it landed him in hot water in school and at home. The heat could be scalding at times, like when his loving parents readily turned him in for his participation in a painstakingly detailed guerilla campaign of political graffiti. It was the looming threat of destruction that launched him into a life of politics, literature, and punk music. "I got into the political stuff by reading books and coming across all sorts of literature and new ideas. Even when I started listening to punk music, I had already started by reading books. The music was like 'Wow, these guys are fucking angry', but it was reading the sleeve notes and what they were singing about that called to me, that recognition of someone vocalizing and writing what you're feeling, that's very powerful. That's what punk did for me."

In 1985, when he started attending University at Swansea in Wales, Jon began the first incarnation of the distro that would come to consume his life. At college he became involved with establishing an animal rights group, Swansea Hunt Saboteurs. The group would organize to oppose the controversial English tradition of fox hunting and advocate a general program of animal rights campaigning. At the same time, Jon, a major in anthropology, became more and

> "We provide information—that's why what we do is so important to us... So many kids today don't read and don't ask questions and that's why what we do is so simple and so beautiful."

more involved with the politics of anarchism, starting an anarchist group at school and eventually opening a traveling bookstore under the Swansea Hunt Saboteur name. At the time, Swansea lacked an outlet where hungry minds turning to the Left could go to digest dense radical anarchist theory or find books with alternative historical and contemporary perspectives. Having nowhere to turn to get a Left-wing fix, Jon took it upon himself to find the books and spread the word, so just like when he was fifteen, he started handing out flyers and getting into trouble.

Hiking up the road and hitching rides along the motorway, Jon would journey east to London with empty bags and small wads of cash. There, he'd make his way to Freedom Books and a few other shops and buy up boxes of the sorts of books he wanted to read and share with co-conspirators and inquiring minds in Swansea. Once his pockets were empty and his bags filled to the brim, he'd head back to the motorway and hitchhike all the way down to Swansea, hopefully in time for class the next day. Out of boxes in his room, much like today, Jon started distributing heaps of literature to inquiring minds. It was in 1989 after finishing college that he found himself living in London and still distributing books. That year he met up with a punk woman from Italy who had been running her own distribution catalogue called Perjury from a squatted house in North London, distributing punk rock records and t-shirts out of boxes in her room. Though the (platonic) relationship only lasted a year, it gave birth to Active Distribution, which has now been around for more than 17 years. "She was very strong on the whole DIY punk ethic and I had just been doing the literature thing and not making any money. It took a long time to sync everything, but it all blended together—the literature and the punk element." From its humble beginnings out of bedrooms in a dormitory and a squatted home, Active Distribution is the product of hard work and the marriage of literature and punk rock.

"I've always felt that it's better to affect the mind of one person, to open up one person to different ways of thinking and looking at things... The revolution might not come in my lifetime, you might not be able to change the world, but if you've shown someone something new and different and good, then I've done my job." For Jon, since day one, it has always been about the books. Active is primarily known to its customers as a foremost distributor of punk rock wares and as a notoriously anti-capitalist oriented non-profit organization. But for Jon, as much as he obviously loves punk music, the punk stuff, the pins, the badges, the t-shirts, CDs, etc. are more of a tool to attract the attention of people to the books—books that might change the way someone looks at the world, like they did and continue to do for him. "The way I look at it, you have to attack on all fronts and one of the most important fronts is in the mind. Your own consciousness, and your own abilities to think for yourself... to act in a way that is revolutionary." Amidst the black clothing, anti-capitalist rhetoric, and cynical punk rock veneer, one can find a man of subtle tones. Jon loves to talk and his subjects are legion: the astute political observer decries the barbarism and horrors of war in Lebanon, Afghanistan, and Iraq, the philosopher preaches the illegitimacy of the State and the capitalist system, the hippy sings of animal rights and protection of the environment, and the punk just sneers, spits, and wages a daily war against any authority in his path. But, all these thoughts unite under his love of literature. When he talks about books, he shows a child-like awe in his eyes as he throws up his arms and raises his brow, "wow's" abounding in his speech.

When I walk through the door of the apartment headquarters of Active Distribution, Jon's arms reach out to invite me in and he continues down the hall to set down some boxes and offer me a drink. Peering around the corner I find Marta hard at work and hovering close to the wall of the apartment's homemade storage room reading off an inventory list in the dim light. Copies of classic texts from the anarchist cannon by Peter Kropotkin and Mikhail Bakunin take up shelf space with the latest sociopolitical releases from AK Press (an international collectively run anarchist publishing group and a main supplier to Active Distribution), while books on animal rights and revolutionary struggle are scattered on the floor. Marta looks up from the lists and checks the writing to the bookshelves that line the walls and the center of the room. "Sometimes it's hard to separate the personal space from the office, from Active. This flat is basically a storage space where we live," Marta explains in a tired tone, exhausted from packing with hours still to go. Jon emerges from the kitchen with the courteous glass of water in hand, typically English, he also offers tea. Tonight is a quiet Thursday evening, which Jon jokingly laments, "Thursday night in most houses; go to a movie, no. Go out for dinner, no. Play a game of chess, no. Here at the Active household, we're taking inventory and preparing shipments," all in the hope of nourishing the skeptic minds of obstinate punk youths the world over. Tonight, Jon and Marta are busily packing and counting in order to get a shipment of CDs and books ready to be picked up and transported via "Punk

Post," a term Jon mockingly takes credit for. "It's simple really; bands crisscross all over the world on tours and a lot of them are willing to help out and support the punk community, so basically the idea is that bands and people whenever they travel take a shipment and drop it off wherever they're going where someone will pick it up."

In some sense, the Punk Post sounds like an ingeniously childish and clever attempt at cutting costs and doing business, but for Jon and Marta, this endeavor is a genuine example of the ethics and purpose of Active Distribution. For them, the Punk Post is an expression of the punk ethic of DIY—the closest thing resembling a code that guides the work of Active Distribution. On the most basic level DIY is about problem solving. Good ol' rugged individualism comes into the mix when people choose to directly solve a problem or endeavor to satisfy a need themselves without shifting responsibility for the solution to other people. Most of the time the reasoning behind choosing to do something yourself stems from a cost/benefit analysis where it's more efficient to do something yourself than to mete out the task to other parties. But DIY as a punk ethic, though not uniquely punk, is more about philosophy than it is about building your own shelves to save a little bit of pocket change. DIY as a choice can be out of necessity or efficiency, but as a punk ethic, DIY is about self-empowerment and a vehement rejection of authority, a "don't worry about me, I'll take care of it" attitude. The basic point of the DIY punk ethic is the notion of taking control of your own life and having a direct impact on decisions that affect you and your community. DIY is a rebellious spirit of democracy in action and it's an ethic that's been guiding the Active's and punks around the world for years.

From the romantic idealism that pours from his mouth, it is obvious that Jon looks at Active Distribution as a small part in a revolutionary struggle to affect the minds of individuals and masses alike. But ask him outright what the point of Active Distribution is and a more muddled uncertainty comes through. Regardless, the closest approximation to the purpose of Active Distribution is simply to distribute radical literature and punk culture to as many people as possible. But aside from the standard online and mail catalogs, Active Distribution also helps build up other small, independent, and DIY distribution groups across the globe. The Punk Post grew out of a necessity to reach small groups and individuals willing to put in the time and energy necessary to run a distro, without falling into the traps and pitfalls of everyday small businesses. For those of us who didn't study economics, a basic explanation: Active Distribution buys radical sociopolitical and punk rock literature, CDs, etc. at cheaper, wholesale rates, then sells them for little-to-no mark-up—it varies, but usually between 10 and 50 pence, which is 10 to 20 US cents—to customers. It is a non-profit take on basic capitalism, except in capitalism, the goal is to make a profit off of the selling of commodities in order to increase the capital invested to purchase products and continue the

RELIGION IS STUPID

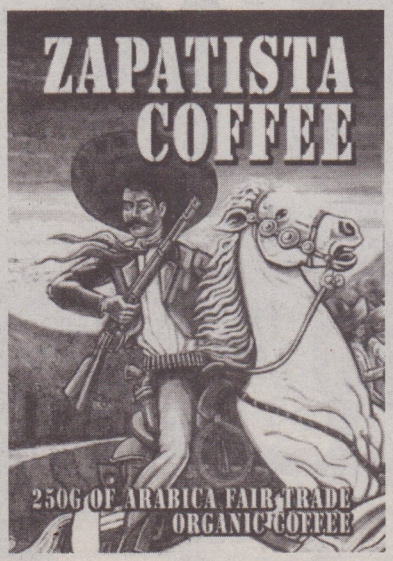
MURDEROUS, BIGOTED AND SEXIST CRAP

cycle—polemical blahs and intricacies aside. With Active, the goals are to keep prices as low as possible, make absolutely no money, hope to break even, and help in getting progressive and radical books and music out across the world to people who might have no other way to get their hands on it. "We only mark up the wholesale prices in order to cover shipping, boxes, and other expenses. We take no money from what we sell and remain a truly volunteer run non-profit organization," Jon proudly proclaims. From the beginning, Jon, and now with the help of Marta, have endeavored to keep the prices of everything Active sells low, all for the purpose of getting the literature and material Active distributes out, not for passive consumption, but active meditation and inspiration. "We're not here to make money, but even though we don't make a profit off of anything, we're still constrained by money; we may not like capitalism but we still have to pay for things."

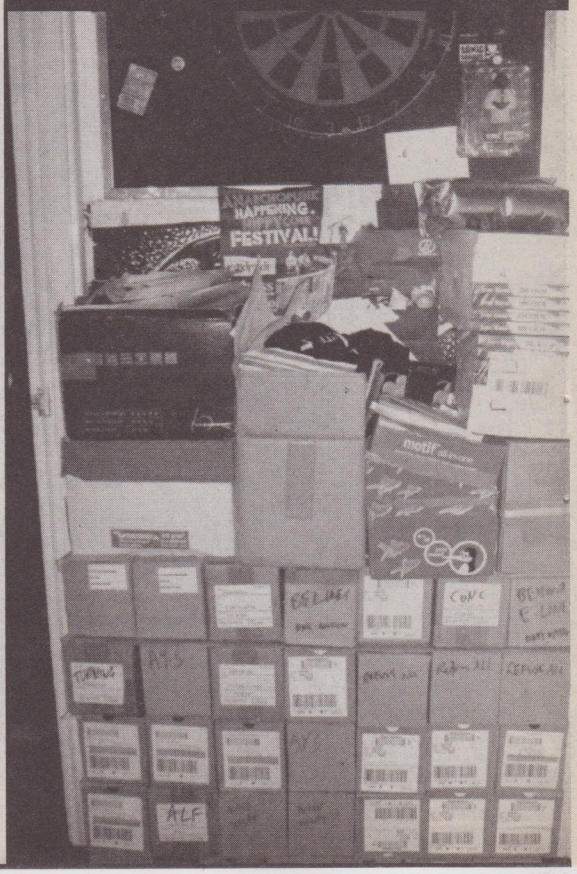
> The basic point of the DIY punk ethic is the notion of taking control of your own life and having a direct impact on decisions that affect you and your community.

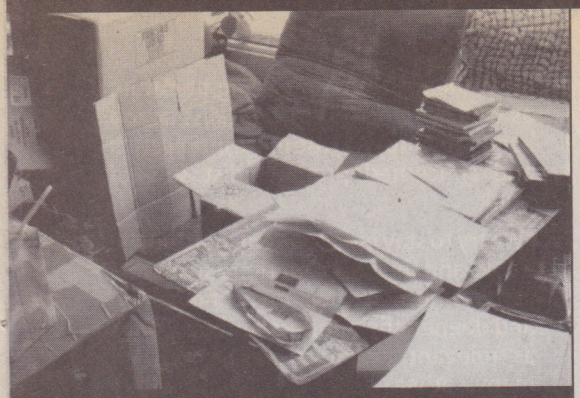
I'm sitting atop a makeshift chair in the nook of their crowded room; there are noticeable rows and piles of unmarked silver bags strewn about the floor all around me. Some of the bags are packed neatly in a pile of large boxes, which Jon continues to add to in a seemingly endless stream of cardboard and coffee. The squared silver bags are just another part of the political activism and pseudo-consumerism engaged in by Active Distribution. Tightly packed in each air-tight silver package are two-hundred and fifty grams of the finest ground coffee beans, direct from autonomous coffee growing collectives in the Chiapas region of Mexico. With a small pile of the unmarked silver coffee bags in her lap, Marta sits on the couch carefully and attentively places colorful labels that portray scenes of indigenous Mexican life or cartoon depictions of Emiliano Zapata on each of the silver bags that grace her hands. Sunday afternoons in this Hackney household are reserved for catching up on the nitty-gritty of the home-grown distro. Without a workforce and almost exclusively maintained by Jon and Marta, the workload of Active Distribution, from accounting and technical issues to the act of assembling, falls entirely on the shoulders of these two committed people. Today (and everyday), the task of unpacking, shipping, and labeling each of the silver bags of ground organic "fair trade" coffee (coffee beans certified to meet relatively higher standards of equitable wages and prices paid to Third World producers) is the work of both Jon and Marta on a quiet Sunday afternoon.

Selling coffee might not be politically en vogue in revolutionary circles, but as Jon (or any Third World Latin American or African activist) would be right to point out, coffee, next to oil, is one of the world's most traded commodities. The coffee distributed by Active Distribution is no ordinary bag of chic organic fair-trade coffee. Rather, these beans trace their direct lineage to the insurrectionary region of Chiapas, Mexico, and are produced by autonomous collectives of coffee growers in conjunction with the social and community projects of the well-known Zapatista Army of National Liberation, or Zapatistas (EZLN). ActiveDistribution began selling the coffee in support of the Zapatista movement, picking up the distribution after an anarchist group, The Wombles, left off. Their website proudly proclaims their support for the Zapatista insurrection: "We have supported the EZLN indigenous struggle in Mexico ever since hearing about it on the BBC World Service on day one... We have no doubts about the value this coffee plays in supporting the revolutionary struggle both in Mexico and worldwide." But Jon's coffee comments also betray a softly awed opinion: "I don't actually drink coffee. My personal interest isn't that strong. But the coffee is something really cool and I feel really good that I can be involved with this project and help out. The Zapatistas were and are a really strong source of inspiration for me ever since they sprang out of the jungle and began issuing communiqués to the world."



In many ways, Active Distribution is like any other distributor, replete with the normal ups and downs of an average entrepreneurial business venture. "There have been disagreements about keeping prices low and how to keep the thing [Active Distribution] going," Jon comments. But while the everyday business does indeed mimic that of any other business, the organization is fiercely "anti-business," a home-grown not-for-profit venture meant to contribute to the promotion of radical, progressive, and alternative viewpoints on culture, politics, and the world. Such a tightrope walk between practical





business and punk ethic hasn't always been the easiest course, and Marta can effortlessly call to mind the day-to-day problems: "The main problem is space. It limits us to the biggest degree. We've had various people help us over the years but there's never been long-term help; it's basically just the two of us. Just making everything happen and trying to make everything as efficient as you can is the major problem; it's too much for two people as it is."

Marta is a diminutive woman with delicate features accompanied by an intellectual learning curve of self-education (an admirable proficiency in self-taught English and a childhood literary repertoire founded on early readings of Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy) and a history of involvement with punk in Poland. She came to the United Kingdom at the end of 1998 and moved in with Jon. The loving relationship resulted in romance and an intimate involvement with the distro. "When I moved in and we started going out together, I think Jon spent all his time doing Active and if I wanted a bit more time with Jon to go to the movies or whatever, I had to help him out." But Marta's initially coy involvement with the entity that would come to take an enormous amount of her time is more of a logical continuation of her prior activities in Poland. In Poland, Marta helped to run a small distro, Malarie, that sold punk records and t-shirts from mail-order catalogs and stalls she would set up all across the country wherever punks were having shows. Her experience with Malarie made her an incredible asset to the development of Active Distribution but has also brought in some controversy. "In Poland I did this for a living, just scraping by; I never imagined it as a business, but I didn't see anything wrong with putting all your time in and charging enough to pay for your living expenses. Jon and I have never agreed on this, I don't see a problem living off this. Making a living out of doing what you're already doing. The way I see it, on the other hand, when what you do doesn't provide for you, you have to do something else. Jon and I both have jobs in addition to this job. If your revolutionary job or your punk rock job doesn't pay the rent, you have to get a job for The Man. I don't see anything wrong with charging a bit more so I can devote even more time to this job and not have to work the other job. I'm not talking big money, just enough to get by. I don't mind doing this voluntarily but I see both sides and I can argue it from both ways because I've done both. When I did this in Poland working with Malarie, the prices we had were not rip-off prices—they were normal prices, and we worked so hard and traveled all over setting up stalls at shows so we were able to pay our expenses. Jon has a different point of view, not that I'm arguing that I should get more out of it. But it's a constant fight about the prices and a struggle. I think the prices should be ten to fifteen pence more, I think people would pay it and Active could use a bit of generated income. I think we're losing money and I don't want to lose money."

> "One of the things that's so crucial to me is learning lessons from the past... We haven't managed to have the revolution yet and so some people give up, but it takes a long time and when you start reading the past you learn that things take time."

When Marta talks about the conflict over money, it's a genuinely sincere conversation. When she speaks about price differences and just compensation for time and energy, it's more reminiscent of the dream of stable finances then a rapacious pursuit of capital and wealth. "I just think that my time is being wasted if I pour all this energy and effort into something if it's losing money; I'm tired of losing money." It's conversations like these when commitment and interpretation of ethics comes to the forefront; Jon's eyebrows raise and his jaw drops quickly, turning to a smile as he tosses his arms up; "But that's inherently wrong." The romantic idealist is making his rounds.

Marta sometimes feels pushed to explain what she means: "The money isn't wasted, that's not what I meant. What if we go bankrupt because someone we trusted couldn't pay?"

But Jon doesn't quit; "It's not about the money in any way. We're not going bankrupt; we're not big enough to be going bankrupt. All the money in and out of Active is separate from anything else. We're not losing money."

"Well what about when we owe people money, what if we don't have it in the Active Account..."

"Then we find a way to pay it just like I've always done." The fight is a lover's quarrel and the idealism comes through, but beyond being a sign that the

"The reason people invent or imagine heroes and gods is merely fear"

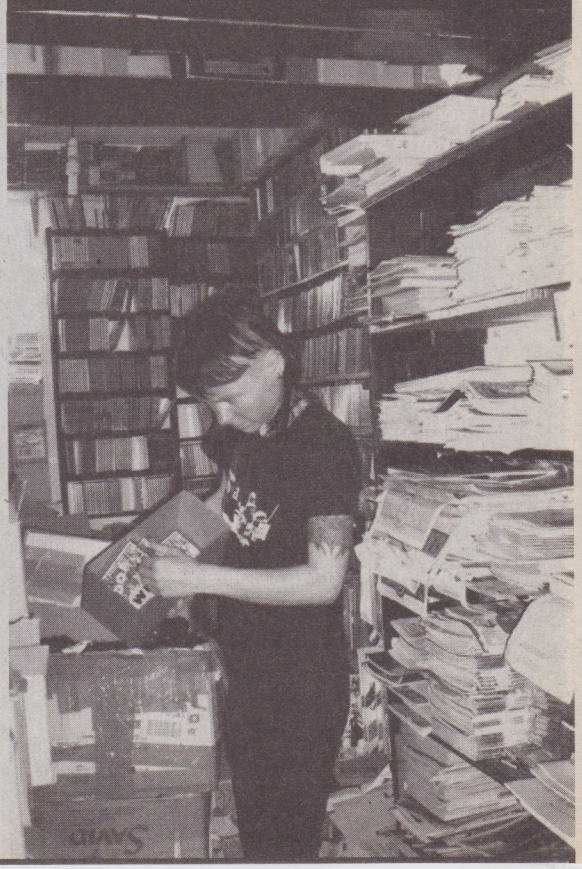
Frida Kahlo

revolutionary Active couple is as ordinary as every other, the other meaning is clear; Active Distribution is a personal labor and a true commitment without monetary considerations, and if that means paying out of pocket to get books out to people that will read them then that's a price well paid. "The DIY ethic is not just about doing it yourself. It's about doing it yourself with an attitude that is anti-capitalist, anti-profit, an attitude that is 'I do what I'm doing because I believe in what I'm doing,' it can't be about making money."

There have been times when Active Distribution has indeed lost money, and as you read this piece, there are outstanding debts owed to Jon and Marta that will never be paid. "We try and help a lot of people out and sometimes it just doesn't work," Jon mentions, as he recalls the tale of a young Croat who turned up at a show in France looking to start his own version of Active Distribution that could reach the contingents of Croatian punks. "A guy from Croatia contacted me and one day he met us at a stall we were doing in Dijon. This guy had hitchhiked from Croatia and he had an old school Red Army jacket on. He came with empty bags to get stuff and I thought 'this was great' and I gave him a lot of stuff without taking any money. I was basking in his youthful enthusiasm and the next time he hitchhiked over to London and took back even more stuff. He told us how he sold quite a lot if not most of our stuff and even started a record label, one that failed. He used the stuff from us to sell and fund another project that failed and to this day he owes us about two and a half grand. I actually met him in Croatia and he tried to give us some of the money but he just couldn't." The sour story isn't lost on Marta, "The bottom line is that he spent our money on something else and we had to take the loss. We've often been there to help people set up stalls without having to pay for it up front. That [being able to pay up front] can be an issue for some people; the problem is when people rip us off, sometimes intentionally and sometimes unintentionally. Not just small people but others like an anarchist collective in Mallorca. It's just the two of us carrying on, and some people have made it really difficult."

The music and image of punk rock took the world by storm in the late '70s, flaring up and dying out like a free book of matches pocketed from a cheap restaurant. In the same amount of time it took to throw together a catchy three-chord song, punk as an expression of popular culture was dead and gone, but punk as a subculture and a community seems very much alive in rented back rooms and bedroom distros. Punk as a movement persists as kids come and go, and old punks stay devoted to the community that's offered them so much. If you meet Jon on an overcast day at 56A, the south London anarchist bookshop he volunteers at every Saturday, you might mistake him for a lost cause, the kind of clichéd aging revolutionary sans the beret, but talk to him for a minute about what he does for "the revolution" and a surprisingly realistic romantic takes the stage. "One of the things that's so crucial to me is learning lessons from the past... I don't expect things to just happen like that, things take time and ideas take time... we haven't managed to have the revolution yet and so some people give up, but it takes a long time and when you start reading the past you learn that things take time. That's when I realized that for me, I'm not going to be unrealistic. I'm not going to be the one at the front of the revolution, but I can keep helping out. Some demonstrations, some actions, they don't all change the world, but they are steps. From a punk rock perspective, it might be great to see a smashed McDonald's window but to others it just looks like vandalism." You can see it in their eyes that Jon and Marta both have a soft spot for militancy and direct action of the occasional brick through the McDonald's window, but talking to two people who devote almost all of their time to spreading literature as well as directly anti-capitalist action acquaints you with the more intellectual and concerned propagandist side of punk.

"We try to stay independent, getting the books and the ideas out there so people can strengthen their own knowledge and deepen their understanding. That's as relevant or more important than many other types of revolutionary actions," Jon notes as Marta fights a word in. "The ideas and the self-analysis has to come first; you need to ask yourself why you're acting the way you are in the first place before you can really have a grip on what you're doing and what you think should be done and why... We don't expect too much from the kids consuming what we sell them, we just hope that some of them will come to a better understanding instead of just getting into a mode or fashion... you can't avoid that trend, there will always be people who just buy things or do things because it's fashionable. You just hope that one out of ten get something out of it. It's up to them." They have no delusions of directly igniting the revolution through revolutionary prose and voluminous literature, but as long as they can physically do it, Jon and Marta Active will keep pushing the books, spreading the word, and, well, staying Active.



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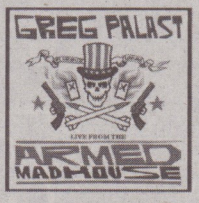

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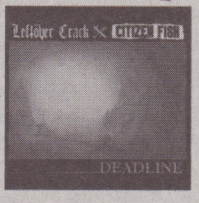

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TRADITION OF SLAUGHTER

THE NO DEFENCES STORY

BY LANCE HAHN

One of the great, lost bands of the London squat scene, No Defences had recorded an entire album for Crass Records before change and circumstance led to their dissolution with not even a fossil left behind.

Founding member and bass player Richard, who at the time went by the alias Dik, came across punk rock like most people.

Richard: "You couldn't really miss it in the UK from 1977 to 1979. Its influence was everywhere and you either identified with its rebelliousness or not."

He soon started the group Toxic with two friends.

Richard: "We met through friends in 1980 and starting playing together from that point on in various lineups that were essentially the same people (other than a drummer change)."

As Toxic, the group recorded its first-ever practice and a song from that cassette tape would be their only vinyl release. The song "Tradition of Slaughter," with its more-raw-than-raw recording is still one of the standout tracks on the second *Bullshit Detector* compilation. The sparse intro, with unnervingly high-pitched guitar, underlines a clinically delivered post-nuclear monologue more reminiscent of science fiction than punk rock.

The peeling skin he drags behind him
They groan and cry for help
But there is nothing I can do
These pallid ghosts with faces like masks
Walk slowly past me towards the stream
They're all crouching at the water's edge
Trying to quench a never-ending thirst
Condemned by a tradition of slaughter to die

With likeminded political inclinations, the band soon became involved in the South London squat scene of the early '80s.

Richard: "Excellent—lots of people, very supportive, and great fun."

Sharing both a house and a drummer with the band Slave Dance, they soon become close with other bands of the time.

Richard: "We were close to Chumbawamba, Slave Dance, D&V, Annie Anxiety, Crass, and Reality Control."

Now even running the band by consensus, they decided to change their name to No Defences.

Richard: "Never choose a name by committee! That's what we did and we never were really happy with it. It was supposed to be about not having defenses around yourself to others, rather than being a slightly bland anti-nuclear name, which it always sounded like. In some ways I almost preferred our old name of Toxic even though we dumped it as it seemed too 'spikey top/glue-sniffing punk.'"

The band became a live fixture in the anarcho world around England, playing many out of town gigs and expanding their musical range. Live shows at pubs and squats helped them grow tighter and more focused musically. Unlike a lot of their peers, they pushed themselves to the edge as far as songwriting, arrangements and structure. The positive response from early gigs was also encouraging.

Richard: "Very much a feeling of being part of an exciting scene with a shared desire to really try and change things."

In the end, the band would only make it onto one complete tour.

Richard: "We toured around the UK once with Chumbawamba and played various one-off out of town gigs."

Unlike many other bands in the more above ground punk scenes, having a female vocalist was never an issue.

Richard: "It was a pretty equal scene with a lot of respect."

The music eventually evolved to the point where a live set consisted of three or four long and complex songs.

Richard: "It was great—we really enjoyed learning to play our instruments and by the end I felt we were one of the most (musically) experimental bands on the scene. We brought our musical influences—everything from Joy Division to Stravinsky's 'Rite of Spring'—into our music, particularly with a 20-minute piece called "Why Wait," which had lots of time signature changes and some very un-thrashy musical sections."

In 1984, the band, still friends with Crass since Toxic, was asked to release their debut album on Crass Records. With big guitar production, the record, even in its rough form, is like a raw precursor to a lot of what groups like Christ On Parade and even Neurosis would be trying to do years later. The angelic vocals haunt the complex, multi-layered songs that have more to do with proper composition than any sort of rock 'n' roll.

The five-song LP is one of the great lost punk records of all time. Rumors have flown since its recording, mainly that the band had fought with Penny during the mixing stage. Unable to reach any compromises, it was decided that the whole project be scrapped, as neither side would budge. This turns out to be entirely untrue.

Richard: "Penny was supposed to produce it but didn't have time so Pete did instead and we scrapped it because Crass had run out of money and we were splitting up as a band."

Time was also a factor.

Richard: "It took so long for Crass/Southern Studios to have time to record and produce it that we were splitting up by the time we recorded it."

With the full length in limbo, No Defences appeared as No Defenses on the third and final *Bullshit Detector* compilation with the song "Work to Consume," a song Richard doesn't even remember playing.

In 1984, the band dissolved like so many others.

Richard: "Just the usual—differences of opinion and a feeling that we weren't really getting anywhere with what we were doing."

Unlike so many other anarcho punk fossils tracked down by all of us anarcho-archaeologists to be put on display in our dusty old anarcho museums, the master tapes to this amazing album still remain out of reach.

Richard: "Sean at Rugger Bugger records has mentioned it a few times but I couldn't get the master multi tracks to be able to mix it and the tracks were never properly mixed at the time."

While the band is little more than a fading memory, Richard still manages to embody much of what they seem to have stood for.

Richard: "One of the best times of my life and the whole scene left me with an outlook on the world that has affected my beliefs and politics ever since.

"Very much so, still a vegan twenty years later!"

WE THE PEOPLE

ACID REFLUX

GIANT HAYSTACKS

AFTER THE BOMBS

COMPLICATIONS

SOCIAL

photos: MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

ON THE ROAD WITH THE TRASHIES

BY ANDREW SULLIVAN

This tour-the Trashies' fourth-was a real pain in the ass to get together. It was mostly taking us to new places in the South and on the East Coast, so it took a shitload of planning. Not to mention that we didn't have a van until two days before we hit the road. Between Wolfman, Ricky the Robot, Jesse Cody, and myself, we spray-painted all of our 7"s, stuffed all the new LPs, tie-dyed and screened our tour shirts, and managed to pull it off by the hair of our balls.

First stop: Portland, where we were greeted by our former roadie, who adorned us with many joints of skunkweed-which, at the time, seemed radikiller but would later come to bite us straight in the asshole. Our parents and family showed up at the club from Longview, Washington, which was weird. They watched us get wasted and make fart sounds with our instruments. I elected to not ask my mom what she thought of the show, while she drunkenly blabbed about how much better we'd gotten.

One thing that consistently sucks about Portland, though, is the day after-that fuckin' ten-hour drive to the Bay Area that begins in the nether hours of the morning is always a crusher. Fortunately for us, our guitarist, Wolfman, is a robot driver and can be programmed to stay awake with trucker speed and sugar coffee.

We hit the town of Davis, California, where Out of Order Records (which put out a 7" of ours) is located. Before the show, the bass amp refused to work, despite our prodding, and our van would not move from the driveway where we parked it to unload. Before we could let this crap get us in a stink, we borrowed some bass shit and played the most ripping house show we've ever played. It was in the living room of local radio station KDVS's legendary dude DJ Rick. Davis really knows how to fucking party, man.

At this point, we had the first bummer of the tour-our van's ignition switch was fucked up, and it was Saturday night, meaning we couldn't get it fixed until Monday and we'd have to miss two shows and pay $150 instead of getting to play and hang out in L.A. and Tucson. We just chilled in Davis, had our roadie cook us some seriously killer burritos, broke into some hotel swimming pools, took some pills, and drew all day. It was like we were fucked up ten-year-olds-best place to break down ever!

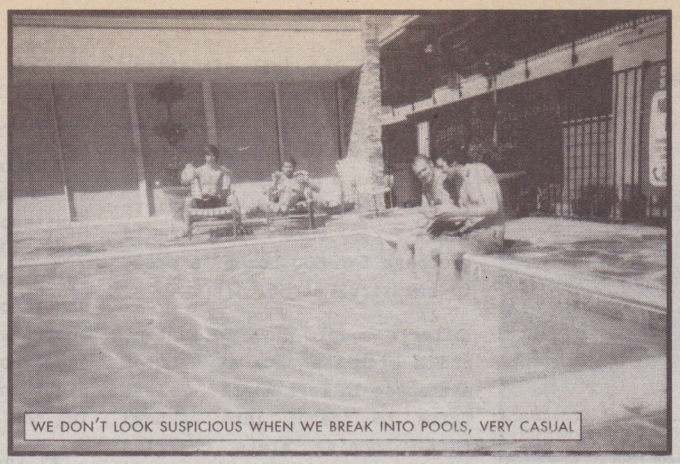
Our van took ten minutes to fix, which was super annoying, but we just wanted to get back to playing. We mounted the mind-numbing, 13-hour drive to Phoenix and stayed with our ultra-stoner friend there who had a swimming pool that we abused. The next morning, we hauled our freak show straight to the always awesome Las Cruces, New Mexico. Fucking great time playing outside to ten people in some weird public park

where they just bring a power strip and a PA, hijack the outlet, and set up shows-totally amazing dudes, desert wind, and ridiculously good Mexican food.

In the dark of night, we left Las Cruces and headed for a hotel somewhere in West Texas so as to ease the brutal drive through that Horrordome of a state. All was well until around 1:00 a.m., when we approached a middle-of-the-road border patrol station and were told our van was going to be "randomly" searched for drugs by dogs. Obviously, we were profiled as dopers-a van full of tie-dye-clad zoneheads from Washington with music equipment in the back is constantly suspect. And their suspicions were right, because we were holding a few marijuana cigarettes. We didn't have time to eat it, as any smart touring band should do, because we were all asleep except for Wolfman, who was driving (never carry more than you can eat, or you're fucked).

The border patrol dudes asked us if we had drugs, and so we figured it'd be easiest to just give 'em the stuff. It wasn't much, and we thought they might just kick us in the ass and let us go. Instead, we got fucked.

There were four Adderall in the weed bag, and we ended up having to sit in a cell, waiting for the sheriff, who didn't show till three in the morning. They took Wolfman to jail for the pills, after writing weed tickets to some of the rest of us. What a fucking nightmare. We got a $30 hotel room, with a door that didn't close, in the next town over and slept until 8:30 a.m. We went back to the jail in hopes of this whole thing blowing over, getting Wolfman out of jail, and heading straight to Austin



WE DON'T LOOK SUSPICIOUS WHEN WE BREAK INTO POOLS, VERY CASUAL

(the only beacon of sanity in Texas). Little did we know we'd be in for trouble.

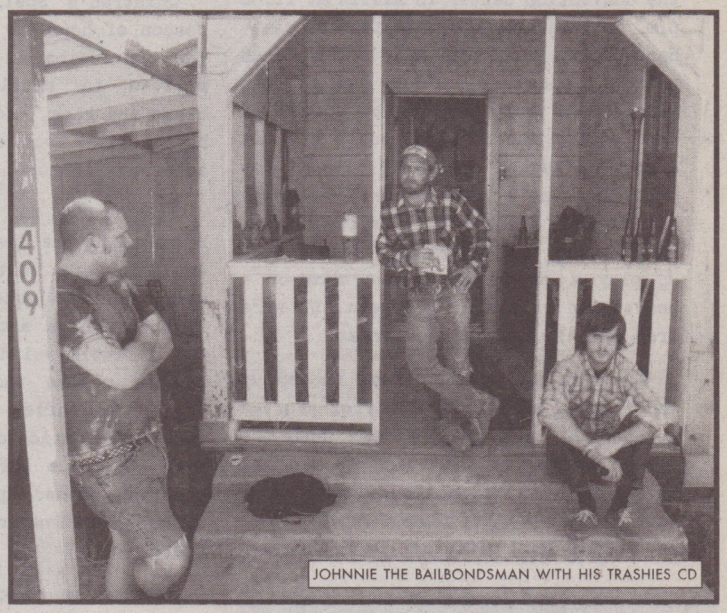
Sierra Blanca is a jail town, and they take their time with everything, no matter what... always... forever. When we got to the jail (which had inmates in those hokey black and white movie-joke jumpsuits sweeping the grounds), we were told that the whole bail process could take up to 72 hours-crushing news, as we'd already missed a couple shows and there were $800 worth of wristbands waiting for us at SXSW in Austin. We kind of started to lose our minds. We scrambled to the courthouse, coaxed the judge into seeing Wolfman at 1:00 p.m., called the SXSW people and found out that we could pick up the wristbands until midnight, and found a local bail bondsman to help us get our shit together.

Then it got really interesting.

Andy's Bail Bonds in Sierra Blanca is one of the craziest places I've ever been. We showed up, and the dude, Johnny, offered us beers and within seconds pulled out a giant rifle and aimed it out the front door at a stray dog (he called this gun his "nigger shooter" and didn't blink when pointing it right in front of our faces). He started talking to his lady roommate about how she gets loose when she's liquored up, which is constantly. She was drinking straight vodka, in fact-it was 11:00 a.m.

It took some time to really get our bearings at this place-tank shells mounted on the wall, all kinds of dead animals hung around the room, stories about shooting handguns naked (Johnny told us he owns 57 guns that the government knows about), and, best of all, a freezer full of dead bobcats, cougars, birds, and bowls full of animal guts for the dog to eat.

Every second that ticked by slowly crushed our dreams of a killer tour. But

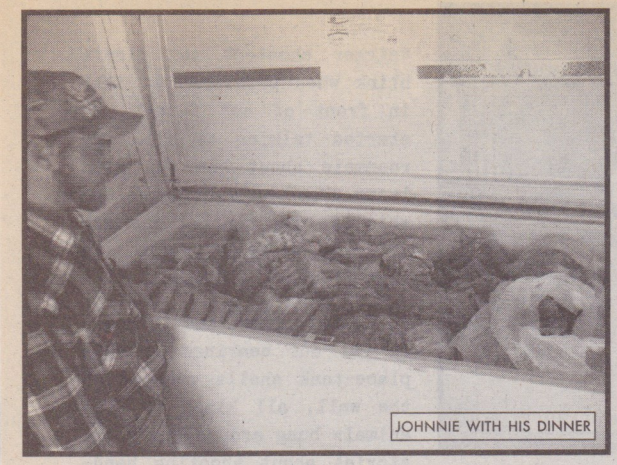


JOHNNIE THE BAILBONDSMAN WITH HIS TRASHIES CD

the lords of scum ruled in our favor that day: This guy, Brian-a total Burning Man freak fire-artist glass blower who'd been caught with four pounds hidden in his door panels at the same border patrol stop-offered to give Wolfman a ride to Austin when he got out. We decided to leave all of our money with our roadie, Dan, and power-drive like bastards to Austin.

It was 3:29 p.m. We knew we had to be in Austin by midnight to get our wristbands, which were worth $800 and the only thing that could keep us going since we'd put all of our money toward Wolfman's bail bond. I did the math to figure out that at an average of 70 miles per hour, we could go 560 miles in eight hours. We sped, not knowing how

WITH OUT OF ORDER RECORD HEAD HEATHER KLINGER IN DAVIS, CA



JOHNNIE WITH HIS DINNER

far Austin actually was. Eighty-mile-per-hour power-driving for eight straight hours was pretty tense-one three-minute stop for corn dogs and gas, then just lots of road and lots of Minutemen records.

We made it to the parking garage of the convention center in Austin at 11:52 p.m. We literally sprinted to the wristband-pickup zone, had a friend meet us there to pose as Wolfman, and got the badges with only seconds to spare. It was totally fucking glorious-a big wet cherry on top of a sizable pile of dog shit. We drank a bunch of beer, met with all of our friends at the Chamber of Chill house, and went out to see Fucked Up play a generator-powered show on a pedestrian bridge at 3:00 a.m. We were free and it felt fucking great.

The next morning, Wolfman showed up and told us all kinds of horror stories about that nightmare prison and the seven hour drive listening to nothing but Phish with Brian the burnout dude. (But seriously, Brian was an OK dude.) We missed our official SXSW showcase because of the jail situation, but to be honest, we didn't really give a fuck, because at least we could continue touring. It was a pretty small price to pay. We scalped the wristbands to some 40-year-old brothers for 800 bones, a pretty beautiful sight.

After a couple days in Austin, and a kick-ass show at a co-op art space in Fort Worth, we left Texas to travel into unknown turf, popping state cherries left and right. Louisiana-New Orleans, in particular-was a mindfuck, though. It's been almost two years since Katrina, but it's still depressed-boarded up buildings, huge trash piles, half knocked-down houses, and other random insanity that makes it feel like you're in a different country.

Quintron's Spellcaster Lodge was a beacon of hope in the middle of all of the depression in the Ninth Ward. We arrived to catfish sandwiches, red beans and rice, and beer, true Southern hospitality from a total peer of our zoned-out culture.

It's hard to describe how amazing the Spellcaster was. For the first time ever, we were asked to do an encore at a show, which was a little weird, but we had to oblige those poor fools. And after we were done, a gigantic box filled with hundreds of cooked crawfish showed up for us to eat. How New Orleans is that?

After this pickup there had to be a letdown, and it came in the form of Jackson, Mississippi. There we got the South we expected. We were told that our friends were PC punk rock faggots, we got harassed by police a couple of times for being weirdos, we were told our band is too emo, and we talked a lot about monster trucks. If you're in a band, don't play in Jackson, Mississippi on a Monday night.

We decided to just jam out at the end of our set for as long as possible (to ensure that we would forever be known in Jackson as that band of hippie PC punk faggots from Seattle), and somehow we got all of the rednecks in that bar to pick up drumsticks and bang on shit with us. It was a pretty magical turnaround, considering the crowd. The dudes who took us in and set up the show were chill, but we're not going back to Jackson.

Blowing asses away became the theme of week three of the tour. From Chattanooga to New York, we got our asses blown away by a jumble of crazy folks, crazy shows, and crazy parties. Chattanooga, Tennessee, much to our surprise, was filled with sympathetic scum who were out to party on a Tuesday night-apparently getting fucked up during the week is what the South is into.

By the time we went on, we'd already played intense games of Frisbee, drawn marker masks on our faces, and told some local friends that we were going to blow their asses away if they didn't get us drunk later (already a moot point). Somehow after the show we ended up at a Sparks-fueled Southern punk rock porch party that raged until the wee hours. You know you're in a town you'll remember when a topless, dreadlocked hippie chick with her floppy pancakes hanging out won't stop telling you "I'm a dyke, I eat pussy" and wakes you up by blaring Thin Lizzy's "Jailbreak" while trying to figure out if she should kill her dog and eat it.

WOULD YOU HELP THESE 3 TRASHHEADS GET THEIR DOPER BANDMATE OUT OF JAIL?

On our way to Baltimore, we stopped and bullshitted around DC for a bit to pay homage to our reptilian leaders-it was a very corn dog-filled excursion. In Baltimore, an odd thing happened: We landed on the same bill as our friends from our onetime hometown of Longview, Washington, who play a totally different style of less "shit rocky" music. We knew we'd end up taking a dive-and dive we did. There's an ebb and flow to a tour, good shows and bad; we're really tuned in to when the bad shows are going to happen, and it's on those nights that

we embrace our connection to the eternal spirit of bullshit. We accept our sucking. It was still a nice, relaxing Friday with some old buds in a loft drinking beers and catching up. There's not much better than getting something familiar in your life when you're on the road in a mystery zone.

The next morning, we stopped in a park and fixed our broken keyboard with duct tape and sticks and met a bunch of rad dudes who were a bizarre mash-up of grindcore punks and Dirty South rappers. Apparently the combination of hip-hop and punk culture is common in the South, but these dudes totally ruled and blew us away when they asked us if we wanted to "go look at chicks' asses on the strip, buy some bangin' sneakers, and score a gram." Seriously, who the fuck does all of those things casually and with strangers on a Thursday? Being the gluttons we are, we took off to Philly and ate cheese steaks instead of hangin' and bangin'.

The Philly show was at a fancyish venue with the Black Lips and the Ponys on a big-ass stage, so in regular form we took another not-so-shocking-but-oh-so-glorious dive. Wolfman broke four strings on two different guitars within the first few songs, and the set ended on song number five when he smashed his cheapo loaner replacement guitar in a rage. Then we got wasted for free and chilled with some super-cool cats. We couldn't really expect anything better.

New York was all about our friends in Hunchback, Broadway Calls, the Ergs!, and Nobunny all hanging out in the Parlor House basement. Best show of the tour! People drinking whiskey and pogoing around like a bunch of pilled-up magic beans. Basement shows are truly the root of all that is great for music like ours-and this one was a doozy. And what more is a tour about than blowing someone's ass away whom you've never met before? It's a great feeling.

The final week of a tour is always the most bizarre, as everyone has developed a pretty volatile combination of losing their minds, missing their friends, not wanting to go back to work, and needing sex. As we left New York, we felt all of it and it showed.

We traveled from a show in Buffalo to another at the Stink House in Columbus, Ohio, to Grand Rapids, Michigan. No one we know has ever played at the house we were headed to, but it was packed with marginally interested 17-year-olds with spikes and crust patches. Although we're not necessarily Crusty McGrindcore and the Spiky Jackets, we do alright with that type of crowd. After a cat gave birth to twelve kittens in the room where we were getting ready to play, we played to what may have been the smelliest show of the whole tour. The reciprocal give-and-take between houses and bands in these smallish towns that don't see a ton of groups coming through is inspiring; there's a small network of degenerates around this nation that makes shit rock bands feel welcome and worthwhile wherever they go.

Being on the road for weeks has its effects on your body, too. When we arrived in Chicago the next day, Wolfman had a herniated nut sac that had turned bright purple, Jesse Cody had multiple cuts on his feet from broken glass, Ricky's hands had been torn up by broken sticks, and all of us were under the weather with some kind of throat affliction that not even the combination of beer, corn dogs, and Emergen-C could fix.

When we arrived at the club, some old friends from around the area pleasantly greeted us. The night was spent playing on a giant stage (always bad news for us) on a bill with the wonderful MOTO and Canadian Rifle, a band that features *Burn Collector* mastermind Al Burian, a man who wrote zines that had a profound effect during our formative years. So we were stoked to be playing, and even more

THE TRASHIES CELEBRATING AMERICAN FREEDOM AS USUAL

stoked when Burian offered to put us up for the night. There's nothing that strokes your fanboy boner harder than when an artist you love appreciates and supports what you do.

Milwaukee the next day was a big deal for us. We know lots of great people there, and this was our last show with our roadie, Dan. Last time we were in Millwilly, Jesse Cody lost a tooth while we were playing. We arrived to new socks, the ability to do laundry, home-brewed beer, and food. The end of our Monday night set was all collateral jammage and pure chaos-three people playing drums, everyone in the basement banging on shit with drumsticks, two people in their underwear punching the trash can into oblivion, blood, sweat, hair, and probably the most exciting show we've ever been a part of. And there was still an after-party following that!

MEMPHIS, TN

Even though we had to give up our awesome roadie and scrounge up a keyboard before we split town (our five-dollar Casio was destroyed in the basement wreckfest the night before), we couldn't help feeling like we'd done something right as we left Milwaukee.

Driving the ten-hour stretch from the Midwest through South Dakota is guaranteed to bore any human, as the only things of interest on the entire route are the billboards for carnie museums and assorted knickknack shops. South Dakota is a horrible state. Luckily, though, the crowds in Rapid City are sponges of young, music-loving kids. It had never occurred to us that our music might cause a circle pit, but sure enough, the kids were pitting, moshing, slamming, dancing, and having their minds blown in every way possible.

Confusing feelings set in as we headed through the Rockies on our way to Missoula, Montana. It was day 30 of our tour, we were a mere eight hours from our beds, but as much as we missed home, none of us really wanted the tour to be over. The dude who sets up our shows in Missoula was a really gracious host, though, and distracted our minds with amazing food and storytelling.

Nothing beats the drive through western Montana-it's the only state that even compares to the beauty of Washington. Where else can you watch a mountain goat chasing a deer as you swim in a creek of crystal-clear glacier runoff? After seeing around 30 states on this tour, we all felt a lot of Northwest pride. It's amazing how shitty so many other states are.

TRIBAL STINK HOUSE IN COLUMBUS

The final day of the tour was spent in Spokane, a town that has, to all of us, always been synonymous with awfulness. Not this time. Our friends in the band Hockey greeted us on the porch with big smiles that perfectly complemented the blazing sun beating down on a beautiful April day. The last thing we expected from Spokane was greatness, but our whole day was nothing but awesome. Sleeping on the lawn in the sun, catching up with long lost freakazoids, playing a crazy packed final show with three bands that sound nothing like us-everything went off without a hitch. And just like that, it was over-31 days, 9,900 miles, and a million memories later.

Before we knew it, it was April 8 and we were arriving back home to the doors of the 24/7 Haus. Never has our dirty shithole looked so good-the beds, the scent, the scenery, it all seemed new again. As much as we didn't want it to end, we all needed time to be away from each other and decompress. After 31 days of compulsive masturbation, not hanging out with fart-blasting dick dudes is pretty exciting. So is sleep.

Then it was Saturday, our return home show in Seattle. After a long day spent disposing of 15 bags of trash from the bowels of our home, we drank a couple bowls of loudmouth soup, spent 15 minutes jamming in a language older than words (in the unprecedented key of B), and headed down to the Comet for our homecoming shitrockfest.

It's good to be back, but we miss the road already.

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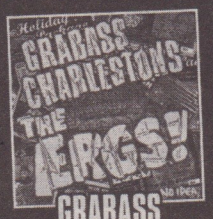

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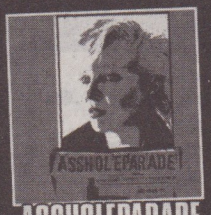

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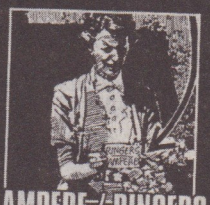

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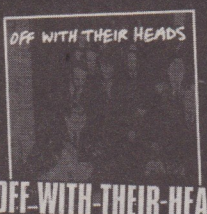

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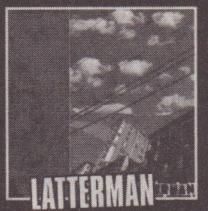

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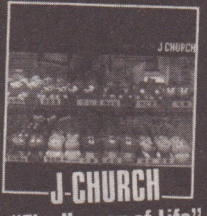

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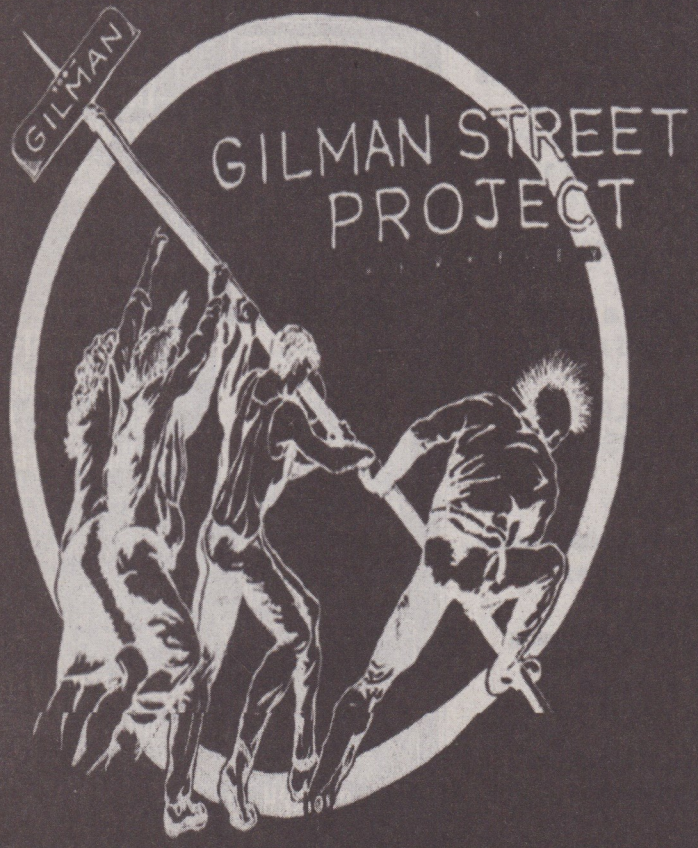

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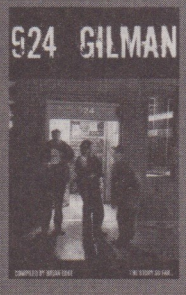

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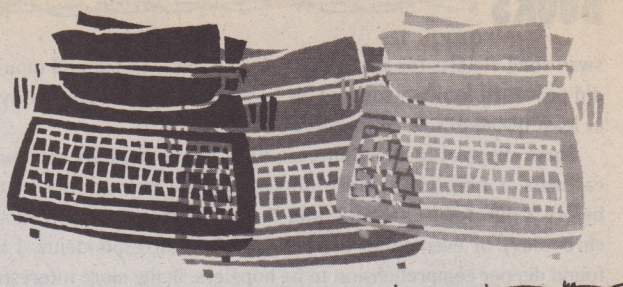
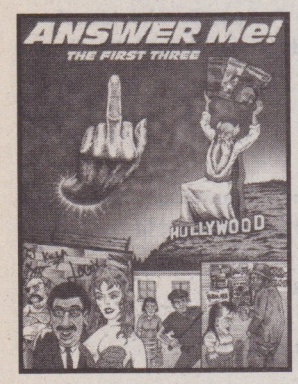




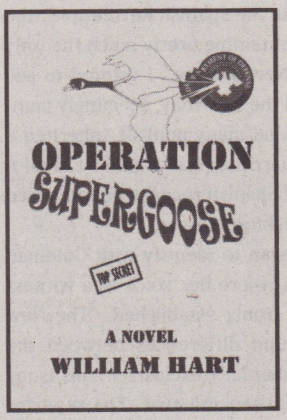
Answer Me!: The First Three
Jim Goad
368 pages • $21.95
Scapegoat Publishing
www.scapegoatpublishing.com

Extreme misanthropy can be a beautifully entertaining thing; I'm willing to admit this. Granted, a hateful and offensive pose for the sake of a negative provocation is rarely more than childish drivel, but done right it sure can be fun! *Answer Me!* appeals to those malignant fibers of my character that are rarely allowed to bloom free of weird social regrets and my vainly concerned worries of coming off as having tacky tastes. Luckily for me Jim and Debbie Goad edited and wrote three bulky soul-molesting issues of *Answer Me!* (and one 'special' issue not included in the book form) before they divorced, and died (Debbie) or ended up in jail (Jim). A satisfying finish, by the way, that aptly fits the magazine's temperament and almost sociopathic personage. The Goads, working with a handful of contributors, master-minded possibly the lowest brow printed matter ever (with the exception of porn), appealing to the lowest common denominator residing in all of us. Some of it even got the Goads directly blamed for suicides and various other idiotic behaviors; no surprise as they blatantly advocate murder, suicide, and old-fashioned unfiltered hatred.

This is nihilism in the most authentic sense of the word; slave morals and false claims to truth are called out, and ethical foundations are de-constructed, or more aptly just shat upon, with a ruthless existential precision. But that said, the writing is at times *really fucking good.* Behind all this over-enthusiastic animosity and iconoclastic facade is an amazing whit.

I can't imagine that there are many people that would take this completely seriously, as the ludicrousness of *Answer Me!* is staggering. It can only be approached with a grain of salt, otherwise you'll no doubt close the book in total disgust. It's satirical...*I think.* I certainly can't myself take it seriously (though the Goads are unquestionably passionate about what they write), but who could, with articles titled "The Homeless Can Eat Shit," "Music Blows," "The Family Must be Eliminated," "I Hate Men," "I Hate Women," and so forth? The 100 best suicides and 100 best serial killers/mass murderers are each listed with extensive biographical rundowns and summaries of their respective crimes in a sarcastically theatric display of loathing-loaded prose. While I'm listing the contents I should mention that David Duke, Anton LaVey, Iceberg Slim, a NAMBLA representative, El Duce, and the filmmakers Ray Dennis Steckler and Russ Meyer are all interviewed.

It's unfortunate that the magazine had to crash and burn like it did, but like I said before, its death was fitting, almost paradoxically so, and was no doubt inevitable. They claim it was all the product of living in LA and/or symptomatic of the Goad's doomed marriage, but I think it was at least partially genetic assholism. Has this review been helpful?
—Spencer Horne



Operation Supergoose
William Hart
202 pages • $15
Timberline Press
6281 Red Bud
Futon, Missouri 65251
www.timberlinepress.com

Despite the questionable choice to use silly send-ups of actual countries in his novel (e.g. Plunderland, Pockistan and Qroc), which might initially throw some readers, *Operation Supergoose* is essentially one of the wittiest, most insightful fictionalized commentaries on modern politics that I have encountered. Following the story of die-hard Plunderland superhero Lt. Candide, Hart takes the reader through the depths of the Pentagon (apparently run by "Chain Dickey" and some other white guys who are controlling "Buzz Twofer II" by pretending to have a magic mirror haunted by the ghost of "Rod Raygun") to Qroc where "Madmahm Badassi is supplying Moolah [al-Razir] with weapons of mass destruction," and into the world that opens up to Candide when he discovers, with the help of the lovely spy Delilah Jihad, that there is more to the world of international politics than we might want to believe.

Humorous enough to be readable, serious enough to actually make you think about what's going on in our situation, and ridiculous enough to touch on the horrors of war and destruction without sounding preachy and boring, *Operation Supergoose* is a great novel. I kind of don't think that your local bookstore will have it, maybe I'm wrong about that...you should in fact probably go ask them to order it.
—Thera Webb

Vision on Fire: Emma Goldman on the Spanish Revolution
Edited by David Porter
347 pages • $18.95
AK Press
674A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

Vision on Fire is in its third edition, so for many, including myself, this book is a keeper. David Porter does a good job editing the book—or should I say co-authoring it. Each chapter tackles a specific issue: Individuals in the "Spanish Anarchist Movement," "Collaboration with Statist Forces," "The International Context," etc. By arranging the book as such, Porter hopes to illuminate connections between contemporary social/political experience and Goldman's activist experience in the Spanish Revolution, a

swan song of sorts for her lifetime of activism. This method of arrangement did prove itself to be engaging, as I was given ample opportunity to see (or at least imagine) said connections.

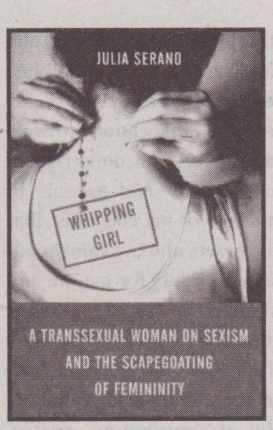
Some chapters held my interest more than others. As with most historical texts, I sometimes have difficulty digging my way out of the details before I put down the book and decide to take a nap. Without Porter's chronology of events and list of Goldman's correspondents, I might have found deeper comprehension to be hopeless. Being more interested in ideas than the more cut-and-dry politics of historical events, I was really excited about reading three chapters in particular: "The New Society," "Anarchists, Violence and War," and "The Role of Women in the Spanish Revolution" (the latter of these being surprisingly short and containing pretty much the only appearance of Mujeres Libres). As for "The New Society," I wanted to see what she had to say about reconstruction and the everyday, seemingly mundane life of revolution. I, like many people (and many punks!), inherited a bullshit, commodified association between anarchism (i.e. anarchist ideology) and aimless destruction, so her account of Spanish reconstruction posed a welcome challenge to my interpolated thought-processes.

It was here, in the third chapter, that I began to identify with Goldman personally. I think this is largely because it is where her voice as a witness to reconstruction of "the New Society" was firmly established. "The New Society" in particular underscores in my mind differences between the reporter and the witness (not that these are mutually exclusive). This is my sketchy, somewhat tangential distinction between the two...The reporter has an identity to secure, one contingent on a prefab story. They're there for the main event, to report. (This, of course, doesn't mean they don't simultaneously act as a witness.) The witness is there during the course of and after the main event. Reporters have a deadline that circumscribes the experience and testimony of what they witness. The witness isn't bound the same way. Typically the witness testifies because he or she is moved to. Reporters get killed, name and face sometimes memorialized. Witnesses get decimated, usually with a less grandiose recognition... When fellow comrades, including her closest friend Alexander Berkman, died—or were assassinated, rather—for their anarchist convictions, Goldman soldiered on as a delegate of sorts for the CNT-FAI (Anarchist-Syndicalist Union). Despite these traumas, Goldman kept her focus on the collective, nearly losing it over the depth of spirit displayed by the Spanish people. She stood fast by visions of a new society, giving detailed accounts of what was happening in the moment, emotionally and politically, from the interactions between people cooking in a kitchen to collaborationist leanings of certain CNT-FAI leaders. It was her presence as a witness that made the book really compelling for me.

Interspersed throughout Goldman's testimony is Porter. He acts as a instructor-in-print, offering valuable direction, but sometimes assuming too much of an authorial role. (An aside—college instructors sometimes unwittingly become reporters, thinking they "got" the story.) To his credit, Porter got screwed by the International Institute for Social History (Amsterdam) after they told him, upon finishing the manuscript, that they'd only let him quote "minimal passages" from each document. This meant that Porter had to account for gaps in Goldman's testimony by summarizing and paraphrasing the actual documents. In effect, he becomes co-author of the book. His more overt presence alongside Goldman actually makes the book really accessible for anyone new to the subject matter. And it strikes a near perfect balance between the scholarly and autobiographical voices. That being said, this methodology does sometimes interfere with the transmission of Goldman's "fire," when Porter has to sum up her feelings or perspective on critical events because the Amsterdam archive wouldn't let him just quote her directly. In other words, sometimes *Vision on Fire* feels a little too academic in light of its title, the fire being observed critically from a distance rather than consuming the reader experientially. There were moments when I really felt the "fire," so to speak, but Porter's voice tended to snap me out of it. This mediation between Porter and Goldman really encourages critical dialogue, which is great. But it's also a form of restraint imposed onto Goldman's testimony by them International Institute for Social History. Goldman's writing, especially during this period of revolution, appears to be an emotive exercise that has its own logic of restraint. These arbitrary limits placed on Porter devolve onto Goldman, restraining another's pen.

I don't know if any colleges or universities offer courses in "Anarchist Studies," but books like this would fit the mold of such a discipline perfectly. I know I've been intellectually disciplined enough. But, being part masochist (in spite of myself), *Vision on Fire* is a book that I'd definitely read again. I highly recommended it, especially for people who identify as activists, and anyone else interested in Goldman, the Spanish Revolution, and Anarchist praxis.

—Dan Butler



Whipping Girl: A Transsexual Woman on Sexism and the Scapegoating of Feminity
Julia Serano
$15.95 • 390 pgs
Seal Press
www.sealpress.com

I do a lot of reading about gender and politics, but due to my friends and what I've encountered in bookstores, I've almost exclusively read about transmen. So, Serano's book *Whipping Girl* was pretty interesting book to pick up, and actually pretty challenging as well. Serano sets out in her book to write academically about a group of people—transwomen—who have been fetishised and excotified by popular culture as people who are *false women.* As you've noticed, if you've bothered to think critically about the media's representation of transwomen (which I'm sure all of you have), transwomen are always always, always shown in the most extreme lipstick-wearing, high-heeled, epitome of outta-control feminity you can imagine, even if it's just some article about how New Jersey just passed a law against discriminating against trans people. WFT, right? Obviously, not everybody plays up their femme/butch identities like that. I mean, I'm a girl and I'm wearing pants right now. That's right—pants!

Anyway. *Whipping Girl* is a refreshing change from the plethora of books that I have read about either a.) Why you would become a dude (see above re: how much I read about transmen), b.) Why transwomen are a threat to feminism (bullshit), or c.) How weird it was to take all these hormones and have your dick cut off and then become a hysterical woman who now could pass for Pamela Anderson. Not that all these books are shitty – in fact, there are quite a few acdemic as well as biographical books about transpeople that I have found to be enlightening and fun to read, and have raised a variety of questions about our views of gender. *Whipping Girl* is really good about raising questions in the reader. I have kind of a knee-jerk reaction when anybody talks shit about feminism, so at first I got all worked up when Serano mentioned that some feminists are sexist and hate the idea of transwomen. But it's true. And the fact is that a lot of people hate the idea of somebody who was not born wrapped in a pink blanket living and identifying as a women. Serano's book covers issues from gender and sexual diversity, to surgery, to media representation, to the cissexual privilege (cissexuals being people who identify as the gender that they were born as, rather than as another gender), and does so in a well thought-out and accessible manner. I think *Whipping Girl* it is worth reading, especially as an introduction to gender/trans studies books.

—Thera Webb

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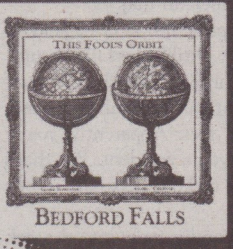

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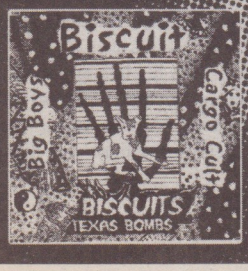

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MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

Not all that long after saying his mind at the Academy Awards ceremony a few years back—with an uncertain group of losing nominees sharing the stage—Michael Moore's **Sicko** begins with the story of Adam. No, there's nothing remotely biblical about this film; the setting is very much working-class America. As his cat stretches in the background, Adam takes to fixing his injury the old-fashioned way: with a needle and thread. It's a gruesome sequence preceded only by a choice Bush-ism that would make Casey Stengel seem like Hemingway.

Moore's **Sicko** mostly avoids explicitly anti-Bush statements, even if the president hangs himself on several other occasions during the film. At least Adam was able to repair the damage himself. Lower-middle-aged Rick is another matter. He accidentally sawed off two fingers with a radial arm saw. But since we live in an age of medical marvels, the hospital was able to restore the digits: the ring finger for $12,000, or middle finger for $60,000. He doesn't have the money to pay for some kind of package discount. Ironically, the twist comes with the third case, Larry and Donna. After serial heart operations, followed by his wife's bout with breast cancer, they found themselves in a reversal of the American Dream. Now, they had to sell their house, and move back in with their kids, taking a corner of his granddaughter's computer room. But at least there'll be a little extra space for a few months; the breadwinner had a new job as a plumber...in Iraq.

Frank was more fortunate, in a way. He has all his prescription costs paid by the company. But he's 79, and medical costs will last only until he gets ill, or quits.

The mountain of ironies grows even higher with Sarah Birnham, the victim of a front-end automobile collision. She received treatment, but her ambulance fees weren't covered, because they weren't a pre-approved cost. Apparently, you're supposed to know before-hand that you're going to have an accident. But that's the way medicine has gone, with gaps in coverage that make it necessary to buy even more insurance.

Michael Moore's message is grim—much more so than his foray into the sick Detroit automobile industry. Instead of a dying industry, actual people are getting older and dying. You can always get a new job, but the cost of staying alive is another matter altogether.

Sicko is defined as much by what you see on-screen as what you don't. True, an ambulance ride that isn't pre-approved is hard to swallow; but an ambulance ride just may be one of those extras we're supposed to get on our own, like flood or earthquake insurance. This doesn't make Moore's moral any less incisive; to the contrary, the growing culture of fear now has another thing to add onto the pile.

Or so it would seem. Michael Moore has a gifted sense of irony. One teenager, six-feet and 130 pounds, has been refused coverage for being not heavy enough. And a fairly young woman, five-feet and 170 pounds, deemed too heavy. If you do get accepted, and have a pre-existing condition as minor as a yeast infection, the entire policy can be denied. According to Lee Einer, who worked in the industry, an entire unit is charged with finding patients even to have prudently *thought* to have a recondition.

Thanks to Richard Nixon's fetish for preserving his legacy on audio, we hear the exact moment health magnate Edgar Kaiser helps mint the new health care system with the White House. Even Hilary Clinton, the first to sign up for universal medicine, became a siphon for medical industry money by simply being quiet.

Moore's best targets are the ones that make for an almost delicious irony—as when he presents the list of illnesses that preclude enrollment. The *Star Wars* theme swells in the background, followed by a list of preconditions that's so long that you can barely get past page three without giving up.

Problem is, Michael Moore himself is such an easy target. His filmmaking was fresh with **Roger and Me**, but has since become darker and more embittered. These days, his views are likely to be ignored by those who don't subscribe to his politics. Truth be said, his work seems most genuine when closest to his middle-American working class roots. In his segment at a British health clinic, he sometimes flounders.

Moore's lighter side emerges when he visits Canada and Great Britain—the heart and soul of "socialized" medicine. He visits an American Beatles fan who injured himself doing a handstand across Abbey Road; he finds he doesn't have to pay for the treatment, even though he's an American. Not willing to let the joke go, you may injure yourself laughing the clip that follows. It's a choice clip of a Soviet musical, with grinning folk dancing to the glories of shoveling grain in a socialist republic. The music continues in the background, but the subtitles are changed to expound the glories of the libraries, fire department and post office—all of which are effectively socialized, and very American.

This is, to my knowledge, the first time someone has been willing to cut through the rhetoric of socialized social institutions, or acknowledge that much government is often proudly socialized.

The standard formula for this type of documentary (or at least the ones that work well) usually involves burdening the audience with a dismal situation, almost as hopeless as Bruce Willis' hopes in **Live Free, Die Hard**; then, the audience gets the only solution—a return to a democracy of personal control. Toward the end, a spokesman from British Labor Party official seem more bullish about chances for success than the Americans, who were shown earlier visiting Canada for cheaper drugs.

Sicko gains added street cred for a remarkable occurrence that few people know about. Several weeks before the theatrical release, the film was available on bit torrent download. It's fairly common for a distribution company to send out a flurry of cease and desist orders, and the strong arm of the Recording Industry of America could have clichéd the argument. But Moore allowed the downloads, and probably won a few more fans in the process.

Not quite as remarkable, an advance download of Kenta Fukasaku's **Yo-Yo Girl Cop** was so widely anticipated that the video—and a full English translation—was available on the very week of its Japanese release. Only now, more than a half year later, the film is available in a limited US release.

This probably deserves some small mention, if only because if its peculiar title. Spawned from the *Subekan Deka* manga, television shows, and movies of the late '80s and early '90s, the general gimmick is to have cute Japanese high school girls in sailor suit uniforms mobilizing against various evils.

The new version features JPOP star Aya Matsuura as a grim creature who's whisked from New York to Japan to foil a series of suicide bombings. It's so typically Japanese that the terrorists mostly aim to bomb themselves. Matsuura bonds with a few disaffected girls against a villain (Rika Ishikawa), who…well, you know the story.

What make **Yo-Yo Girl Cop** most enjoyable are the action sequences with yo-yos. These weapons are made of metal and can deliver a concussion if aimed properly. The final scene has Matsuura in tight-fitting body leather, while Ishikawa raises the stakes with a leather top, boots, and fish-net stockings. You don't know whether to gape or grown.

Director Fukasaku inherited his taste for fun trash from his late father Kinji **(Battle Royale)**. The film does offer some sage social commentary; of course it's not quite as convincing as Moore's arguments. But I have to confess: I own three different *Subekan Deka* yo-yos, though they haven't been used against any villains quite yet.

Comments? Email me at spinmail@sbcglobal.net.

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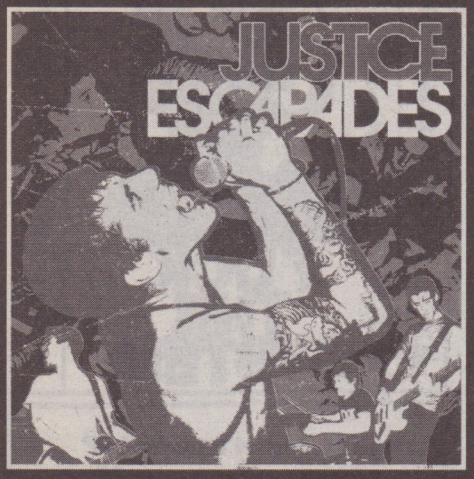

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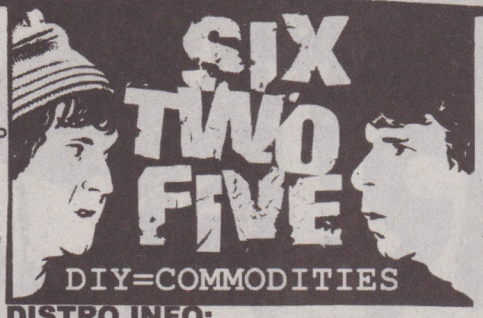

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RECORDS

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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(BS) Brian Stern
(SW) Shane White

ABADDON – "The Final Fucking Straw" EP

I need to get something off my chest. I did a quick Google search on this band and everyone and their mother were calling this grindcore. I know, I know, music genres suck—but this ain't grindcore. It's heavy! It sounds huge! It's fast! But really it's crusty hardcore that reminds me of TRAGEDY without the frills (like the cheesy piano intros) and with fewer octaves on guitar. Grindcore? NAPALM DEATH, MISERY INDEX, or ASSUCK it is *not*. The thing is, that's not a put down, I like this 7" a good bit and it's not the band's fault reviewers say what they want to say instead of what they hear in order to sell the 7". Heavy as bricks and thrashy at times (though not metal thrash) with vocals you can't understand. Good stuff. (MH)
(Severed Head, 525 Park St. Apt #17, Minot, ND 58701, www.severedheadrecords.com)

THE ADICTS – "Sound of Music" LP

The superb second album from 1982 gets another vinyl reissue, and I'm sure it's because few people get rid of their copy once they hear this. In my opinion, only the first two albums and the amazing *Lunch with...*EP fall under the "must-have" category, and this may arguably be the best of the lot. Although the earlier material always had doses of pop and new wave, *Sound of Music* saw the band exploring out even a bit more, but without straying from punk whatsoever. All the songs are catchy and upbeat, even when the lyrics are serious like on the classic song "Johnny was a Soldier." I remember at one time being turned off from these guys because I thought they sounded too poppy like the TOY DOLLS and the *Clockwork Orange* theme was kind of silly, but many years later I finally realized just how astounding their early records were! Don't make the same mistake I made and go grab yourself a copy today! (BG)
(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109, www.taang.com)

THE ADICTS – "Smart Alex" LP

Though *Smart Alex*, THE ADICTS' third full-length, kicks off with a gloriously righteous cover of "Ode to Joy" (BEETHOVEN's 9th Symphony, dude), it goes quickly downhill—way downhill—into awfully dull '80s pop territory. Gone is the quirky, hyperactive energy that made their earlier material charming and appealing; you're just left with boring tunes and some geezers in funny clothes. I can't help but mention that for a label that has released and reissued some of the greatest punk and hardcore records of all time, Taang! does a pretty dismal job with artwork/packaging—pixilated graphics, larger than life barcode, and the inner sleeve? Instead of any lyrics or liner notes, a gaudy full-color ad for the other releases on the label. Sheesh, they're making some bootleggers look good... (CS)
(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109, **www.taang.com**)

ADJUDGEMENT – "Human Fallout" CD

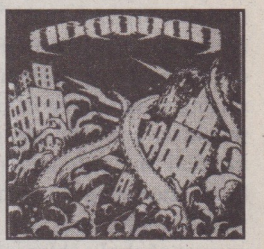
This hardcore powerhouse from Germany puts out their fourth album, and they're just as crazed and energetic as ever! In sound, I would have to say that this would very much appeal to those who dig Bridge Nine records styled hardcore. You know what I mean—a good mixture of straight up and new school hardcore, where the music is fast and hard-hitting, but the sound is a bit overproduced and clean. I think that sums up bands like CHAMPION or STAND & FIGHT as well as this group. What brings this up a few notches from many others in that genre are the intelligent lyrics that go beyond the personal (though those are here as well). Regardless, I still find myself getting a little bored with this type of hardcore before the CD ends. (BG)
(Engineer, www.engineerrecords.com)

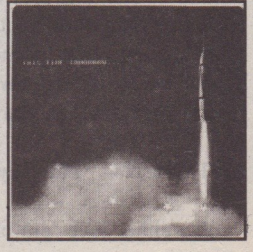
THE ADVERSARY WORKERS – "Vide Poche" LP

My first thought was, "Oh, good hardcore." I don't get many straight ahead hardcore records to review. It's usually grindcore or emo or straight edge or crust or some mix of the aforementioned. This is nothing but hardcore with understandable vocals and socio-political lyrics. This is good stuff from St. Louis. Some of the more arty moments, like the third track on the second side remind me of THE MINUTEMEN or NATION OF ULYSSES, but the band is noisier and more rock oriented. (MH)
(No Wire, 3820 Gustine 1st Fl, N. St Louis, MO 63116)

ALLEGIANCE – "Desperation" CD

The fire of Dimebag Darryl's soul still burns in the fingers of Duane Harris. Fans of bands like CARRY ON and





NO WARNING will enjoy this riff heavy modern straight edge crusher. This CD was recorded at Grizzly Studios, which has cranked out brutal records for bands like LOOK BACK & LAUGH and LIGHTS OUT. The heavy, dirty Grizzly sound does ALLEGIANCE well for this recording but the vocals sound a little buried at times. Older straight edge and hardcore people will be sure to appreciate John's retrospective later BOLD or CHAIN OF STRENGTH type lyrics. Buy this and get pummeled. (BN)
(Rivalry, PO Box 5242, Concord, CA 94524)

THE ALRIGHTEES – "Gonna Be Free" EP

Iowa…who knew? Boom Chick has been on a roll as of late and THE ALRIGHTEES keep it going stronger than any of the pack thus far. I read that THE ALRIGHTEES share some connection to THE HORRORS, which is certainly evident in the production and approach, and a ringing endorsement in my book. Ridiculously primitive, energetic garage punk played with the flail and flair missing from 99% of the bands attempting this sorta gunk these days. No wheels reinvented, but sure to set a good amount of slacks ablaze. (MC)
(Boom Chick, www.boomchickrecords.com)

ALTEREGO – "This Time Tomorrow" CD

Decent wannabe radio-ready pop punk with keyboards from Oregon. I'm thinking NEW FOUND GLORY and SUM 41. They also do the echo-sounding BLINK thing with the drums. This is hooky stuff in this crowded genre. I guess everyone has the right to throw their name in the hat... (RL)
(Pacific Ridge, www.alteregomusic.com)

ANIMA MUNDI – CD

I saw this band with CONFLICT on their last tour. They were pretty interesting and played really well, other than playing for way too long. This is jam-packed with political lyrics, which are directly influenced by bands like the aforementioned CONFLICT as well as CRASS. I really like that they are trying to really reach out with their lyrics. The female vocals even sometimes bring to mind Wendy O. Williams (PLASMATICS) on the classic *Maggots* LP. I am, however, sometimes irked or downright annoyed by certain vocal patterns or phrasing and synthetic anthem building, but overall I would say that this band has a lot to offer and I like that they are going for a different sound than a lot of other bands these days. They challenge the listener with an interesting take on anarcho punk. (WK)
(Mortarhate, www.mortarhate.com)

ANTISEEN – "The Boys from Brutalsville" CD

You either love 'em or hate 'em, but either way, South Carolina's favorite hairy sons ain't going away. This is a reissue of their much anticipated 2001 come back LP with four bonus tracks and a bonus DVD of music videos and sixteen-track live set. Nice packaging plus a great, loud rumbling production makes this a must for all the lovers of that Confederacy Of Scum sound. Dirty, ugly, and rocking. (SD)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com)

APE CITY R&B – "45/I Got Worry"

…..jeez Louise, this is one trashy sounding record!!!! If you like your garage bands distorted and fuzzy and overdriven and recorded on a 4-track in a motel room, then you might want to consider picking up this one-sided two-songer…the B-side is an etching done by what looks to be a retard…….!!!!!!! The note tucked into the black picture-less sleeve sez that this thingy is not available in stores, so you'll have to get it from Bughouse direct at: www.bughouserecords.com……!!!!!! Look how these assholes just got a free ad outta me…….each of you little motherfuckers owes me your velvety little mouths all over my ivory totem when you next visit my towne…..I'll be waiting for you!!!!! (SW)
(Bug House, PO Box 7332, Louisville, KY, 40257)

ANTI YOU – "Pig City Life" EP

Absolutely ripping early '80s style hardcore from Italy. Easily up there in caliber with the top current bands playing this style like GOVERNMENT WARNING, CAREER SUICIDE, and DIRECT CONTROL. The speed and power of SS DECONTROL with the hooks of ARTICLES OF FAITH, this shit really is worth tracking down. The production is so authentic I had to check if it was from now!! To top off an already ripping record they do one of the best DISCHARGE covers I've heard in years…I kid you not!!! Fuck, this is great. (TB)
(Punx Before Profits, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501)

AQUI D'EL ROCK – "Ha Que Violentar o Sistema" EP

An absolute must-have for KBD punk fans! Emerging out of Portugal in the late '70s—a nation just recently removed of a right-wing dictatorship—this band was one of the only punk bands in the country to record anything during that formative decade. But obscurity aside, AQUI D'EL ROCK…well…freakin' rock! All four tracks on this EP are perfect blends of snotty punk and small doses of rock and roll (just enough to ensure exceptional guitar work). Like DENNIS MOST or BIG BALLS & THE GREAT WHITE IDIOT in looks and sound, you shouldn't let the long hair and bell bottom jeans fool you into thinking this ain't real punk. Top quality job as usual from Rave Up, although I'm curious about them releasing this European classic when I thought they focused solely on US bands. I'm all for the change, though, so bring it on! Oh, and check out the awesome promo video these guys made back in the '70s on YouTube. (BG)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16-00159, Roma, ITALY, www.raveuprecords.com)

APPARATUS / PISSCHRIST – split EP

Quite a diabolical duo here, Australia's mightiest crust thrashers versus Malaysia's D-Beat heroes (and personal faves). APPARATUS is the true spirit of SKITSLICKERS if you ask me, along with SVART PARAD—they even do a NYX NEGATIV cover!! PISSCHRIST continues to be one of my favorite bands these days of the '90s style crust/thrash ilk. World Wide HC man, get this! (NM)
(Yellow Dog, PO Box 550208, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY)

ARMEDALITE RIFLES – "Flux Idea for Cover" LP

Scrappy, DIY, melodic punk from New York, ARMEDALITE RIFLES comes off a little like SMALLTOWN in that they have hooks and a nice STIFF LITTLE FINGERS feel in the guitars. The lyrics are well written and original, with a touch of the personal in their personal/political slant. The band wears their (good) influences on their sleeves and even mixes in some dub a la THE STRIKE; there are also spots of surf-influence in their sound. I can definitely hear the promise here, but it's a little too messy—I like structure and decent production in my pop. Still, this is a welcome fresh breath of air in today's so-genre-specific scene, and despite being no DIY crusader, I like their attitude, and I *really* like the idea of this band—I just can't see myself listening to this again and again…though maybe I just need to listen to it again and again. (AD)
(Wrinky Dink, 70 Johns Estate Rd, Pine Bush, NY 12566)

BABY CONTROL – "Best War" CD

BABY CONTROL kind of reminds me of KIT but I think it might be the bratty vocals and vaguely mathy guitars, not that KIT is mathy at all. They reference "Death Valley '69"/*Bad Moon Rising* era SONIC YOUTH in their one sheet, which is totally crazy—this band is cute like an owl tee-shirt, I mean you can't imagine Raymond Pettibon or Lydia Lunch or Richard Kern working with them! They are like forest animal accessories not doom enhanced art punk rock. The music is kind of anodyne somehow, the first song reminds me of this rad HUGGY BEAR song "High St Jupiter Supercone" with its totally frenzied chants but then over the rest of the CD it rather boringly descends into dude

guitar noodle land. Loud parts contrasted by quiet parts! Math! BOOOOORING! It's maybe like post DEERHOOF math rock, with cutesy girl vocals and lots of parts where you can imagine dudes with sensitive vegan beards doing sensitive vegan guitar face. I don't know, this is totally building on my theory that the noise/art scene is the new emo, where kids think because they are doing things in a DIY way they are "punk," which I am kind of conflicted about. I do feel like punk is an idea and a spirit not a fixed genre of music, but anything that references DEERHOOF is *NOT PUNK!* This is totally indie rock blog dude music even if you did record it at your practice space and not in a studio! I mean I am sure you used Pro Tools or whatever. Ug. I don't know. Is it the eternal art school poser vs. crusty in bullet belt question? I would say so. I mean, I hate generic D-beat eternities but you can make punk yours outside of the mohawk passed out in alleyway joke without being cute craft blog revolution vegan beards. (LG)
(Ache, www.acherecords.com)

BANDANOS / DESTRUCTION'S END – split CD

The six songs that DESTRUCTION'S END have on here are your basic riff heavy thrash metal with some riptitin' solos. The lyrics read like B-movie summaries. The best line has to be "the wizards rage 'till the morning dawns/the kegs now lie emptied in the new sun." I laughed so hard I got teary. But I wiped those tears away to start fresh for the Brazilian based BANDANOS. They combine '80s thrash metal and slowed down heavy dirge-y laments, for dynamic head banging fury. These ripping songs are made only more compelling by lyrics about US imperialism and hopelessness. Killer. (AA)
(625 Thrash, www.625thrash.com)

BESMIRCHERS – "Besmirch And Destroy" CD

Boring, I-wanna-be-offensive punk rock. The first three songs on this CD are entitled: "Pussy And Smack," "One More Slut," and "Dead Fuck Girl." The singer has face tattoos and spiky hair. Then again, the same can be said of RANCID, though even RANCID is at least catchy in parts and not as tired as this band. A waste of time. (JF)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

BIG FUN – "Passing The Time/Hold On"

Two tunes of delightfully distorted girl pop. A touch of the sixties harking way back to the heyday of THE SHANGRI-LA'S with a slight airbrushing of sweet sugary pop akin to THE RUBINOOS. It could be called garage pop but that would give the wrong impression—too much guitar scratching, nods to THE JAM, and a hatful of classic British '80s indie lays that notion to rest. (SD)
(Put On, 131 Grand St, Brooklyn, NY 11211)

BILLY DIRT CULT – "In the Laboratory of the Great Land" CD

I'm into the RUDIMENTARY PENI guitar sound and dark riffage that's been slowed down with more straight ahead, screaming vocals. It's a good start, but it gets monotonous then downright boring if you listen all the way through. All the songs start to blur into one another. This is a posthumous release, so, hopefully their move to Portland and new name (THEDA BARA) means they took this as a starting point for more dynamic and varied material. (AA)
(Volatile Rock, PO Box 11928, Portland, OR 97211)

BLACK SISTER / GAMA BOMB – split EP

'80s thrash metal worship. You know that first fast stuff, the stuff that was noisy and not very tight that came out of NWOBHM. Yeah...that stuff, before it all got polished. BLACK SISTER's side cracked me up. Not really a cover but more of a joke on "Holy Diver" from DIO, where they play the riff only sometimes and when they do it's super noisy. There is even a member listed as, "Roddy James Dio—thrash master of ceremonies." The GAMA BOMB from Dublin, Ireland is faster and tighter. A dead ringer for good 1984 thrash metal. They instantly reminded me of FKU and SODOM. They also have a big sense of humor. Damn, this 7" is good. (MH)
(Problem, www.problemrecords.co.uk)

BLONDSAI / THE LEXINGTON ARROWS – split EP

Good record. THE LEXINGTON ARROWS plays catchy punk, with a hint of jangly and great, desperate female vocals. It's got that sense of urgency and a soul that sets it apart from most releases. BLONDSAI also has the female vocalist and this one wants us to believe she's Kim Shattuck (of MUFFS fame.) The music itself is also very MUFFS-like. Two, actually three good songs, for sure. (KK)
(Raped By, no address)

BOY/GIRL / THE IMPULSE – split EP

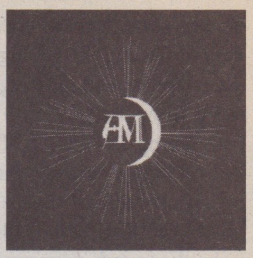
It's a two- band split: BOY/GIRL is the name of one band, despite the confusion that the MRR stylebook for splits might cause. And they're not bad, coming off sort of like a more straightforward BLUES EXPLOSION with a more dramatic (not TSOL territory though, thank gawd) singer. THE IMPULSE are power poppers with the bouncy and very catchy "Get Ready to Go!," which I'd put up there with GENERATION X's "Ready Steady Go" for latter-day tributes to quasi-mod TV. A lot of bands seem to be throwing CD-Rs in with their 7"s, but THE IMPULSE gets extra points for throwing in a DVD when you order from them (there's also supposed to be a CD they sell on their site, but it's not enclosed with the 7"). Joe Bob says check it out. (DD)
(Adam, 282 5th St. #1, Jersey City, NJ 07302, www.the-impulse.com)

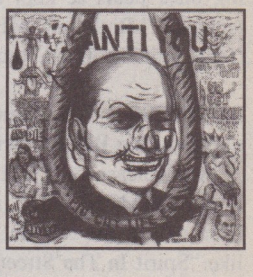
BRIDGE AND TUNNEL – "Location, Location, Location" EP

Slow, melodic emo pop with intricately overlaid guitars and combined male-female vocals. Good stuff if you're feeling mellow, but, you know…distorted. In the same vein as PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES or maybe FIFTH HOUR HERO. It's all very pretty and well played if not the most original thing in the world. (PC)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

BUCKSHOT FACELIFT – "Demo" EP

Chaotic, noisy grindcore, yeah! 16 tracks on one 7" so I had hope before I even dropped the needle. All the mem-





bers do some form of vocals, and they all sound very different. From high-pitched screams to super wet sounding gurgles. I really liked the story from the guy who put out the 7" about first seeing BUCKSHOT FACELIFT and how he was blown away by their music. In that story he says something that is a great description of what the band sounds like: "The music was ugly, disgusted, & carried a brutal punch. This was the grindcore band that wasn't straight boring blast beats & kept it interesting, but not technical." Right on. (MH)
(fahy_john@hotmail.com)

BUSINESS – "The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth" CD

A re-release of this 1997 LP. Produced by Lars of RANCID, this is an up-tempo rocker from one of the original UK Oi bands. Songs like "Spirit In The Street," "Death To Dance," and "Justice Not Politics" hold up to their early '80s stuff. With digi-pak packaging, this one is re-mastered and released by our good friends at Captain Oi! (RL)
(Captain Oi, www.captainoi.com)

CALUSA – "A Form of Love" CD

Although this Minneapolis pop punk band sounds like their heart is in the right place, and they write pretty good songs, this CD has a total lack of energy. Like PANSY DIVISION on a bad day. (PC)
($7.50 ppd: C. Valenty, 1000 University Ave. SE #8-1, Minneapolis, MN 55414)

CHEAP TIME – "Spoiled Brat" EP

Raw and distorted three-piece basement punk that lies somewhere between the catchy pop thrash of RED CROSS or early GG ALLIN, with the attitude of CHICKENHEAD. At first I thought I was in for some mod-influenced rave-ups judging by the looks of the band on the cover, but instead I was exposed to the type of vitriolic trash that brings back memories of shoplifting, dine-and-dashing, and listening to the GERMS on a piece-of-shit tape deck in my friend's van years ago. In other words, this is fantastic! The production is a bit on the lo-fi side, but sound quality is still very good and is definitely worth checking out. (BG)
(Sweet Rot, PO Box 78025, Vancouver, BC, V5N 5WI, CANADA)

CHRONICITY – "War on the Poor" EP

Sharp, angular guitar sounds paired with repetitive, dance-y beats and smart, politically engaged lyrics make for a real post-peace gem. CHRONICITY rocks with a SHELLAC or MONORCHID kind of insistence and glut of riffage, but with the kind of smart, biting politics of the cream of the crop early peace punk bands. Like THE EX, only more suitable for those inclined to shorter attention spans. Get into it. (AA)
(Obscurist Press, PO Box 13077, Gainesville, FL 32604)

CIRCUS ACT – "Sleepwalking the Tightrope" CD

The final installment from Southampton, England's CIRCUS ACT after ten years in the business. If you ain't familiar, these cats sound like a lighter HOT WATER MUSIC with a slight touch of those poppier moments of ANNALISE. Tight and catchy songs with great production from a band that definitely wore their influences and hearts firmly on their sleeves. With ten great tunes, this CD proves that there is no better way to end than on a high note. (SD)
(Nothing To Prove, www.nothingtoproverecords.uk)

THE CLASH – "An Acoustic Toon" EP

Tedious four-song live CLASH boot recorded in 1985, quite a bit beyond the band's prime… The shoddy sound quality renders all instruments (acoustic or not) inaudible, so what you're actually hearing is vocals and crowd chatter. Surely there are many sub-par CLASH bootlegs out there; I would bet that the worst of them is still more worthwhile than this piece of crap. (CS)
(bootleg, no address)

CLYPTOSPORIDIUM / 29% – split LP

What the fuck?! I say that with as much enthusiasm as confusion and awe. What I assume is the CLYPTOSPORIDIUM side is a slow, lurching, noisy, improvised fucking mess. Taking on equal parts HAPPY FLOWERS, ANAL CUNT, FLIPPER, and MAN IS THE BASTARD with the subtlety of a Max Hardcore film. Culled from what appears to be an un-edited boom box recording of a practice session. Again, what the fuck?!?! On the 29% (that's what it appears to say to me anyway) side we're offered an equally fucked up take on the BUZZOVEN sound with a somewhat Noiseville/Am Rep thing that's really popular again. This band is a grating, sludgy, codeine-cough syrup-y trainwreck with a very similar recording quality as the flip. This should be the worst record of all time due to the sheer ineptitude and I should hate on it and rip it apart but it's so fucking stupid that it enters into idiot-savant goddamn genius status. This is a great record *and* this is a piece of shit. How 'bout one more "what the fuck?!?!" for good measure. (JU)
(Trigger On The Dutendoo, trigger.on.the.dutendoo@gmail.com)

COCK SPARRER – "England Belongs to Me" 2xLP

God, what a strange label Taang! has been. I mean, just look at their roster—NEGATIVE FX, MISSION OF BURMA, THE BUSINESS, SPACEMEN 3 (!), SLOPPY SECONDS, STARS AND STRIPES (!) and the LEMONHEADS to name but a few… Anyway, what can you say about COCK SPARRER that hasn't already been said? Not much, except COCK SPARRER is not and never has been an Oi band, or a skinhead band for that matter. What they were/are is one of England's first punk rock bands, evolving out of the mid-'70s pre-PISTOLS London pub rock scene, and soldiering on without the attention of the trendy music press and major labels (except for a brief fling with Decca) that swooped down on all things associated with punk in '76 and '77. The result is that they took on a cult status that was later championed by the likes of (*Sounds* magazine writer and Oi! pioneer) Gary Bushell wishing to glorify and romanticize all things working class, East End, and underdog. Their music is infectiously melodic, catchy and earnest, owing as much to the STONES, WHO, and THIN LIZZY as the CLASH, SEX PISTOLS, and the DAMNED. This compilation features all their singles and even though this band has already been compiled, booted, and re-released to death there's still a few gems that have managed to slip through the cracks. If by this late stage you are still unfamiliar with the group then I'd definitely recommend picking this up and hearing the first and last word in anthemic punk rock. The packaging and artwork could really be better though… (AD)
(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

COCK SPARRER – "Shock Troops" LP

Shock Troops is one of the best rock and roll records ever made! Most of you fucks already know that COCK SPARRER started in East London in 1974. The young hooligans were playing SMALL FACES covers, initially. COCK SPARRER owes to the ROLLING STONES more than to the RAMONES. You fashion punks can have your SEX PISTOLS and your CLASH! COCK SPARRER's 1983 LP *Shock Troops* speaks volumes to the working men and women. Songs such as "Where Are They Now," "Riot Squad," "Working," "Take 'Em All," "We're Coming Back," "Watch Your Back," and "I Got Your Number" have stood the test of time! Every song has a brilliant picture of blue-collar life! The new Taang reissue includes a lot of songs you don't need. This record has been pressed many times. Find a used copy with the original ten songs. (BR)
(Taang!, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109, www.taang.com)

CONSTANT STATE OF TERROR – "Liberation" EP

Pounding mid-tempo heaviness—*stench*? Scratched out on guitar with throaty vocal trade

offs belting out four tracks of the growing genre of "history book hardcore," where each DISCHARGE haiku is backed with an outlined dissertation of a book read or film seen. Always nice to have more information and insight, but I wish bands would refine their lyrics to a point where the impact and meaning is conveyed by the lyrics themselves. Crushing, rapid-fire vocal spew backed by quirky, angular songwriting, speeding riffage, and oddball solos a la CONCRETE SOX, adding up to four tracks of crushing political hardcore. The nicely illustrated cover, however, features battle axes, spears, and a goblet, so I will indeed be in a constant state of terror if I find myself magically transported to Hyperborea or Middle Earth. A disclaimer on this on one of the tracks: "Although the lyrics have a mythical feel conjuring images of *Lord of the Rings* this is not the intent, it is merely allegorical." These lyrics are well-intentioned political punk overall—against war, pro-grass roots activism, and anti-religion—and the music is a solid dose of modernized noisy, blasting crust. (KS)
(Inflammable Material, www.constantstateofterror.com)

CRUSADES – "Pandora's Box" EP

Ugh. This is crappy. Totally crappy. This St Johns, Newfoundland quartet (now a five-piece thanks to the addition of a second guitarist) *tries* to entertain us with generic open-E chug but instead only succeeds in making "Firestorm" seem like Mozart. On the Mosh-o-Meter that we have here in the *Maximum* review lab, this ranks so low that even a record of WINK MARTINDALE doing STEELY DAN covers would be more raging. I feel really bad about this review but there is absolutely nothing interesting going on in this record. Sorry dudes. What is interesting though is that some spiders have hairs on their feet that are so small that they bond to the surfaces on which they climb (even glass!) on a molecular level! (JU)
(Building Blocks, crusadeshardcore@gmail.com)

THE CUBAN MISSILES – "Applaud the Apocalypse" CD

Gotta love a band that has a logo on the back of their CD with a blank white space that says "Your Label Here!" My educated guess is that this is a self-produced/self-released effort, and pretty damn good it is too. Two guitars, and a great muscular sound. I 'spose broadly speaking, I'd stick it in the ol' pop punk category, but more in the driving, melodic ALL camp, rather than the RAMONES talk-about-girls genre. It reminds me a bit of how SCREECHING WEASEL started stretching the boundaries with *Anthem For A New Tomorrow*. While it'd be difficult to surpass that classic, this follows in the slipstream quite nicely. Very impressive. (RK)
(www.thecubanmissiles.com)

DAMEZUMARI / FIRE TEAM CHARLIE – split LP

DAMEZUMARI is a straight-up '90s-style emo band replete with complex guitar-lines and jazzy drums, sung/spoken vocals, loud-quiet-loud song structures, "philosophical" lyrics—you know, the works. Living in NYC in the late '90s/early '00s, I saw a lot of these types of bands (e.g. SAETIA, all their offshoot projects); it was never my thing really, but I'll give DAMEZUMARI credit for being better than most. FIRE TEAM CHARLIE is similar but more straightforward. They're also pretty good for the style, in my opinion, though the overly breathy vocals and wince-inducing lyrics ("I crossed the galaxy just to see your eyes") deliver a bit more "sincerity" than I can handle. (CS)
(Magister Ludi/Rok Lok/STG, et@magisterludi.net)

DAMEZUMARI / SOMEPLACE TO HIDE / STEEPLES – split CD

I guess this is math hardcore emo tantrum rock. Stop starts, breakdowns, screams, a piano, tricky time changes, temper bouts, stamping feet, and pouting lips. I hope all these bands get what they want this Christmas so Floyd doesn't give me any more of their CDs to review. I find this genre all too contrived and comical without being, um, well, funny. Now off to bed with ya with no dinner. (SD)
(Little Mafia, www.littlemafia.com)

DANIEL STRIPED TIGER – "Capital Cities" 12"

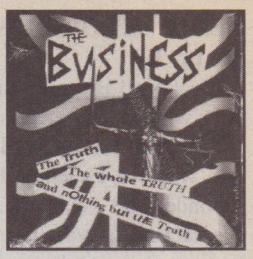
Eeeeeemo! It's got all your standard ingredients: long, super quiet melodic parts that explode into screamy heavy parts then get all chaotic and complex, and back again... For what it's worth, I think this band plays really well and will be mighty impressive to fans of the emo. (PC)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059)

DAN PADILLA / GLEAM GARDEN – split EP

Just how many split EPs has this label released? Nobody knows… Holy crap. GLEAM GARDEN. I'd like to hear more of them—think of the LEATHERFACE/HÜSKER DÜ/JAWBREAKER/SNUFF hybrid fare usually associated with this label and then crank the volume and speed up to ten. These guys come crashing off the snap like a lineman on dust (yes…football season is right around the corner) and lay waste to all that lies before them. Husky, fast, melodic, *and* noisy all at once, their two songs here were over way too quickly. DAN PADILLA slows things down and takes us into old FACE TO FACE territory, which is a good thing in this reviewer's mind—I wish that band could have stayed good longer—then they go and lay the KO punch with a hair-raising rendition of the JESUS AND THE MARY CHAIN's "Between Planets." This is an awesome little record from the Snuffy Smiles people. Brilliant. I'm going out now to have these band's names tattooed on each buttock. (AD)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku Kyoto, 603 8117, JAPAN)

DEAD END BOYS – "The Last Minute" CD

At first, I thought this CD might have been a demo put in the review section. Alas, it is a traditional CD but with a single front insert that can only hold three of the seven songs' lyrics. What we have musically with the DEAD END BOYS is actually a pretty catchy American style street punk/Oi hybrid a la the DUCKY BOYS. Themes of alienation, yuppies, and the grind of everyday life are all over this disc but performed with a passion that make it quite enjoyable. If you like the new Oi that has come along in the past few years you could a lot worse than the DEAD END BOYS. (JF)
(deadendboysmd@yahoo.co)



DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR – "Count Me In" LP

Fuck yes! Boston's hardcore champions are back with another earth-shaking dose of brutality! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR in conjunction with the esteemed Bridge Nine label has reminded the youth of America that Boston, Massachusetts was, is, and always will be a hardcore city to be reckoned with! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR crashes through "Nowhere to Turn," "Break Through It All," "Behind Your Eyes," "Fuck It All," "Nothing By Agony," "Still Standing," and more. These men deliver intelligent lyrics behind relentless hardcore attacks. DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR sings about friends, family, loyalty, betrayal, and looking within yourself to find the strength to fight your way through this fucked up world! DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR has built a reputation for hard work and staying true to their ideals! You fucking punks should listen to the lyrics, and listen to the music! You punks would do well to support this great band! (BR)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

DEATHKILLER – "New England Sinking" CD

This band lies strangely between SUICIDE FILE and Louisville's GUILT, however I doubt they have ever heard the latter (for good reason). If you are a fan of slick but frenetic rocking hardcore, then check this trio out. (CC)
(I Scream, www.icreamrecords.com)

DEATH PARTY – "Zombies Need Love Too" EP

You know what's refreshing? A band with pretty girls in it that issues a press release with their single that says they don't want to be known as a band with pretty girls in it. Brilliant. Unprecedented. *From Hollywood!* The five tunes on here are as painful to sit through as any vinyl release I've reviewed for this zine, meandering from boring hardcore to gloomy death rock to pretty blah hard rock. A song called "Hello Kitty Casket"??? I rest my case. (MC)
(www.myspace.com/deathpartyband)

DEBELI PRECJEDNIK – "Through The Eyes Of The Innocent" CD

Third full-length, apparently, from these Croatian chaps, whose name translates to "Fat President." All the singing and words are in English; and I like how they put a couple of sentences of description after each song, like what folkies typically do on their records. The music is far from folk, but pretty close to the driving melodic hardcore patented by the likes of HOT WATER MUSIC, BOY SETS FIRE, and even ALL. It melds well, and sounds good—very good. Out on a Slovenian label, and well worth tracking down. (RK)
(Moonlee, www.moonleerecords.com)

DESTRUCTORS 666 / THE RUINED – split CD

This is not punk and therefore I am using my special powers as a reviewer to destroy it. It's an epic metal meets Euro pop collision. DESTRUCTORS 666 sounds like they were influenced by the spoken word intro to IRON MAIDEN'S "Number of the Beast," the production values of ACE OF BASE, and maybe some prog metal shitsystem that I don't know about because I am *AGAINST EPIC EURO POP METAL!* This is totally false metal bullshit. THE RUINED are stupid vampire psychobilly clowns. This record is a waste of the earth's resources. Stop it. (LG)
(Rowdy Farrago, no address, luckily for your ears!)

DICKIES – "Second Coming" CD

When they haven't been smacked out, the DICKIES have consistently produced some of most wonderful pop punk the world has ever heard. Not pop punk in that emo, backpack, life-is-shit-cos-someone-stole-my-favorite-journal type stuff. But pop in that hyperactive, helium vocals, speedy as fuck wacky zaniness way. Like what the TOY DOLLS do in the UK. Except the DICKIES did it first. Originally released in 1989, this is technically the DICKIES fourth full-length. While (surprisingly) both covers "Hair" and "Town Without Pity" are pretty disposable, there are some classic cuts on here, especially "Cross Eyed Tammy," which is as good as anything they've ever done. For real. Even better, as a "bonus" there's the stupendous *Killer Klowns* five-track mini LP. That's even better. It has earlier (and far superior, in my humble opinion) versions of "Booby Trap" and "Magoomba," which again are up there with the best. All in all there are sixteen tracks of (largely) unadulterated pure genius. And you can't really go wrong with that. Right. (RK)
(Captain Oi!, www.captainoi.com)

DISASTER US – CD

Debut self-produced, self-released disc from this young New Jersey trio. They obviously dig the wordplay (as well as the moniker of the band, they give us songs like "Eye Wander," "Diss Connected," and two with "Disaster US" in the title). Musically, they're all over the shop. A bit of melodic hardcore, a bit of slower UK SUBS-ish stuff, a bit of rock. It's all well played, and sounds good individually, but makes it difficult to get into overall...so much for applauding creativity, and diversity, but there you go. Not bad, and hopefully they'll grow into creating more of a defined sound of their own. (RK)
(www.disasterus.net)

DISCONVENIENCE – "Umeå Punk City" LP

This band belts out straightforward three-chord songs with good female vocals that remind me a bit of Becky Bondage or fellow country mates DISCO VOLANTE, which is not a bad thing at all. This is just solid good time punk with loads of anthemic choruses filled with street punk values and charge. *Umeå Punk City* is a hit, proving again that Wasted Sounds wouldn't steer you wrong. (WK)
(Wasted Sounds, www.wastedsounds.com)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Wonderful and Frightening World of..." LP

These hardcore scene veterans have clung like barnacles to their youthful vigor. This Raleigh, NC band features Kevin who was the vocalist of SUBCULTURE, who has a criminally underrated LP called *I Heard a Scream* that came out on Fartblossom/No Core in '85, and drummer Brian Walsby who did time in Orange County's SCARED STRAIGHT. This ain't no POLVO or ERECTUS MONOTONE. This is full bore, shit your pants hardcore. Much like their '80s NC HC counterparts. I hope when I'm in my late 30s (?) I'm in a band this fucking blazing. Get this or forever pose! A great, great, great record. Let's hope DOUBLE NEGATIVE makes it out west in the near future. (PS I'm now desperately ISO the SUBCULTURE LP. Someone reading this must have one for me. Hook it up!) (JU)
(No Way, www.nowayrecords.com)

DROP OUT – "Sex Appeal" LP

Imagine if the CIRCLE JERKS were from Texas and decided to drink a case of Lonestar instead of practicing their songs before they recorded them. Throw in a couple of Oi-ish group choruses and you've got the majesty of the DROP OUT demo, now pressed on to vinyl. Except there wasn't quite enough material to fill both sides, so the second half of the B-side is one of the member's other bands, which lies somewhere in college folk country bar rock territory. The cover of this record features a semi erect penis ejaculating the word "sex" and a vagina bleeding the word "appeal," and the insert art features a hermaphroditic collage and sex story. What *MRR* readers are more likely to be offended by is the frequent use of the word "bitch." Raw Texas hardcore. (BN)
(Parts Unknown, www.partsunknownrecords.com)

DRUNKEN BOAT / BLOTTO – split EP

OK, by now most longtime readers are aware of my love for Snuffy Smiles and this 7" just is added justification of my feelings. DRUNKEN BOAT kicks things off with one ripper of a song that easily surpasses anything that was on their full-length. The second song

isn't as strong, but is still decent. For those of you who haven't heard DRUNKEN BOAT think Minneapolis meets Chapel Hill with a touch of Jersey in it. If you need a band translation think HÜSKER DÜ meets SUPERCHUNK with a touch of THE MEASURE (SA). BLOTTO captures the snotty in a SCREECHING WEASEL meets the BANANAS way better than almost anybody in any country. As with all their releases this one had me dancing around MRR headquarters. A thumbs up winning record. (JF)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A-Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

THE EAT – "It's Not The Eat, It's the Humidity" 2xLP

Alternative Tentacles dredges up the complete recording on Florida's long lost THE EAT. Two singles and a cassette album, along with a ton of live shit—there's 59 tracks on two discs here, all from 1978 to 1985. I love these re-release crash courses in (mostly) forgotten old bands—if the packaging is done right and there's good reading material in there, then it's a real treat to delve into the history of some band that came and went in a bang and a flash twenty or thirty years ago. With Alternative Tentacles you know the packaging is done right, and the liner notes are comprehensively written, so top marks so far... The music is great poppy, rock 'n' roll punk, with heaps of energy, passion, and just a touch of snot. Songs like "Communist Radio" (their first, beloved, KBD-comped single), "Young Guy," and "One Call to Cuba" should be known as the classics they are. Comparisons to the REAL KIDS have already been made so I won't go there, but I also hear something akin to MINUTEMEN or the BIG BOYS in some of their later material, and at times even a more rock'n'roll THE NILS. Gosh...so many great bands under appreciated and under recorded...when I invent my time machine I'm going to include THE EAT on the list of bands I'm going back to round up. For now I'll just recommend this to you and thank A.T. for a job well done. (AD)
(Alternative Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

THE ELECTRICUTIONS – "Sedition, Subversion, and Espionage" EP

Wow. This has got a lot going on. At times it sounds like it's either English or Irish, circa 1979, without sounding like any band in particular. On the B-Side, they pick up the pace a bit and I'm reminded of early Midwest hardcore and, at times, ska. One thing remains constant throughout, and that's the driving hooks, which are as catchy as can be, without giving into poppiness. (Not that this would be bad, they just don't do it.) All this and their lyrics have something to say. Don't get me wrong, I love a song about a girl and how she broke your heart out and all that, but I also appreciate when a band can combine catchy, well-played punk rock with lyrics that make you think. This is good shit. Seriously. (KK)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, bigneckrecords@usa.net)

EL JIMMY – "Do it Yourself" CD

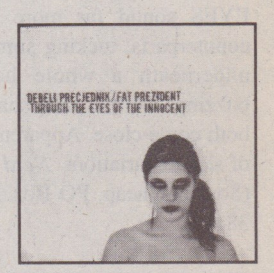
The packaging on this piece is hilarious. The cover shows EL JIMMY standing on a hilltop somewhere with EL JIMMY's BC Rick Warlock slung over EL JIMMY's shoulder overlooking a sprawling metropolis. While the inner photo shows EL JIMMY piloting a speed boat giving us a thumbs up. This isn't "as bad" as the artwork would let on. At times EL JIMMY's songs almost venture into *Feel the Darkness* territory but all in all EL JIMMY just doesn't move me. Mostly EL JIMMY just lumbers about in some weird vortex between hardcore riffs, cock rock, and Fat Wreck guitar world wankery. The monotonous "talking" vox and drum machine are the final nail in EL JIMMY's coffin. The insert claims "EL JIMMY Hardcore since 1984." All instruments are played by EL JIMMY. (JU)
(El Jimmy, PO Box 39147, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, jimmhc84@aim.com)

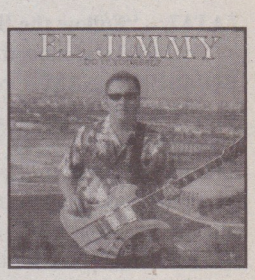
THE ERGS! / GRABBASS CHARLESTONS – split EP

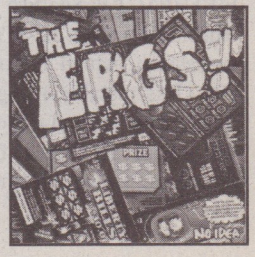
Well, does fucking life get any better than this? Two of my favorite bands delivering one great single that is full of the upbeat negativity that only punk rock can deliver. The ERGS! kick things off with two songs that make me truly believe they are the modern day equivalent of the DESCENDENTS and the rest of their Cruz records ilk. Fucking ace! GRABASS CHARLESTONS is a band that took me a little time to get used to, but for the past two years have been a constant rotation player for me. With the first song on their side they may have written my second favorite tune by them with "I Like Cats," which deals with how we are fucking things up on this planet. The second song on their side is a also brilliant number about the crazy friend that everyone has. You know, that one person you tend to love but everyone else wants to kill type. If you are not familiar with the GRABASS CHARLESTONS, they sound like a more pissed off and poppier LEATHERFACE…or maybe not, but that is the closet thing I can come up with. Just know that this 45 is one that gonna be talked up again when I do my year-end best of! (JF)
(No Idea, www.noidea.com)

EUCALPT / SOPHORA – split EP

This is an emo time capsule. It comes in a special hemp sleeve, which I guess is good because the usual manila envelope with a leaf taped to it would not be able to withstand time capsule underground earth conditions. Or maybe it's so it can survive the deluge of emo-strength woe; tears will not dissolve hemp like they will manila envelopes! Both bands, SOPHORA and EUCALYPT, should have been on Ebullition circa '94; they would have played shows at New England colleges with bands like JULIA and ORDINATION OF AARON. This is not emo like BRAID or PROMISE RING, this is not emo like SAVES THE DAY. This is the emo that made Tim ban emo records from being reviewed in *MRR* thus forcing the creation of an alternative publication for said releases—*HeartattaCk*, which no longer exists. This record, however, does exist and if you are ready to get a star or a pooh bear tattoo, start writing zines about your sorrow, and maybe recreate a More Than Music fest workshop, then this would be a good place to start. (LG)
(Heypresto, www.heypresto.greendestroyed.com)







EVIL WIZARD EYES / THE OSCARS – split EP

Two lower-classmen from Memphis' new punk school check in on this split. THE OSCARS are sometimes co-conspirators with JAY REATARD, which truly shines though on their side. Although things aren't quite as serious and gloomy as Jay's material, you can tell they share a common interest in well-crafted, catchy, fuzzy punk rock. EVIL WIZARD EYES sound far more desperate than their counterparts, tucking simple, mid-tempo punk underneath a whole heap of yelling and buzzing. Neither side shakes the heavens, but both come close. Apparently limited with a ton of sleeve variations. *Nerd alert!* (MC)
(Soul Is Cheap, PO Box 11552, Memphis, TN 38111)

FAR FROM FINISHED – "Living in the Fallout" CD

The sticker on the front of this CD proudly proclaims, "As seen on tour with blah, blah, blah and the Vans Warped Tour." Slick, slicker, or slickest pop punk ever. Keep your top-forty out of my punk. Get your asses lubed up boys cause you're about to be ass-raped by the majors. The only redeeming factor is their guest bass player on this album Mark "Ducky Boys" Lind. Finish already! (JU)
(Think Fast!, www.thinkfastrecords.com)

FATAL – "Follow the Blind" EP

Four tracks of modern German hardcore a la BOMBENALARM or BURIAL, with ECONOCHRIST-level tempos, raw, throaty vocal shouts over dirty, distorted noise blasts, and metallic guitar leads and squeals. Over pounding and direct music, the lyrics are either obtuse or just head scratching: "Another undead army, in line for the cheating head, leading the zombies into their graves." Overall though, it's a sturdy debut, with a nice sleeve with spot varnished blacks, worth plucking out of a distro box. (KS)
(Drachenwerkstatt, www.contanimationdistribution.com)

FILTHPACT / STEP ON IT – split EP

This may sound quite odd for a punk to say, but I really don't like split 7"s most of the time. You just don't get a feel for the bands and I often don't know whether I want to hear more. But I'll eat my hat. This is fucking amazing. FILTHPACT is Scottish face ripping crust-violence. They even have a really good tune on depression, which I thought was cool. STEP ON IT is metallic Hungarian HC mixed with power violence and all sorts of shit! They call it "all school" HC, this is fucking cool. (NM)
(Problem, www.problemrecords.co.uk)

FLIPTOPS / YOKOHAMA HOOKS – split EP

On their side of this little split, the FLIPTOPS play competent, '70s inspired punk/power pop with a lo-fi, garage-y tinge. It's not mind-blowing, but it's summer mixtape material for sure. Ya know, the kinda songs you listen to while drinking tall cans in the kiddie pool. YOKOHAMA HOOKS fills their side with some dance-inspiring new wave-y punk. The vocal effects border on annoying on the first track, and there is a kind of overpowering quality to the delivery, but it's original, and that's always nice. (AA)
(Iron Goat, no address)

FRONTSIDE FIVE – "Fall Out of Line" CD

Mediocre pop skate punk from Denver with lyrics like "Yeah I'm stuck in the '80s but I do it all for the ladies." Boring. (BN)
(Fivecore, 2111 S. Trenton Way, Suite # 105, Denver, CO 80231)

THE FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS / KK RAMPAGE – split EP

The A-side features two swan song recordings from the FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS and at least they went out with a bang and without a lapse in quality. Salute! KK RAMPAGE is Dr. Filth's new band: still plenty of noise and fury but artier, weirder, and perhaps alienating to some BLACKOUTS fans, which deserves another salute for the good doctor following his muse (even if it sounds as though he might be beating said muse in the head with a rock, which makes for interesting listening). (DD)
(Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20195, www.bigneckrecords.com)

GAYE BLADES – "I'd Brave Anything For You" EP

Being a side project from one of the BLACK LIPS is probably enough to quickly sell through however many of these were pressed, but it's worth getting for actual content rather than mere double-bag collector value. Jared shows his more straightforward and poppy (but still somewhat grimy and certainly deee-liteful) side in a manner that would have probably delighted Shane White (even aside from the homoerotic content) had this wound up in his review stack. (DD)
(Rob's House, www.robshouserecords.com)

GET RAD / PROTESTANT – split EP

The band names combined with the artwork—which is a great cartoon drawing of people destroying everything around them—gave me the idea that these bands were going to be thrash revival type bands. Instead, PROTESTANT has a big yet melodic sound that reminds me a bit of TRAGEDY. GET RAD (ex-KUNG FU RICK, SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA, and HIGH ON CRIME) on the other hand play thrashy hardcore and the track "Talking Metallica with Righteous Dudes" makes this 7" worth it all by itself. "That something as little as an eight-song cassette can mean so much. We all know Lars sucks and Lombardo would make 'em better. And Kirk might be a little light in the loafers but damn, that shit fucking rules." And the chorus? "Kill 'em all. Lightning, Puppets, and Justice for All!" (MH)
(Barbarian, 254 W. Gilman St, Madison, WI 53703, earwax666@hotmail.com)

GHOUL – "Splatterthrash" LP

Tank Crimes Records continues with their series of metal releases that last time brought you the POPULATION REDUCTION EP. This time they're releasing the Bay Area's thrash metal masters GHOUL. This ain't really traditional punk rock music but still has as much validity as THE ACCÜSED or BLUDWULF being reviewed in these pages. The music is well played by seasoned veterans who play in such bands as IMPALED, LUDICRA, DESOLATION, and DYSTOPIA. The lyrics follow along with a comic book story molded to the dark horror landscapes of Creepsylvania, which is both entertaining and humorous. The packaging on this record is brutal, with a full color gatefold and a color inner sleeve focusing on bloodied Ghouls thrashing it up. This is a perfect pick for any fan of MUNICIPAL WASTE or the legions of new thrash bands popping up. The riffs are catchy and the story is strong—get it. (WK)
(Tank Crimes, www.tankcrimes.com)

GIANT HAYSTACKS – "We Are Being Observed" LP

Limited-to-200 vinyl issue of the HAYSTACKS' first full-length. Perhaps a bit more straightforward than their more recent output; nevertheless, the MINUTEMEN and GANG OF FOUR influences are still apparent, forming the foundation upon which this now-defunct Oakland trio built their repertoire of infectious, energetic post-punk tunes. If this LP is still available, I would highly recommend seeking it out. Quite honestly one of the best bands to come out of the Bay Area in recent years. (CS)
(Smartguy, www.smartguyrecords.com)

GO! – "What We Build Together" EP

These ABC No Rio punks have come back on the scene and they bring us a second record since they started playing again. I can honestly say that this one is much stronger than the last EP they did—that was the warm-up record. This slab has more power with songs like "Diagnosed" plus a few quick and short songs similar to some of their earlier recordings. It is good to see that GO! still puts lyrical emphasis

on eco-politics amongst a variety of other issues. They also do a song in Hebrew and in Deutsch! You go Miss Mike! (MS)
(Mike, PO Box 59321, San Jose, CA 95159, myspace.com/gonyhc)

GUERILLA POUBELLE – "Il Faut Repeindre Le Monde" CD

This is France's answer to RANCID, with a little hardcore thrown in for good measure. Unfortunately, I can't read French, but I am hoping the lyrics are more relevant than the music. Too slick, too "Ruby Soho." (CC)
(Guerilla Poubelle, 17 Rus des Peuplier, 75013 Paris, FRANCE)

GUFF – "Symphony of Voices" CD

Fucking hell, this is really good. GUFF combine the thick melodies, harmonies, and layered vocals and guitars of the best of the SoCal melodic hardcore bands over the years (BAD RELIGION, NO USE FOR A NAME, FACE TO FACE), with the kind of power, production, precision, and amazing rockage that the melodic hardcore bands of the mid-to-late '80s (GOVERNMENT ISSUE's *You*, DAG NASTY's *Field Day*) were getting on their later records. Dunno much about this quartet at all, but am very keen to get more. (RK)
(Go Kart, www.gokartrecords.com)

GULAG – "Nada Cambia" LP

This band features folks from the amazing (and now defunct) E-150 out of Barcelona, Spain. GULAG, I am happy to say, stands on their own and completely fucking rules! This is driving, aggressive, in your face hardcore punk with attitude, featuring mid-to-fast paced heavy drum pounding with throaty vocals and guitars that jump at you. This LP kills! *¡Quiero mas!* (MS)
(Sell Our Souls, c/o Oriol Hernandez, Ausias March 61-63 30 4A, 08010 Barcelona, SPAIN, www.selloursouls.com)

THE HEX DISPENSERS – CD

Pumped up dark wave, like a hurried FRUSTRATION or a more riffed out MANIKIN. There is some TUBEWAY ARMY influence, which is further confirmed by their great cover of "Down in the Park." An atmospheric dirge hangs over the tunes, and that cloak and dagger menace as perfected by THE FEELERS and FINAL SOLUTIONS sits heavy. When they go for the throat in that classic punk way, reminders of THE WIPERS and OBSERVERS come flooding in; dark but super catchy, with songs that'll swim around your noggin for years. I can already feel the buzz around this band, now please come to San Francisco. (SD)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 U'bach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.com)

HIGH TENSION WIRES – "Midnight Cashier" CD

My adoration of the MARKED MEN is no secret, and while I hate to think my giddy schoolgirl like mooning over that band eclipses any other project the members do I can't help but compare. Now, I battered the first HIGH TENTION WIRES LP…but this one *destroys*. Sure the Mark Ryan songwriting is evident on a couple of tracks (hell, "Not Enough For Me" could almost have been lifted off the last MARKED MEN disc) and the recording sounds just like *Fix My Brain*….but its the Pulliam/Wiebe songwriting combo that really is the backbone of this band. Much more diverse and sophisticated than the last record, this disc is dripping with hooks and songwriting finesse; how can you go wrong with members of the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS, REDS, and the MARKED MEN? It's almost the perfect combination of power pop hooks and buzzsaw punk rock. This has been in constant rotation round my place, and while I would never cheat on the MARKED MEN…how about a one night stand fellas? Essential. (TB)
(Dirtnap, www.dirtnaprecs.com)

HOLLYWOOD GODS – CD

Raucous punk with the Irish bent of THE POGUES, DROPKICK MURPHYS, and SWINGIN' UTTERS. Almost melodic hardcore for the raise-your-beer crowd. A good full length from this Canadian outfit. (RL)
(Juxtaposition, no address)

THE HYDEOUTS – "Won't You Tell Me" EP

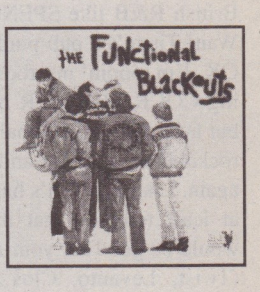
Usually, when I hear that weird, processed robot voice that makes me picture some stupid rockabilly band singing through one of those dumb big, '50s mics, I throw the record against the wall and violate the remains. But seeing that they thanked Ric Flair gave me pause. About 30 seconds in, I was totally down with the robot, realizing that it reminded me of HUBBLE BUBBLE vocals. Also, they're not afraid to play mid-tempo, which we need more of in this crazy, mixed up world. "Feeling Quite Bored" is the highlight, with a "Top Secret" by KAOS feel. Altogether, very decent shitty garage good times. And not garage in that 40-year-old-squares-in-AA-and-nice-cars way, but in that scary DWARVES way. Not a clunker on this fucker—buy it! (JP)
(Black Lung, 3139 Ellwood Ave Apt. B, Richmond, VA 23321)

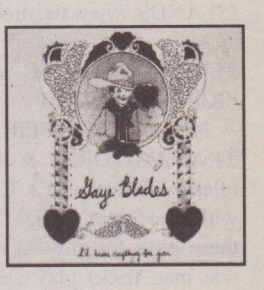
ICU – "17 Minutes" EP

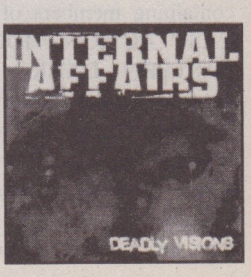
Three tunes from this NYC/Memphis two-piece. Things begin with a fairly competent take on straightforward hardcore with great, snarling female vocals. Hmm, OK…next? "See Emily Play," a SYD BARRETT cover trumps the previous tunes on side A, but manages to replace any psych leaning with something bearing more than a slight resemblance to L7 and similar dreadlocked angry gals. In short, I can't tell my ass from my elbow have repeated spins. A schitzo band for schitzo listeners. Like me. (MC)
(Put On, 131 Grand St., Brooklyn, NY 11211)

INTERNAL AFFAIRS – "Deadly Visions" CD

Fast youth crew HC from LA following in the tried and true tradition of bands who adopted this style after the fact that happen to entertain these ears more than the OG (YOUTH OF TODAY). I'm talking about bands like GO IT ALONE, LIGHTS OUT, etc. You know the drill—gang choruses, fast parts, Nikes, and breakdowns galore. Now get out to a show and start diving, you wimp! (JU)
(Malfunction, www.malfunctionrecords.com)







THE JAM – "Strange Town Chicago" LP

Another live JAM bootleg, recorded at Park West Nightclub, March 6, 1980, drawing material mostly from their classic *Sound Effects* and *All Mod Cons* LPs. Is this essential? Well, not really. But due to the material and the good sound quality this LP makes for a very good listen. The fact that it contains tracks not on the official *Dig the New Breed* live recording and the high quality should make this a major want on most JAM worshippers lists. (SD)
(bootleg, no address)

THEE JENERATORS – "The Kids Are…Not Alright" CD

This is some swinging mod-rock from the Channel Islands that doesn't easily fit into a generic sound category, but it's a dance party the whole way through! Backed by a good horn section, I hear a strong Northern Soul influence for a bit, but then again, I hear some mid-'60s British R&B like SPENCER DAVIS GROUP. Wait! There's a pub-punk sound going on now. OK, I'm tappin' my foot here and I'm imagining COCK SPARRER backed by saxophones, but now some traditional rock and roll—almost rockabilly—starts in and everything's different again. Like I said, it's hard to classify, but I can at least tell you that this hip-shaking action would be good for your next party! (BG)
(Twist, Levanto, Clos Du Marais, Rue De Marais Vale, Guernsey GY6 8AZ, CHANNEL ISLANDS, www.twistrecords.co.uk)

JEFFIE GENETIC & HIS CLONES – "Killed By Jeff" LP

New wavers JEFFIE GENETIC (ex of the TRANZMITORS) & HIS CLONES vinyl release of last year's CD on Dirtnap records with five extra tracks. If you aren't familiar, these guys (or guy—it could be possibly be a one man trick) play catchy, clean new wave with keyboards. Like a poppier version of THE MINDS mixed with THE BRIEFS with a healthy nod to HUBBLE BUBBLE. Nothing deep or life changing, but enough tracks to pick from to spice up any punk party faves mix tape. Limited to 300. (SD)
(Lady Kinky Karrot, ladykinkykarrot@yahoo.com)

JOHNNY CASINO AND THE SECRETS – "New Clothes Old Shoes" CD

Australian rock 'n' rollers debut release, containing members of CELIBATE RIFLES, EASY ACTION, HOODOO GURUS, and EASTERN DARK. Mixing some great Southern soul and Delta blues with a sprinkling of classic country and a nice honky-tonk feel. Big production that takes nothing away from its garage roots, all enhanced by some great brass, harmonica, and organ riffing. The tunes are here, the groove in abundance, the song writing shining, and the energy unrelenting. Thumbs up. (SD)
(Off The Hip, www.offthehip.com.au)

JOHNNY MANAK AND THE DEPRESSIVES – "Rebound Town" CD

"Inspired by the sounds of '50s. '60s, & '70s rock 'n' roll and garage punk," says the accompanying press release (it sez, it sez), but despite the high aspirations this souffle sadly fails to hold together in any remarkable way. Sounds as though too much effort went into competence and all abandon went out the window. JOHNNY recorded (and by that I assume that "preformed" is also meant) all the instruments on the album, which is not usually a recipe for successful rock 'n' roll. Sorry. (DD)
(Reach Around, PO Box 1295, San Jose, CA 95108, www.jonnymanak.com)

THE JONESES – "Keeping Up with the Joneses" LP

……pretty fucking good re-ish of what I believe is their forth outing on vinyl (that being singles, comps, EPs, etc…..)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm a fan of these lame-os so fuck all of youse in the ass….*hard*!!!!! I saw them as a kid tooooo….so eat it!!! Yeah, I know they all got JOHNNY THUNDERS rock and roll penis stuck in their veins and they all pray at the church of DAVID JOHANSEN, but that was the L.A. thing back then……L.A. was a glam town….it pretty much still is!!!!! Just remember this you punk rock bozos, Darby Crash would have given anything to suck off Bowie's glitter-rod back in the day….so don't feel so smug you little bastards!!!!!! This LP alone blows GUNS N ROSES right off the L.A. map….no doubt about it!!!!!!! I'm such a sucker for guys who dress girly…I think it's *hot*!!!!!!!!! Don't be afraid to check it out!!!!! (SW)
(Full Breach Kicks, 2060 N. California Ave, Chicago, IL 60647, www.fullbreach77.com)

KICKSTART – CD

KICKSTART plays run of the mill rock/pop punk with JAWBREAKER gravelly vocals, lots of "woah oh oh" backing vocals and a less punk and way way *way* shittier than DILLINGER FOUR feel. Meaning totally boring sanitized bar rock pop punk rather than neutered high school Weaselcore. I bet they play a cover of the "Ace of Spades" and have tattoos of '50s pin-up girls. (LG)
(Serious Business, no address)

THE KIDS – LP

Finally released in the US after more time than most *MRR* readers have probably logged on this planet, THE KIDS' first LP is as close to a universally acknowledged classic (especially of non-US/Brit) punk record as you're going to find. Starting off with the 1-2-3 combo punch of "This Is Rock 'N' Roll," "Do You Love the Nazis," and "Bloody Belgium," this is essential, viable even! If you don't have a copy of this, skip lunches until you can buy it. Includes bonus tracks "The City Is Dead" and "No Work." (DD)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

KILLER DREAMER – LP

I've seen this band a million times, and I'm listening to this album right now, and I still find it hard to describe KILLER DREAMER. They're from San Pedro but they don't sound like that one San Pedro band…or that other, newer San Pedro band. KILLER DREAMER is a punk band…punk as fuck, with a pinch of melody, some metal, and some stoopid thrash, and, OK maybe just a weensie bit of those other San Pedro bands, but only 'cause they can't help it. KILLER DREAMER is fuckin' great, and fun as hell (especially live) but I still can't tell you why. I know that's a bummer, cuz a review is supposed to tell you something informative. OK, how about this—one time I was with KILLER DREAMER in Cleveland and they totally smoked crack. It was stupid, but it makes a funny story. Kinda like this album. (PC)
(45 RPM, PO Box 282, San Pedro, CA 90731)

KILL YOUR IDOLS – "Something Started Here" CD

This is an extensive collection of comp and split EP tracks dating from 1995 to 2007 by New York hardcore's finest KILL YOUR IDOLS. The liner notes are exhaustive for all 38 tracks, making this a must for any fan of this great hardcore band. Their covers on here range anywhere from NEGATIVE APPROACH, to SHEER TERROR, to JAWBREAKER, which is a pretty good representation of their diverse sound. (CC)
(Lifeline, www.lifelinerecords.net)

KIM – "Fighting Attitude" CD

Totally hard-hitting, metal-influenced Japanese hardcore from West Kyoto, and I believe it's the first release by these guys. The tunes on this four-track EP are a crushing wave of distortion and anger, just as you would expect from good Japanese hardcore, but a slight modern edge keeps this from being any sort of rip off from the genre. KIM plays with a heavy intensity and power similar to bands like GAUZE or HEARTWORK, but the sound is a bit too overproduced and metallic for me to put into "mandatory" status. Maybe I'm just prejudiced against the digital format of a CDEP because I bet this would rip if it was recorded through analog equipment and came out as a 7"—though I know a lot of Japanese releases of the past few years have come out on CDEPs.

You should still check this out if you're a fan of Japanese hardcore, although this seems like it might not be too easy to find. (BG)
(Front of Union, www.frontofunion.com)

KING LOUIE AND THE LOOSE DIAMONDS – "Memphis Treat" CD

Of course this is great, what did you expect? Undefeatable scratchy, doubled-up vocals with "where the fuck have I heard that before" melodies. Nothing better than a miserable fucker making happy, happy music—whether it's threats of jumping out of your wheelchair to kill or doo-wopped apologies to someone who sounds like they wished you'd sunk in Hurricane K. If everyone listened to "Lookin' for a Heart" during their morning shower, both virginity and sorrow would become extinct that very day. (JP)
(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97121, www.emptyrecords.com)

KOROVA – "If There is a Future" EP

A fun seven tracks of ripping and crude basement/demo quality hardcore from 2001-2006 Alabama, with a smattering of the late-'80s/early-'90s Lookout records style bass melody thrown in and even a ska-ish intro track. Mostly it's fast, blown out hardcore. The low and lower-fi sounds on this record give this a caustic and fresh edge, with the first track "Clockwork" being a total ripper. The lyrics are mostly complaints about the punk scene and punk scene politics, which I find amazing—in the eight or nine years I spent in Alabama involved in the punk scene there was a whole world of shit and rednecks outside to complain about and *no* punk scene, so I guess you don't always want what you wish for. Slapped together xerox packaging with ripped off Frank Miller artwork and more complaints about the punk scene. Limited to 500 on color splattered vinyl. (KS)
(Victimized, www.myspace.com/victimizedrecs)

LAST RIDE IN – "Wake Me Up or Put Me Out" CD

Modern, emotional, and melodic punk/hardcore from Texas. It was recorded a while ago (2004/05) but they still saw fit to release it now. This would go down better with someone a little younger than me I suspect, maybe one of those snowboarding fellows? (AD)
(Lower, 4612 Country Club View, Baytown, TX 77521)

LEBENDEN TOTEN – "Death Culture Deprivation" 8" EP

I don't think I really need to explain this one but I will for the newbies' sake. LEBENDEN TOTEN is one of the noisiest, most fucked up sounding, intentionally inept hardcore bands around. The guitar sounds like a blender, the drums only play exactly what needs to be played, the vocals sound like a mad Chihuahua with a thorn in her paw screaming through a tin can on a string, and the bass sounds like a broken motorcycle. And through all this mess there is an amazing sense of melody and genius that most bands lack. This record is amazing, and their best yet. But good luck finding one—sorry kids. (JU)
(Overthrow, #402 Maruta-Palace, Shimoshinshuk, 21-5, Ichikawa, Chiba, 272-01, JAPAN)

LOVER! – CD

Dear Richard Crook, I just wanted to inform you that I have really enjoyed all of the stuff you have done so far. Your work in the LOST SOUNDS and KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS has gotten plenty of airtime on my stereo. I would like to say LOVER! would join those discs but I have one problem. Despite my love of the power poppish sounds of this disc, I find myself discomforted by the casual N-bomb dropped on the third song on this disc. Perhaps you thought you were being funny, and I would like to believe you mean no harm, but unfortunately the way you use the word is vague enough that even my co-workers who aren't nearly as concerned about that shit as I am went "whoa." I don't know, but I will say it mars an otherwise fine CD. (JF)
(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97212)

MARBLES – LP

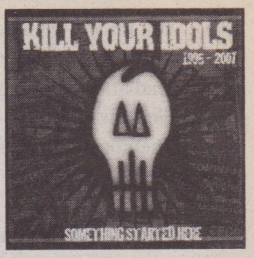
….nice looking and sounding bootleg!!!!! What we got here is a collection of cuts done by the very obscure New York pop group called the MARBLES…..!!!!! Unfortunately there are no liner notes with this bad boy so I'm gonna have to wing this on my own limited knowledge of these motherfuckers……I'm guessin' this material was recorded between '75-'76…I know they did at least two singles on Terry Ork's record label (which are included here!!!)……but I don't know if they did a long player or not!!!!! I gotta be honest here folks, the MARBLES ain't for everybody…..I think they're fucking fantastic, but I like really wimpy sounding four part harmonies and all that fluffy cotton candy powder puff jive!!!!!!!!! The MARBLES came close to out-schmaltzing the RASPBERRIES, but they could never out-schmaltz Eric Carmen's solo career…….ouch!!!! Anyways, check this boot out if you see it in the bins……you might just be a wimp at heart and you don't know it yet…..cocksucker!!!!!! (SW)
(Vinyl Countdown, www.vinylcountdownrecords.com)

MELTDOWN – "Demolition" CD

Man, you would think that this is some sort of death metal band or something judging by the cover (e.g., a skeleton with Viking helmet and sword, jagged-edged lettering, inverted cross, etc.), but it's full-on, straight edge hardcore—with a metal crossover. I was totally expecting not to like this because I usually despise metalcore done by tattooed tough guys who wear basketball jerseys, but I'm on my fourth listen already! This is less metal by today's standards of influence, and is more like the heavy chugga-chugga macho-core of the early '90s like SUB ZERO or INTEGRITY, combined with a little thrash metal like ANTHRAX. The heavy breakdowns and pounding drums make you want to destroy villages with your swinging fists, and the ominous lyrics are screamed with such anger that the weak-at-heart will cower in fear if played in their presence. Good stuff! (BG)
(Malfunction, www.malfunctionrecords.com)

MEN WHO LUNCH – CD

Fourteen short, sweet, and fun tunes from this young NY duo. Their catchy, raw, dual-vocal bedroom punk songs deal with everyday life—*their* everyday life, that is, so it's all very intimate and charming. Funny bits of lyrics



like, "Yo, Jason, whatcha doing tonight?" and "Corner sushi! Free sushi!" keep getting stuck in my head after listening to this just a couple of times. Get this CD; you'll totally love it. (PC)
($2: Tapeworm, 52 Soundview Ave, White Plains, NY 10606)

METHADONES – "This Won't Hurt..." CD

I'm guessing that this is the fourth METHADONES album, as I have the first two and I know I missed one...but this takes off right where the first two left off—really well written and well played melodic punk. Reminiscent simultaneously of the RONETTES and HÜSKER DÜ in catchiness and the sheer crispness of their sound, this is power pop for the new millennium. Of course there is also a huge RAMONES influence, as one would expect with Dan (Vapid) Schaefer handling the songwriting duties. There's nothing bad you can say about this, except that it's almost too clean—might need to rub some dirt on it. (AD)
(Red Scare, www.redscare.net)

MISS ALEX WHITE AND THE RED ORCHESTRA – "Space and Time " CD

Driving, Midwestern, bass heavy garage rock with super bold electrifying girl—no, *woman*—vocals. MISS ALEX WHITE's voice is crazy, it's kind of throaty and full , and at first I thought it was too bar rock mustachio/ DETROIT COBRAS for me, but it's pretty fucking compelling. Seriously, one of the reasons I could never get into the GOSSIP was the fact that Beth's voice is too much like a Janis Joplin karaoke bar rock act. I have a total aversion to that, "life's roooaaaaaaad is heeaaavvvvvvy" school of lady rocker vox. Initially I classed this as boring sassy lady garage for people who wear all denim all the time. *But*! This record feels like 3 am clean up time, it feels like walking home with a heavy head, it feels like an *album*. It's like a record by a STOOGES fan that isn't a waste of time and an expanse of ego. This is total stoned-at-the-Planetarium rock music, you know, beers in the forest as the sun rises and your curfew is something that doesn't exist, a mythic teenage rock experience, but it's adult too. I don't know, I really dug it and it's not the sort of thing I would normally investigate at all… (LG)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)

MODERN LIFE IS WAR – "My Love, My Way" LP

I'm not sure who originally coined the phrase, but if this record doesn't define the term *amazing-core*, I don't know what does. Is this band's first full-length relevant enough to repress after only four years of being out of print? I guess the demand will answer that question. MODERN LIFE IS WAR's distinct sound has already swept over thousands of suburban youth in BANE hoodies all across the world. This band's guttural screams over mid-paced hardcore, with big production and even bigger back-up vocals can only elicit a one-word response to anyone that has had the fortune of seeing them live: a-m-a-z-i-n-g. (CC)
(Lifeline, PO Box 692, Midlothian, IL 60445)

M.O.T.O. – "Some Thing" EP

I tried to pin this band down before, and all I got was a headache and a D- for all my hard work. Christ, I can feel it happening again; fuck Chicago. Well, what we got is four tunes given the complete lo-fi treatment apart from the vocals, drum machine included. I know this is gonna be a hard one—maybe even impossible—but just imagine, if you like, a SCREECHING WEASEL of the early type melted unrecognizably together with those fighting brothers from Glasgow, THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. Oh, and while you're at it throw some of THE SPITS into that fire as well. Another wrecked loaf and another D-. Four great tunes under all that confusion. (SD)
(Boom Chick, 6405 Morrill Ave, Havelock, NE 68507, www.boomchickrecords.com)

MY BIG BEAUTIFUL – "The Way Things Are" CD

For slick stuff, this is pretty good. This sounds like a mix of FACE TO FACE, THE LIVING END, and BETTER THAN EZRA, with FACE TO FACE being the only of those bands I like. Pop vocals over a mix of pop punk, acoustic, and pop music. (RL)
(Fudgesickill, www.fudgesickillrecords.com)

NO IDOLS – "Low Swing the Pyramid Hands" LP

Huh, this is a pretty cool record. I have a feeling NO IDOLS comes from the CONVERGE school of "hardcore," but what you get is something somewhat different. There are a lot of elements here that scream "Sounds of the Underground" style festival tours, the production is super pro, and I bet their zip up hoodies have some graphic of a skull with angel wings dropping bombs out of its mouth silk-screened in the armpit. Musically, think BOTCH or BURIAL YEAR with a bit of something different. By the end of the first side, the weirdness kinda goes away and you're left with a straight up BURIAL YEAR sound. Slow and menacing. In the end, I'm "in like" with this record but I could probably still cheat on it.... (JU)
(Teenage Disco Bloodbath, www.tdbrecords.com)

THE NOJONS – "California 1983" EP

The opening track is a totally fun, funny, and catchy spoof/homage to SoCal '80s punk. A definite hit. The rest of the record continues with influences from many eras of pop-punk—DESCENDENTS, RAMONES-core, NOFX, and maybe even the JACK PALANCE BAND. I would complain that this band tries too hard to be clever and funny, but they actually pulled it off well enough in "California 1983" for me to forgive them. Recommended! (PC)
(Punks Before Profits, PO Box 1148, Grand Rapids, MI 49501)

NUCLEAR SOCKETTS – "Overload" CD

NUCLEAR SOCKETTS, from England, existed from 1979-'83, during which time they released a pair of 7"s and a one-song live flexi; this discography CD collects both studio records and the entire set from which the flexi's track was culled. The band played dark, catchy mid-tempo melodic punk quite similar to, though ultimately not as transcendent as the likes of CRISIS or ZOUNDS. Still, the studio material is quite solid, especially the opener, "Pretender's Zeal." As always, Overground does an excellent job with the reissue, including liner notes, photos, old newspaper and fanzine clippings, and the like. Twenty tracks in all…well worth checking out. (CS)
(Overground, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE 99 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM, www.overgroundrecords.co.uk)

NUX VOMICA – "A Civilized World" CD

With the acoustic guitar intro you know this was going to be some apocalyptic, dark crust-core, sure not to disappoint! This CD features excellent recording quality and good musicianship for a change. Of course I could make the obligatory TRAGEDY allusion but I will not, these guys remind me of a more anarcho version of UNRUH. Some caustic, snarly vocals and metallic guitar sound really drive this one home for me. Love it. (NM)
(Aborted Society, 1122 E. Pike No. 1377, Seattle, WA 98122)

OHL – "Zuruck Zur Front" LP

A new (well, from 2003) LP by the one of the original '80s German hardcore punk bands. OBERSTE HEERESLEITUNG—better known as OHL—has always been a controversial band on the German hardcore scene, refusing to fit into a left-leaning political paradigm, being defiantly anti-communist, further confusing international audiences with being named after the highest echelon of command in the German Army in WW2, and putting Nazi soldiers on most of their LP covers. The band doesn't carry *that* political persuasion—one side of the lyric sheet seems to address this, translated through Babelfish as saying something like, "OHL fights any form of political extremism and religious fanaticism. From right, left, and religious systems to the system of government raising it's

hand, having only the suppression and manipulation of the people as the goal. OHL places itself against each blind and deaf mass of ignorants, who cannot see reality"—but still… Musically, this is perfected, speeding bullet, Deutsch punk/hardcore with the ratty, sneering vocals by the original singer (who is the only original member) and choice earworm guitar parts, but modernized with a club-style snare mixed high in the modern recording. It's way beyond solid and catchy with lyrics entirely in German (though the record is distributed internationally), but despite all their protestations, I still doubt elements of their audiences sing chorus like "Auslander Raus" ("foreigners out") with the hint of intended irony…so despite the great music, oh…yawn. (KS)
(Teenage Rebel, Wallstr. 21, 40213 Dusseldrof, GERMANY)

ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE – "Ghosts of the Sidewalk" EP

This is a benefit EP for food banks in Oahu and Maui. ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE has been active in their area for some time now and it is exciting to hear this new record. This is a two-song 7" with a really interesting guitar sound that brings early AGENT ORANGE to mind. And ORDER OF THE WHITE ROSE is out of Hawaii, which in itself is not so ordinary; the liner notes provide a bit of insight into this band and how they came about. A cool release overall. (MS)
(Unitree, $5 ppd: Hawaiian Express, PO Box 11871, Honolulu, HI 96828, www.whiterosepunk.com)

OUT COME THE WOLVES – "Oh No It's OCTW Again!" EP

This is a one-sided, five-song EP to support this band's first European tour. I have never been a fan of the name, but I've always enjoyed this group's brand of raw, straight up hardcore in the vein of DYS or SSD. Julio's vocals for some reason remind me of the singer for JUSTICE on this recording. If you like over-the-top straight edge hardcore, then you should check out Barcelona's OUT COME THE WOLVES. (CC)
(Sell Our Souls, www.selloursouls.com)

PERIOD THREE – "Gone Fishin'" EP

Debut EP by this new Milwaukee three-piece made up of folks from THE KIND OF JAZZ MUSIC THAT KILLS, DAMN HELL ASS KINGS (who by the way have one of the better *Simpsons*-reference band names of recent memory), MODERN MACHINES, and more. Four tracks of lo-fi plaintive pop punk…good stuff too—though the lyrics, maybe not so much—and limited to 300 copies. (CS)
($5.50 ppd: DNH, 1111 Pratt Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801)

PISSCHRIST – "Pisslickin Singles" CD

I have reviewed a lot of the records contained in this compact disc and I will just say this—PISSCHRIST pretty much has the D-beat crust/hardcore market cornered. They play tight, write good songs, and put on a hell of a live performance. Would labels like Yellowdog, MCR, Havoc, and Dogma Destroyer all be involved in this release if it wasn't the shit? Get this fucker if you don't wanna flip a ton of singles to hear the musical destruction of Australia's current hottest punk export. (WK)
(Yellowdog, www.yellowdog.de)

PLAGUE – "Thumper" CD

A 34-track collection from a Cleveland hardcore band that existed from 1982 to 1992 but had no studio recordings until 1987. For '87, PLAGUE's sound was almost a throwback to a more straightforward time in hardcore than the in-fashion permutations of crossover, quirk-core, and post-Revolution Summer emo. PLAGUE played the throaty, guitar-driven, jackhammer hardcore that always gets associated with NEGATIVE APPROACH, and while the anger and guitar charge point towards the kind of refined *Tied Down* "APPROACH," there's just as much DETONATORS in the vocal delivery. Also, the late-'80s/early-'90s influence in musical breaks and refinement still seep in though without the severity of hardcore that came later in the '90s. This material comes from their two 7"'s and great *Chain Saw Massacre* LP from 1990, but omits a few tracks as well as the entire split LP with ROVSVETT. There's also an OK, slower, near-FLIPPER-ish track from their 1982 demo and some final, unreleased, metallic recordings with distorted and throaty MOBS-style vocals and XCRETA-ish guitar fuzz. Skimpily packaged (which at this point, for a CD retrospective is a major fault), with a god-awful what's-this-have-to-do-with-anything cover that reminds me of that photoshopped shit Frank Kozik used to try to pass off as "art" on Man's Ruin records. Nonetheless, the solidness of PLAGUE's hammering attack pulls this disc out of the fire. (KS)
(Just 4 Fun, Timotejvägen 10, 612 34 Finspång, SWEDEN, www.j4f.dk)

LA PLEBE – "Hasta La Muerte!" CD

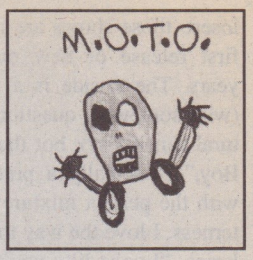
Another solid but unspectacular release from this SF punk-ska hybrid. With a rougher sound more akin to CHOKING VICTIM than OPERATION IVY, LA PLEBE gives us twelve tracks of personal and political nature that are full of energy and spirit. Unfortunately, I sometimes feel the songs aren't quite there when I listen to this record—at least in its recorded form—because regardless of how I feel about LA PLEBE on CD, their live shows never fail to impress. (JF)
(Red Scare, www.redscare.net)

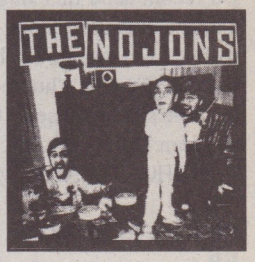
POHJASAKKA – "Maailma Täynnä Vihaa" EP

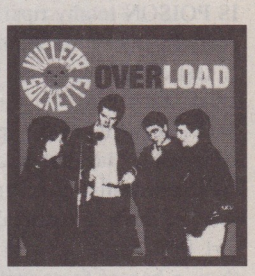
Here we've got a boot-alike of this scarce five-song EP from 1985. POHJASAKKA's brand of Finnish HC could be likened to RIISTETYT or MELLAKKA (with whom they shared a member)—thick, brutal riffs, relentless, pounding, bass-driven songs, hell-shriek vocals. The recording quality and tightness of the band is not professional…just the right level of sloppiness. And the opener, "Tapa Sotilas," is a killer. Worth checkin' out. (CS)
(bootleg)

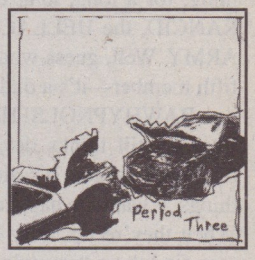
THE POINTED STICKS – "My Japanese Fan/Found Another Boy"

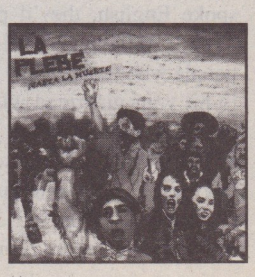
Yup, looks like along with nearly every other band from the late-'70s/early-'80s, Vancouver, BC's THE POINTED STICKS have reformed and are playing shows again. (And apparently, judging by the photos on the











insert, those shows are in Japan.) This is their first release of new material in roughly 25 years. The A-side is a rather innocuous tune (with somewhat questionable standards of cultural sensitivity), but the flip, "Found Another Boy," is actually a pretty killer pop number with the perfect mixture of catchiness and bitterness. I love the way the vocalist spits out the lyrics, "Looks like you've found another boy, and he's so *nice* to you," dripping with venom. I'd recommend this single based on this track alone, and that's coming from a guy who never really liked the 'STICKS much in the first place… Oh yeah, "limited" edition of 1000, and the labels are reversed. (CS)
(Sudden Death, PO Box #43001, Burnaby, BC V5G 3H0, CANADA, www.suddendeath.com)

POWER IS POISON / SCATLOVER – split EP

A split with two Dutch bands, and POWER IS POISON totally rips!!! Four tracks reminiscent of early Euro/Italian style HC punk—really fast and frantic. I am definitely sold on this band—they rule. On the other hand we have SCATLOVER, who plays totally cheesy punk/core. The first track a boring rock track and the vocalist is singing about…poop. They seem to love it, especially if it comes from a girl. Put a smile on these boys' faces by sending them a bag of feces and telling them you're a really hot lady. This band is unsure if they want to be GG ALLIN, sound like DISCHARGE, or even the ANGRY SAMOANS. It is desperate enough of you to sing about shit but try not to sound like it. (MS)
(Chaos Alliance/Goldden Shower, powerispoison@mail.com, jobbypunx@gmail.com)

RAWHYPNOLS – "Thank God We're Not Religious" CD

When I'm in Hell, I'll be trapped inside my own personal "Legends Cafe" painting, jamming, for a long, long time, with members of RANCID, the HELLACOPTERS, and TIGER ARMY. Well, guess what, boys? We found our fifth member—it's a dude from Swedish sensation RAWHYPNOLS! He's perfect: he hates fat bitches, still thinks devil horns are cute, and mainlines Jaeger. It's amazing how many bad things I want to happen to RAWHYPNOLS. When they're not busy doing pick slides, you may find them "emptying their balls" or "making your mother scream." So versatile! If they spoke English, they'd probably say shit like, "That's so money." Well, if you're one of those people who feels you're punk, but feels it's OK to hit your girlfriend when she talks shit, rush out and get this! Or, send a copy of the SPREAD EAGLES EP to RAWHYPNOLS and tell them to take some fucking notes. (JP)
(Nicotine, PO Box 165, 15057 Tortona, ITALY, www.nicotinerecords.com)

REALITY CRISIS – "Discharge Your Frustration" CD

This Japanese band had already begun veering away (for the better) from the total DOOM worship of 1999's *Deformed Society* EP by the release of their *Who is Your Messiah?* EP in 2004 (two songs from which, "G.I.P.D." and "Who is your Messiah?" are re-worked on this disc). Now here in 2007, the crust is nowhere to be found. This CD is pure, fist-pumping, Burning Spirits madness. The guitars are loud, the solos ripping, the bass rumbling, the drums beat like the heart of the band doing all it can to keep the life pumping, and the dual vocal attack of Katsuhisa and Daisuke couldn't be any more lively or appropriately pissed off. This band is at their peak right now and it should be noted that no amount of production could possibly be more fitting to highlight REALITY CRISIS' songs any better than this recording. This may be the first time an album has actually made my heart noticeably "race." Holy crap. I'm finding it harder and harder to sit still and type this review. I'm floored. This album is flawless. (JU)
(HG:Fact, www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact)

RED HANDED – "RH Army" EP

This is a pretty solid release for these Bay Area newcomers. The one-sheet tries to push these guys as a "raw hardcore punk band," but aside from the occasional sloppiness, the recording is pretty clean. A lot of that has to do with their choice in recording studio, and Castle Ultimate never compliments a traditional punk sound. If I had to compare, I would say RED HANDED fall somewhere in between OUTBREAK and TEAR IT UP. The song writing is catchy and the vocals are great; let's just hope they choose a better place to record next time. (CC)
(Rivalry, PO Box 5242, Concord, CA 94524)

RED HERRING – "Warning" EP

With ex-members of both HARUM SCARUM and the FOREHEADS how could this go wrong? Dyanne has a great classic punk girl voice. It kind of reminded me of how PENELOPE HOUSTON can express so much emotion and yet not sound angsty; she is able to retain her power and force somehow. The lyrics are insightful and um, riot inciting, my favorite song being "Warning" about how our "normal" life continues while our government wages war, about sleepless nights and storms brewing and making plans with the subtext of war and death hovering like a weather system we can see (on TV) but can't feel (another country another time zone). One thing that kind of irritated me was Icky's tuba-as-bass, but I think that might be just because we have to review everything on the headphones and it was kind intense dub bass ear vibrations heard that way…At any rate, I would *love* to see this band live. Portland seems like it is super inspiring right now musically, what with the NEW BLOODS too. I must get up there sometime. (LG)
(Mississippi, 4007 N. Mississippi, Portland OR 97227)

RED HERRING – "Interacting Cautiously" EP

Putting a twist in punk tradition—trading in the guitar for a banjo and substituting the bass with a tuba—RED HERRING has created a really cool new sound that works amazingly well. The songs have strong female vocals, quirky percussion, and catchy, bouncing bass lines—er, I mean *tuba* lines—but the overall mood is kinda dark in a ZOUNDS-y or EX-ish way. The distorted banjo lays low in the mix adding a nice layer, letting the rhythm section, vocal melodies, and chanted choruses shine through. The lyrics also tread refreshingly atypical ground by being not personal or political but the interesting and more relevant middle ground of community and our place in it. A must-see live band—my very favorite at the moment—this EP (along with their other 7" reviewed in this issue) is an excellent document of a great current band. (PC)
(Mississippi, 4007 N. Mississippi, Portland, OR 97227)

RED ROCKETS / TOUCH-ME-NOTS – split EP

It's so nice that there are punk bands out there with enough taste to play R & B music without becoming schmaltzy or some kind of "revue." Oakland's TOUCH-ME-NOTS is a prime example—heart-on-sleeve singing, but not in a way that makes you want to roll your eyes. Basically, charming without being twee or syrupy. If I were some fat-ass producer instead of just a fat-ass, I'd take out my cigar and shout at them, "You kids *got it*." The band you root for in the film. RED ROCKETS are happy, thrashy pop with a singer that sounds like a guy in a wife-beater shouting, "Quiet, youse!" out of a tenement window. "Now that I'm crazy I blame it all on you"—lines like this are what makes pop music great. (JP)
(Roach & Squirrel)

REJECTED YOUTH – "Public Disorder" CD

Here we go again. Super anthemic, vaguely political TRANSPLANTS and RANCID inspired street punk that covers the bare minimum of punk political bases by denouncing racism, homophobia, and fascism. It's really slick, highly produced, and about as generic as it comes. I don't doubt that the politics come from the right place, but I just can't get into it. (AA)
(Concrete Jungle, concretejunglerecords.com)

RICH WHITE MALES – "We Ain't No Musicians" EP

Here's some charming, sloppy VINDICTIVES-esque pop punk that has all the requisite qualities: it's snotty, self deprecating, and totally catchy (I have the sweet refrain "Now i wanna barf" stuck in my head). As a side note, I find it particularly awesome that they use incompetence as an aesthetic choice; playing music without being musicians. (AA)
(Punk 'n' Junk, 315 S. Coast Hwy 101, Suite U-195, Encinitas, CA 92024)

RISING UP RISING DOWN – "Monster Crusher" LP

From the packaging I thought this was gonna sound like SUBMISSION HOLD or something equally sucky. What I got was a *somewhat* pleasant surprise. Parts of this record reminds me of the first NEUROSIS record and the first REMAINS OF THE DAY 7" (before they got the violin and Mark really sharpened his playing ability). It's heavy without being metal, fast without being hardcore or grind, and emo-ish without being, well…emo. It's everything and it's nothing. Two vocalists play the call and response game. One in a Dave Ed (NEUROSIS/JESUS FUCKING CHRIST) style of deep ogre-ish grunts and the other is more of a straight-up scream. I can't say I'm gonna play this all to often, but I *may* at least pull it out a couple more times and give at least one side a spin. RISING UP RISING DOWN are good at what they do. I won't send this to the Amoeba used new arrivals bin for at least a year. (JU)
(Maple Leaf Underground, PO Box 535, Rosendale, NY 12472)

SAFARI HAMBURGUERS – "Who Is Your Enemy Anyway?" CD

This is the new album from this re-formed '90s Brazilian band. To my old school ears it sounds like the '80s bands whose style grew out of the later MINOR THREAT sound—bands like UNITY and STÄLÄG 13—but more evolved, so it ends up sounding like AVAIL or a more hardcore FUGAZI. This CD includes as bonus tracks their entire 1993 LP *Good Times*. The old album is livelier sounding but the new stuff is tighter and catchier, with better production. The lyrics deal with a wide spectrum of political and personal topics (mostly political) and never sound trite, though I think the sentiments might be expressed better in their native language. I mean no disrespect but I feel like the awkward English sometimes gets in the way of the serious message (I don't understand why so many foreign bands feel the need to sing in English anyway). Still, that's a minor complaint for a solid and enjoyable release. (PC)
(Cogumelo, www.cogumelo.com)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "What If Someone Is Watching Their TV?" CD

The first song on here is totally weird and cool, like DINOSAUR JR. meets RUDIMENTARY PENI with female vocals, but as the record progresses the sound veers more towards the indie and away from the anarcho. The music is really fucking good throughout—raw garage-y punkness combined with intricate guitar work and interesting structures—but the vocals rarely vary and the singer has this natural vibrato that's very hard to get used to (and a fake English accent as well?). It doesn't work for me, but I would still highly recommend checking this out. A rare band with some true originality. (PC)
(Screaming Females, PO Box 1561, New Brunswick, NJ 08903, www.screamingfemales.com)

SEASICK – "Awakenings" 10"

Self-aware, thrashy hardcore with biting lyrics that evaluate and criticize the hypocrisy and fucked-ness of daily life. Musically, they tread on the side of DS-13 or INFEST, but lyrically they have more in common with bands like CHOKEHOLD or the current SEVEN GENERATIONS. Good. (AA)
(Brain Drain, 5006 Judson Dr, Bensalem, PA 19020)

SELF ABUSE – "You Carve Me Into Pieces" EP

This (rather unfortunately) already defunct band is basically a super-group comprised of members from the non-epic side of Portland's punk scene. Doesn't matter who, I'm gonna sell this one on its own merit! Built on a solid foundation of bare bones hardcore and basic punk sensibility, SELF ABUSE adds some really creepy and dark guitar work that really catapults this over the wall of what most modern hardcore/punk bands are doing. Another month and another band raising the bar and proving that punks can still do something fresh that totally rages. The track "Marcus Desangre" will be a mixtape staple for eons to come. Fuck! I can't get over how cool the guitar leads are! Nice artwork with cool, thick, hand screened covers to boot. This is a cool fucking record B! Buy it. You'll like it. Now who do I gotta shake down for not sending a reviewer copy? (JU)
($5 ppd US, $6 world: Suburban Waste, 6144 SW 27th Ave, Portland, OR 97239)

SENATE FOX – "The Acracy Discourse" CD

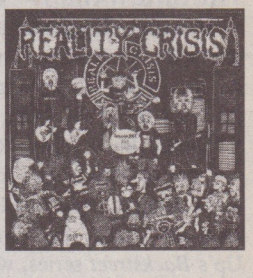
Holy crap. I had heard a few tracks by these Slovenian thrashers a few years ago and I have to say, I didn't appreciate how great they are. This being their discography you get 41 tracks (granted a lot of them are short) of blazing, thrashy yet very punk hardcore, even a cover of RAZLOG ZA, another excellent band from Slovenia. Very cool CD layout too. Awesome. (NM)
(Moonlee, www.moonleerecords.com)

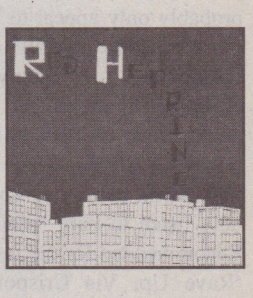
SHARK SOUP – "Back to the B-Sides" CD

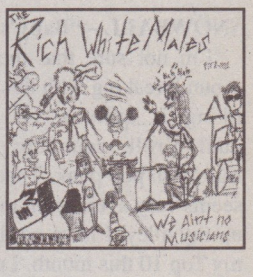
Current German band covers a lost, never released album by split-up '90s local Bay Area band the B-SIDES. Unfortunately, I'd never heard of either band so this doesn't do much for me. The music is rocky and very polished. It's not *bad*...I guess... (AD)
(MSM, PO Box 810 427, 90249 Nuremberg, GERMANY)

THE SHIMMYS – "Drive You Wild!" CD

HEADCOATEES, 5-6-7-8'S, and PANDORAS are all unsurprisingly name-checked on the PR with this Oz garage gal disc, potentially fine reference points but I'm afraid the SHIMMYS are going to have get a little wilder before I'm driven wild. How about getting a little wild, ladies? That goes for the often-chirpy vocals, as well: the little bit of sneering on "Ain't No Friend of Mine" ain't







enough (besides which, that's yet another song that just doesn't need to be covered again unless you've got something drastic in mind). Interestingly, the best track is the throwaway "Too Many Boys...So Little Time." I humbly suggest that, as long as you're doing garage, you up the throwaway quotient: that's how you come up with keepers! (DD)
(Off the Hip, www.offthehip.com.au)

THE SIDEWALKS – "Rhythm Kids" LP

Did Rave Up Records make some kind of deal with the devil or something? How the hell do they keep unearthing so many lost punk gems all the time? Here we go again, and this time with hook-laden, '60s-influenced garage pop out of Milwaukee from 1980. And unlike many albums from this label, all fifteen tracks here are studio recordings! As part of Rave Up's *Backstreet* series, which focuses more on power pop than on punk, the SIDEWALKS will probably only appeal to those who can handle more melodic, paisley-pop like the BARRACUDAS or skinny-tie rock like the NERVES or the BEAT. There's enough of a punk/garage element to keep this relevant for review in MRR—which stands for maximum *rock & roll* mind you—but I'm sure those who only listen to pure "punk" wouldn't like this. Recommended for the rest of us. (BG)
(Rave Up, Via Crispolti 16-00159, Roma, ITALY, www.raveuprecords.com)

SNÖWBALL – "Baby's Got a New Deal" EP

I'm not sure that there's anything terribly groundbreaking with this one, but I find myself liking it quite a bit. It's straightforward punk'n'roll, sounding at times a bit like European pop punk. That's a fair description. It seems very average on many levels, but is right up my alley. I have no doubt that it will make my Top 10 this month. I am less certain that I'll still be playing it on my own turntable in six months time. (KK)
(Rabalder, www.funus.dk/rabalderrecords)

SPREAD EAGLES – "Don't Talk to the NARC" EP

AAAAAHH!!! Jesus, this is nucking futs right out of the gate! All 4.2 milliseconds of this 7" are amazing. Song two sounds like the BLACK LIPS—which I imagine they're sick of hearing—and song one sounds like the Holocaust. And every copy comes with a bona-fide Narc List—good lookin' out, SPREAD EAGLES! (JP)
(Boomchick, www.boomchickrecords.com)

SPREAD EAGLES – "Don't Be a Drag" EP

This reminds me of the bands that used to support THEE HEADCOATS at the St. John's Tavern when they had their monthly show there in thee old '90s. It's got a real '60s basement beat band feeling to it, I can imagine them playing a frat show in '63 with the WAILERS or something. They have a song called "Saga of the Year 3000," which sounds like it should be the soundtrack to a Space Beach movie with them as the house band much like THE CHOCOLATE WATCH BAND in *Riot on Sunset Strip*. They are from Kansas and look like the mustache rocker dudes that hang out in Oakland bars; maybe those dudes are taking over the world. (LG)
(9-11 Is a Joke, thespreadeagles@gmail.com)

TERROR VISIONS – "World of Shit" CD

Just when you thought JAY REATARD was going soft with his recent pop inspired solo records, he yanks the rug away with this vile slab of plastic. Ugly art damaged synth punk, which makes his earlier stints in the LOST SOUNDS and DESTRUCTION UNIT sound like SPARKS. Sounding like the mutated offspring of GARY NUMAN, the SCREAMERS and New York No Wave, this is a harsh listen. Screaming vocals, squealing synth stabs, metronome drums, and songs like 'Blood Is Sweet But Semen Is Sweeter" and "Your Blood My Hands," I think you know where we're heading. Just remember, JAY REATARD is involved, so the songwriting and hooks are there in amongst the mayhem. Next time your hipster pals are bleating about how nu-rave and electro-punk are the new thing, slap this fucker on. Genius. (TB)
(FDH, www.fdhmusic.com)

TERVEET KÄDET – "Ääreton Propaganda" LP (w/ bonus EP)

A legit compilation/vinyl reissue of the 2001 Propaganda CD compiling this Finnish band's 1980-1984 classic vinyl output and essential material—34 tracks from *Ääretön Joulu* (hands down, one of the best hardcore records, *ever*) the *Black God/Message* 12" tracks, their first LP (*Halloween*), and first two 7"s. Spinning at a quick 45 RPM, this omits the "No Fun" STOOGES covers that ends the CD version. Also, unlike the similar *TK Historian* bootleg from six years ago, stays clear of demos and rehearsal tracks to spotlight the strength of the original studio releases. The package also includes a bonus thirteen-song EP of live tracks from 1995 played by the original line up—the same recording issued as the *Bondage and Anguished Life* official bootleg in 1995—with the original '80s songs being dealt with blown out and throaty vocals, guitar beefiness, and the thicker sound of the mid-'90s. I wish this LP's packaging replicated more of the feel and aesthetic of the originals, but German reissues *never* seem to get that right, opting here for photoshop, pixilation, and a high gloss sleeve. This doesn't detract from the greatness of the material, but doesn't enhance it either. *Halloween* was one of the first international hardcore records I ever bought in the early '80s, hooking me in with the ferocity of the chaotic hardcore, the searing, flailed vocal-chord vocals, the charging riffs, and the speeding drums. All this stuff has been relentlessly reissued with good reason—it's world-class level hardcore greatness. (KS)
(Höhnie, An Der Kuhktränke 7 , 31535, Neustadt, GERMANY, www.hoehnie-records.de)

TERVEET KÄDET – "Rock Laa Hausta Vastaan" EP

It's hard to write the long, informative, Golnar-esque review that this record probably deserves—this being the seminal Finnish punk band that helped define a whole genre of Euro thrash—because when it comes down to it, this is just some poorly recorded crap that's a shit-ton of fun to listen to mainly because it's so raw and ridiculous. This super short one-sided record from TERVEET KÄDET is an awesome cross between the RAMONES and DISCHARGE at the only time in history when that would actually make sense (namely 1980). Is this really something you need to buy? Only if you're already really into this era. (PC)
(Höhnie, An Der Kuhktränke 7 , 31535, Neustadt, GERMANY, www.hoehnie-records.de)

TERVEET KÄDET – "Soittakaa Saatanan Lujaa" EP

Yes!!!! What have people waited so fucking long for? This reissue is so long overdue. TERVEET KÄDET is the most legendary of Finnish hardcore punk groups and *MRR* has loved this band from day one. This is their second 7" EP, which was limited to about 300 copies originally and it delivers a raw ass shit blast of hardcore punk rock to your fucking face. The vocalist batters the listener senseless with his crazy ass vocals, which sound like a lunatic who was furious for being locked up for years and only fed stale crackers. So good it's scary. (MS)
(Höhnie, An Der Kuhktränke 7 , 31535, Neustadt, GERMANY, www.hoehnie-records.de)

THE THINGZ – "Surf & Turf" EP

Good news—your work friends just started a band! OK, let's keep this positive. If you like the B-52'S, then the THINGZ will have their first fan. Look, I'm sorry, but it's called *Surf & Turf* for chrissakes! I'm sure if you're a happy person who still believes good times are possible, then you'll want to pick this up. Party? (JP)
(Coffee Addict, www.thethingz.com)

THE TIME FLYS – "Rebels Of Babylon" LP

I was watching Wes Craven's first film, *The Last House on the Left,* which centers around a

gang of four (three men, one woman), very fashionable thrill-killers who chatter and giggle and shriek and say "*maaaan*" while coated in the fine sheen of gritty sweat that adorns every character in a '70s action movie. I instantly went, "Hey...it's the TIME FLYS!" Yeah, they look the wanky part, but I submit that it's the only band of its kind in this town or any other that is for real. The fake swaggery bands like to cite THE NEW YORK DOLLS, but guess what? The DOLLS didn't write lines like, "She's got my heroin up her AAAY-us" (like half these fucking MySpace, aviator glasses shit heel bands write), and neither does the TIME FLYS. Their lyrics are more intelligent and well-constructed than those of most self-congratulatory, book-smart indie bands ("Bo Diddley's been shot in the head"?! Are you fucking kidding me??? The brilliant nerve of these fucking Sweat Hogs!) And the music ain't no slouch neither. The guitar leads are as intriguing, gross, and inescapable as the white dots on your tongue after not enough rest. The rhythm section is kinda muddy, but in the way that DUST records are muddy—and you don't seem to mind DUST, do you? Finally, unlike many rock bands that just go thud-thud-thud, The TIME FLYS have the groove—the same groove you may find in places like "Space Truckin' by DEEP PURPLE. P.S. "I'm gonna sit home and suck my thumb, I'm in love with the streets!" Well done, Greaseballs, well done. (JP)
(Birdman, www.birmanrecords.com)

TIPPER'S GORE – "Snapped in Half" LP

Now that Tipper Gore isn't heading up the PMRC, is she still at all relevant? I can say by this band's clever name and true-to-form sound, that they probably don't give a shit. TIPPER'S GORE is heavily contingent upon the '80s American hardcore revival. I am not complaining, as this record is definitely able to pull it off with the production and its overall aesthetic. But there is nothing on this musically speaking that comes close to the likes of CAREER SUICIDE or GOVERNMENT WARNING. Still this is the best stuff that I've heard come out of Orange County in a long time. (CC)
(Flat Black, flatblackrecords@yahoo.com)

TOKEN ENTRY – "The Re-Issues" LP

It's time for the Siskel & Ebert split of a big thumb up and another way down! This is a double LP reissue of both the *Jaybird* and *Weight of the World* albums, with lyrics inside the gatefold sleeve and on 180-gram vinyl. TOKEN ENTRY was a much-revered hardcore band back in the late '80s, and I remember everyone I hung out and skated with freakin' loved *Jaybird*, which is an outright NYHC classic. There was something different about this band that set them apart from most other groups within that scene—the lyrics were a bit more thought-out and the singer had a captivating tone in his voice. The songs, although sometimes containing a wee-bit too much metal for my tastes, where downright anthems that we all would sing along to while driving to skate spots late at night. So you can imagine the disappointment that we felt when *Weight of the World* came out. That album, though still with good lyrics, was mostly some pretty bad reggae and CHILI PEPPERS-influenced funk rock, and was quickly traded in to the local record store. Why that album was reissued here and not the first LP, *From Beneath the Streets*, is beyond me. I would recommend this just for the *Jaybird* half, which makes this package still worth getting. (BG)
(Durty Mick, 19106 S. Normandie Ave, Box 311, Torrance, CA 90502, www.durtymickrecords.com)

TOXIKA APOVLITA – "Katebaee To!" CD

Greek ska with punk leanings. Fifty seconds into this CD I asked myself, does this really need to be rehashed again? I was never much into ska beyond the original ska from the '50s and the influence it had on post-punk, no wave, and the very few third wave bands I could handle like the RUDIMENTS and OPERATION IVY. Ugh, listening to this disc, I hear that same tired clean guitar sound used in so many ska bands and the same beat on most tracks. The only saving grace for this is that it's not sung in English. The world doesn't need another ska band like this. (MH)
(www.toxica-apovlita.gr)

TRANZMITORS – LP

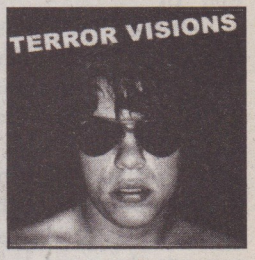
The cleaner, poppier, and dare I say more radio friendly this band has become, the more I love them. Perfect power pop meets that classic '79 mod revival sound that I worship. If there's any musical justice this band will be big, as they are without question head and shoulders better than all those Brit-pop pretenders, possessing way more respect for history, integrity, and song writing clout. (Do you really think those hair-farming posers THE ENEMY have ever heard of THE SCIENTISTS, who the TRANZIMITORS cover brilliantly?) The chops of THE JAM, the energy of THE CIRCLES, some of that quick fire pop of SUPERGRASS, and the smartass swagger of PULP all wrapped up in the punk smugness of THE BOYS. Four tracks in and I'm giving this the MRR badge of honor usually reserved for the end of year winner; guess I didn't have to wait long. Brilliant. (SD)
(Deranged, 700 Lower Rd, Roberts Creek, BC VON 2W4, CANADA)

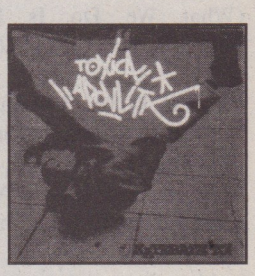
TRASH CAMP – "Panic" CD

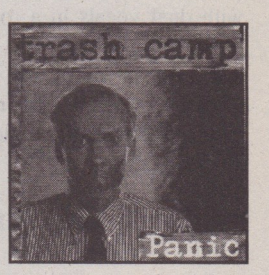
Twelve tracks of slobbery vocals over listening-through-storage-shed-door sounding punk rock, with Cruz records-styled guitar noodling and basic, banged out, 1-2, mid-to-fast hardcore/punk. I love elements of these kinds of recordings, but they are ultimately distracting after repeat listens. These recordings are from two sessions in '04 and '05, and the second session peers beyond the confines of 1-2 delivery to take a bizarre turn here or there, again bringing to mind the choppy, quirky CRUZ/SST bands like the CHEMICAL PEOPLE, LEFT INSANE, and ALL without the pop trappings. This is quickly packaged—no lyrics, no info. This is proficient enough, but is kind of like that practice tape demo of your friends' band that you keep telling your friend, "Yeah, I'm getting around to listening to that soon." Color xerox inlay, screened disc face. (KS)
(www.myspace.com/trashcamp)

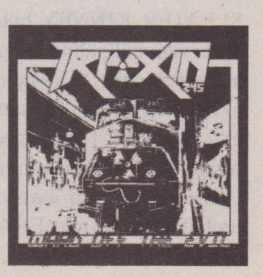
TRIOXIN 245 – "Ward off Evil" EP

All I can say is that the record packaging on this EP is kryzy—fucking gatefold opening from the inside with sweet black and white graphics and UV gloss. Musically,









what you get is some really straightforward punk reminiscent of a less saturated WORLD BURNS TO DEATH. But damn, it's relentless and really well done. The lyrics and vocals really compliment this band. Featuring members of GERM ATTACK and BASTARDATOR, this Canadian band rips it up. Good stuff. (WK)
(Destroy, no address)

TUFF BANANAS – "Dance to Rock 'n' Roll" EP

Holy fuck. This shit is so catchy it's almost criminal. At the same time, it's got a great lo-fi quality. This is pop music with a punk edge to it. Hell, even the band name tells you that. This, without a doubt, is what the marriage of punk and bubblegum was meant to produce. If you're a fan of mid-tempo, catchy pop or ice cream or roller coasters or kids getting together in the garage to play music, look no further. (KK)
(Three Dimensional, no address)

UNDER GANG – "Apocalypse Now" EP

Thrashing fastcore from Sweden, this record starts with a *Simpsons* sample and has skeletons with flipped up brims on the cover. Which means: I think you already know the drill. This record is good and the dual vocals remind me of their countrymen DS-13, who I am greatly enamored of. Nothing, however, can save this record from its complete lack of originality. (BN)
(What We Do Is Secret, Affe Piran Bellmansgatan 18, 754 26 Uppsala, SWEDEN)

VAI VICTUS – "Pro Patria Mori" EP

This EP starts off with shredding guitar sound that just pummels the listener from start to finish. Hailing from Australia these fuckers know how to bust out the crust as fuck sound with blazing fast songs, distorted everything, and buzzing vocals to match. This reminds me of a drunken party in Seattle with four bands with dual vocals in a row. This isn't groundbreaking but is just plain good party punk rock. The perfect soundtrack to inebriation. Many dirty punks will dig this release. (WK)
(Endless Blockades, endlessblockades_orders@yahoo.com)

VILE VILE CREATURES – "Wilderness" EP

Some post grrl post punk agitation from Manchester UK; the A-side reminded me of SLEATER KINNEY but maybe more of their observational nature songs than the confessional, angsty ones. "I can change, you can change, everything it stays the same. Racing through the city lights…" This is bedroom music for bedroom girls, intimate and internal and more Carrie than Corin maybe? I think this band is probably more into ERASE ERRATA and the GOSSIP, post grrl bands, than the riot grrl stuff I heart. (HUGGY BEAR, FRUMPIES…). It's got a jerky post-punk feel to it, and politicized lyrics that dissect the whole feminist pop culture explosion, like *Bust* magazine selling T-shirts that assert, "Librarians are Sexy." To be honest with you I probably wouldn't buy this record, but I think it's really cool and if you are into SLEATER KINNEY and DELTA 5 you should give it a spin for sure. (LG)
(AARBR!, 59 Canning Rd, Croydon, CR0 6QF, UNITED KINGDOM)

VIOLENT MINDS – "Eyes Of Death" LP

Well, it's about goddamn time. After a two-year wait (maybe more), it's nice to see this finally released. If you were a fan of the My War single, or the three song follow-up EP, then you will not be disappointed in these twelve Oi!-influenced jams that sound as much like NEGATIVE APPROACH as they do DISCHARGE. Don't expect third-rate US Hardcore rehash-thrash; this full-length bulldozes through your stereo with quality musicianship accompanied by spot-on vocals, without sounding too polished or generic. No complaints here, this is great stuff. (CC)
(Parts Unknown, PO Box 4835, Toms River, NJ 08754)

WATCH IT BURN! – "How America Motherfucking Works" 12"

This is a pretty bizarre record. Not only is it musically pretty strange, but the vinyl itself appears to be covered with two large pieces of tile stuck on either side, the lone picture of the band looks like something out of a Midwestern talent show, the record was recorded almost ten years ago, is limited to 200, and is released by a label apparently based in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. WATCH IT BURN plays frantic, herky jerky, stop-and-go hardcore with eerie, melodic emo parts thrown in with strained vocals. The whole B- Side is a jam that only really gets going at the very end and sounds like a band endlessly tuning and warming up. Weird stuff. (BN)
(Trigger on the Dutendoo, trigger.on.the.dutendoo@gmail.com)

WE'RE FUCKED – "Breaking Point" EP

Thrashy and trashy hardcore with perfect production for me, which means next to none. Nice to hear stuff like this coming outta Kansas City. There are some really cool moments on this record and some that are a bit generic. The chorus on "Inside Job" is killer. A cool start, let's see what they do next. (MS)
(BBS, 300 N. Brighton Ave, Kansas City, MO 64123)

WE MARCH – "The Choice" EP

I love my bands hard to pin down, really, it's so satisfying to sit here and think, "shit, who the fuck do they sound like?" Because nine times out of ten it's a copy of a copy of a great band, which ends up being not so great by the last regurgitation. So, yeah, WE MARCH is hard to describe because they have a sound all their own. This shit is punk as fuck, but it also skates on some feral rock 'n' roll territory. In this recording they manage to combine the raucous punk intensity of BLACK FLAG with the doobie smoking white boy rock of the MC5. I agree, those are some weighty names to drop in a review, but it's only appropriate to the snarling wild animal that this little record is. (AA)
(Sicked Singles, www.sickedsingles.com

YOUNG AND PISSED OFF – "Youth Against Political Oppression" CD

Burly, old school SoCal hardcore sounding like a bunch of Beer City bands (OPPRESSED LOGIC, BRISTLES etc). Gruff vocals, metallic guitar—overall nothin' too inspiring. They are good at what they do…I just don't hear the hooks, *maaaaan*. (TB)
(SAPO, no address)

V/A – "Jukebox Yearbook 2006" CD

A sampler from Cat Piss studios featuring nine Portland bands. Standouts include the SLIP-ITS with a tune that reminds me of the better '90s British power pop of THESE ANIMAL MEN or THE SECT, with that high, strained, breathless singing and those humongous guitars. The tune by THE ONES is hiccupy, streamlined, and topped with a very *Sticky Fingers* style guitar line. But it's the PURE COUNTRY GOLD submission, "Setting Sun," that destroys everything in its path—what a song! The roller coaster of a melody is crazy, especially within the confines of such a simple, southern soul song. This sampler does succeed in meshing seemingly incompatible songs; the polished indie tune (CRACK CITY ROCKERS) resides un-jarringly next to singer-songwriter stuff (MORGAN GRACE—her song's another unexpected gem), which coexists with the more raucous majority. Did I mention how amazing the PURE COUNTRY GOLD song is? (JP)
(Last Chance, PO Box 42396, Portland, OR 97242)

V/A – "Summer Sounds Four Reasons for the Season Vol. 2" CD

A collection with four songs each by ADORKABLES, KILOWATTS, SHECKIES, and BLUFFINGTONS. I thought this was be another RAMONES influenced comp but this actually more lo-fi and rocking. We do have some RAMONES sounds but there are also old punk sounds and some snot punk. A solid release. (RL)
(Cabana 1, no address)

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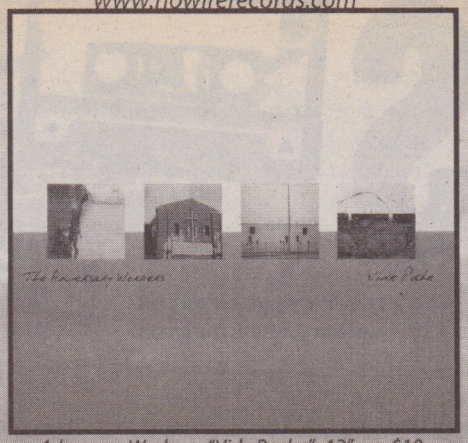

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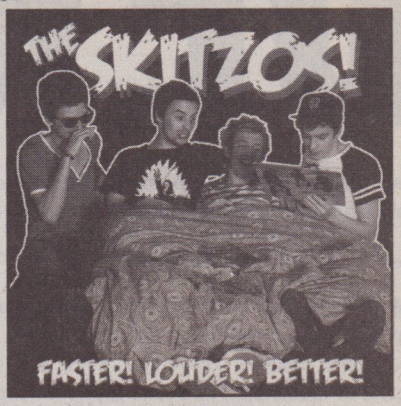

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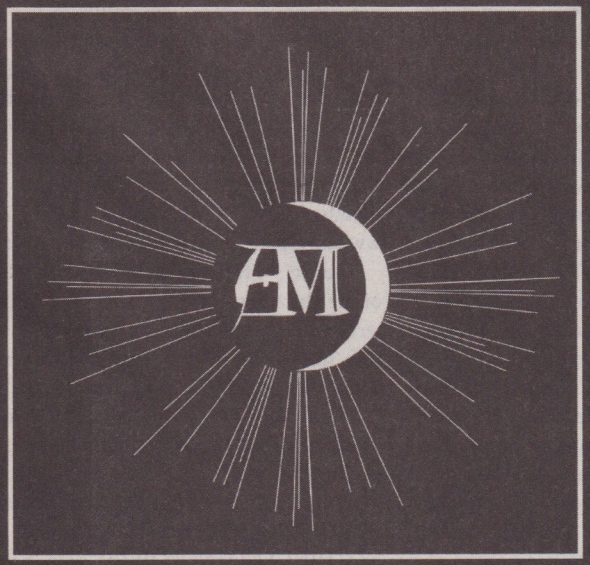

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a post-paid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Justin Briggs, Chris Hubbard, and Erin Yanke.

A BIT OF BRAIN DEAD play thrashy hardcore. They're not full-on all the time, but we all need some changes of tempo, even for the briefest of moments. The vocals are in the higher range, and they're a combination of ranting and yelling, and fit into the music well, punctuating and to keep things moving. (9-song CD, lyrics included. Muggelstr. 30, 70247, Berlin, Germany. abitofbraindead@web.de) (Erin)

ANGRY BUSINESSMEN play a weird amalgam of skate/surf punk, some slight BIG BOYS-style weirdness, some faster URBAN WASTE-style raging, and some hip-hop type parts. This three-piece features only bass, vocals, and drums and in a way sounds incomplete without a guitar. I'm not saying only the typical "band structure" is any good, I listen to quite a lot of weird "atypical" bands, it's just that in this case it sounds unfinished. This is still a really cool look at something original and is in fact a really good demo. I'm just not satisfied. Do one more demo guys, before doing a record. The band and listener will be much happier with the result. ($5 ppd. 16-song cassette, no lyrics included. No Parents No Rules, 315 Normal St., Denton, TX 76201) (Justin)

Vancouver, BC's **B-LINES** play an arty, quirky, and goofy form of lowest-common-denominator punk rock. Jangly guitars and high-pitched, whiny vocals cut through the punchy bass and steady drumming like they're butter. Tried and true. ($3 ppd. 5-song cassette, no lyrics included. 4150 Brant Street, Vancouver, BC V5N SB4 or hockeydadrecords@gmail.com) (Justin)

Chicagoland's **CANADIAN RIFLE** has a little live cassette here to follow up last month's EP. These ex-CHALLENGER, MILEMAKER, and FOURTH ROTOR mugs play a sort of Mike-Kirsch-band style of gritty, discordant yet melodic punk rock. Think FUEL, Kirsch's PINHEAD GUNPOWDER songs, or even OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. This is also very "Chicago." The between song banter is pretty weird. It seems singer Jacob is pretty drunk. Sound quality's OK too for a live recording. All instruments are present. Check it out! (9-song cassette, no lyrics included. 2120 W. 21st Street, Chicago, IL 60608) (Justin)

COPTIC TIMES from Austin have a new demo of no fucking bullshit, tough hardcore. I've been waiting for this one to show up for a few months now since I heard the songs on their MySpace. (Yeah, I have one too, so what?) Think *mostly* mid-paced songs with plenty of breakdowns, a couple well-placed solos/guitar leads here and there, somewhat of an '88 influence, and you're mostly there... Add some horse, tough as nails vocals and you got it. In no way is this a "tribute" to any particular era of hardcore, but hardcore none the less. I love this! (5-song cassette, no lyrics included. hate.the.kids@gmail.com) (Justin)

THE CUSTOMERS sent two demos that I loved, and then sent their third and last, and that was in my backpack when it was stolen. So, we have special guest Vinnie from Lyon to do the review for you this time. "THE CUSTOMERS were from Paris, France and here's their third, last, and best demo. They played sloppy old-school hardcore punk with some melodies, backups and no distortion. They put Paris between Michigan and Washington, DC on the map. This ten-track demo also has photos, a great looking mini-zine with lyrics in English and facts about the band in French. This is for sure a good demo to celebrate the death of the band." ($4 ppd, 10-song CD, lyrics included. burninghopes@hotmail.fr) (Vinnie)

It seems rather obvious (as I predicted years ago) that the "West Coast power violence" sound that existed from the late-'80s thru the mid-'90s has made a major comeback. Add SF's **DRUG WARZ** to the list of modern bands—MIND ERASER, MINDLESS MUTANT, BREATHING FIRE, etc.—resurrecting the corpses of CROSSED OUT, INFEST, NEANDERTHAL, and NO COMMENT. Bass-heavy, slow, slow, slow, *fast*, slow, fast, end, caveman hardcore that really makes me want to do drugs. Like smoke PCP! Cool demo. (11-song cassette, lyrics included. tornflannel@drugwarz.gov) (Justin)

Dear **FIX MY HEAD**, your demo is fucking awesome! Folks, I can't say enough how good this shit is. I saw FIX MY HEAD at the Balazo Gallery once and was most pleasantly surprised and this demo has left me wanting even more. Much more. This is a perfect hardcore release for 2007. Embodying the blown-out, take-no-prisoners spirit of the classic '82-'84 USHC era but adding in a more unmistakably modern influence from somewhere around TALK IS POISON land. To accentuate the top-notch song writing this recording is also superior to most records released these days yet raw enough to make the energy fly out of this tape. Fuck yeah. Get his now! (4-song cassette, lyrics included. 3762 Marion Ave, Oakland, CA 94619) (Justin)

This demo from **FRAGILE X**, a young Bay Area band, is really cool. Much like a lot of the current crop of '82 US hardcore worship, but there is a certain charm present here that a lot of others miss. Sound quality is "eh," but it doesn't really detract from the songs. If you like NEGATIVE FX, INFEST, GOVERNMENT WARNING, or WARKRIME, you'll hopefully like this too. I do. (10-song cassette, no lyrics included. fragilexhc@gmail.com) (Justin)

LEXOMYL plays medium tempo, guitar-driven straightforward punk that has melodic darkness haunting and hovering all over the place. They sound lo-fi on this recording, but is it a style choice or just a part of the learning process with the first demo? We'll just have to see. The vocals are sometimes buried, but are sung with real energy and "feelin it" when you can hear them. Stoked! ($3/3 ppd. 6-song cassette, lyrics included. 36 Rue de Marseille, 69007 Lyon, France. lexomyl@no-log.org) (Erin)

Not to be confused with the Yay Area's **LIGHTS OUT**, this demo comes from a German band of the same name. Deutschland's version has more in common with the ANGRY SAMOANS, whose song title I'd assume is the source of the band's name. Eleven quality tracks of snotty, bare-bones punk rock bordering on hardcore. If you're into the sounds of REGULATIONS, THE VICIOUS, or FORMALEDHYDE JUNKIES, check this band out. I give this two thumbs up. (11-song cassette, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/lightsoutpunk) (Justin)

France's **THE LOST BOYS** remind me a bit of the Brazilian band B.U.S.H. Fairly clean guitar sound pumping out fast yet rockin' thrashy riffs that flirt with street punk at times, with a somewhat breathy vocalist. Worth checking out. ($4 ppd. 7-song cassette, lyrics included. Millett Florian, 4 Rue Chalopin, 69007 Lyon, France) (Justin)

NOTHINGSGOTNOPOWER/TODI STRONGHANDS have a split tape, with the NOTHINGSGOTNOPOWER side being one-man acoustic guitar and singer. The songs are melancholy and sweet, mostly slow, and very vocally oriented. Lots of dead friend songs, and

although we probably all need less dead friends, it's pretty great to have more songs about them. TODI STRONGHANDS is also a one man acoustic guitar and singing. The guitar stands out more on this side, although I hesitate to say "cleaner" sound, but crisper is in the ballpark. The vocals are also melancholy and sweet, but there's more gruffness and a titch more anger on this side. Very complimentary split tape. ($3 ppd. or trade. 14-song cassette, lyrics included. Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 31224, Halifax, NS, Canada, B3K 5Y1) (Erin)

Musically, Grand Haven, MI's **POLITE HATRED** kinda follow along the lines of some of the more "bouncy" bands from the '82/'83 UK HC thing—MANIA or MAU MAUS. You know what I mean—really basic, bare-bones punk riffs played at a slightly speedier pace. The vocals, on the other hand, rip this completely away from said style in more of a modern screamy direction. I can't really say that this in anyway holds my attention but with a better recording and a bit more time this band could be pretty cool. My advice would be to do another demo and not rush into a record yet. Like I said in the ANGRY BUSINESSMAN review, you'll be happier with the result. ($3 ppd. 8-song cassette, lyrics included. 306 N 5th Street, Grand Haven, MI 49417) (Justin)

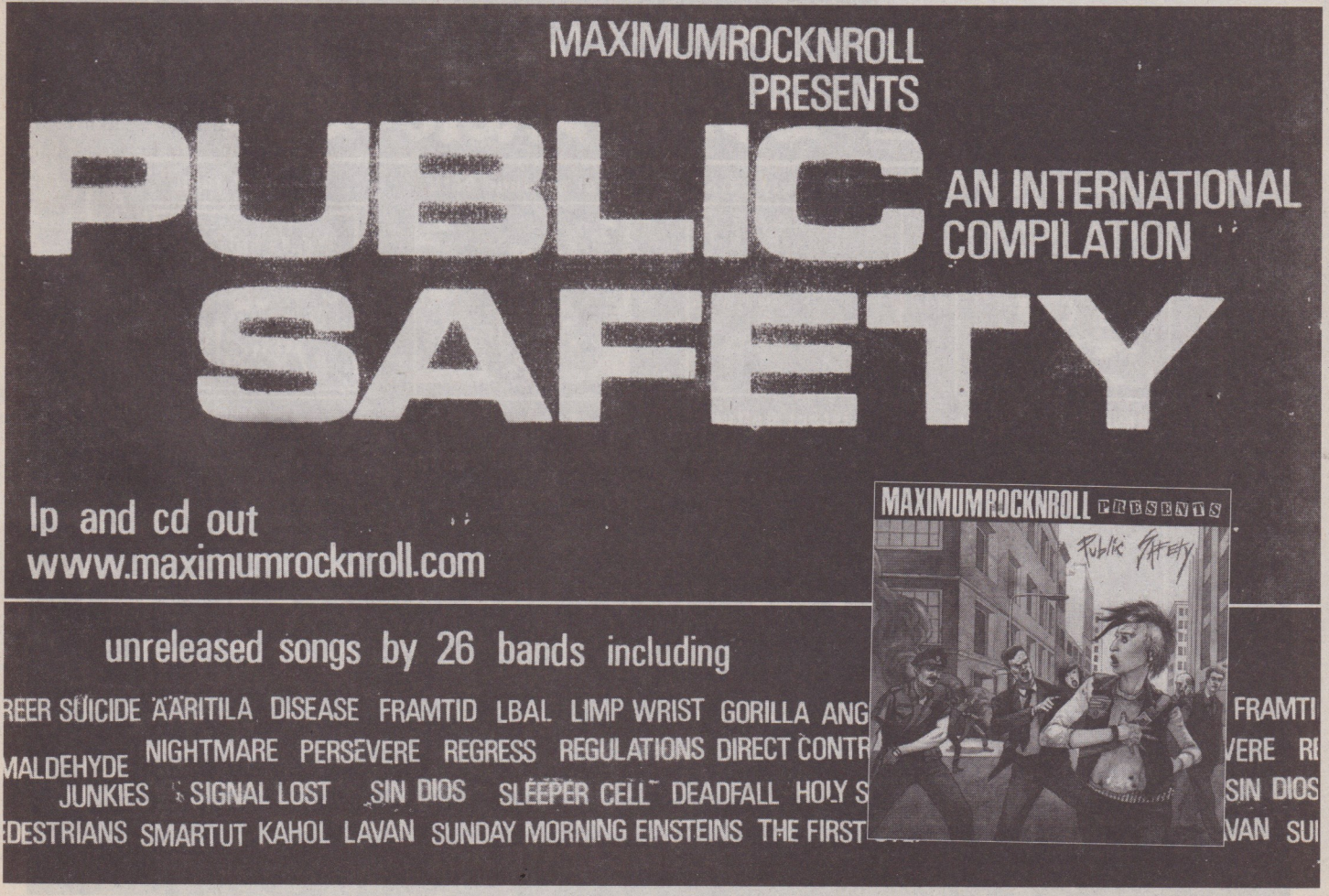
SHORTLIVED play fast and furious thrash hardcore. The vocals are venomous and a mile a minute, keeping up with the breakneck speed of the music. This is tight and awesome! ($3 ppd. 8-song CD, lyrics included. 70 Owen St., Newtown, Wellington, Aotearoa. stunsmas@yahoo.co.nz) (Erin)

You may remember **SVARTENBRANDT** from their pretty cool EP that came out last year. Well here's a 12-song CDR that blows it away... Really great stuff here, and diverse, too—half the songs are driving, up-tempo HC, the other half are slower, catchier punk, all laced with melody and delivered with harsh, gruff vocals. I'm imagining a rougher, faster *Metal Circus*-era HÜSKERS, crossed with, say, REGULATIONS. Oh yeah, and the recording quality's great too, 'cause I think this was/is intended for official release? I'm not sure, but here's a tip for savvy hardcore label A&R scouts: Jump on this shit, it's excellent! (12-song CD, lyrics included. svartenbrandt@gmail.com) (Chris)

TB ABERMONSTER plays fast and thrashy with a shouting growler as the vocalist. There's an awesome rumble in the recording that I think is the bass, and the vocals are buried enough to be texture. The recording is live, though, and in between songs, they recorded hilarious interview snippets, and the crowd heckling. Pretty cool to have that part of the show be included in the demo. ($2 ppd or trade. 3-song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 31224, Halifax, NS B3K 5Y1 Canada) (Erin)

TEAM ROCKET/FRAF have a split tape this month, too! TEAM ROCKET is high-pitched, noisy electronica with goofy lyrics. FRAF (Friends of the Red Army Faction) is sloppy and straightforward punk rock that has excited energy and anger. Vocals are sung, but some parts sound like D. Boon. Pretty cool. ($3 ppd. or trade. 9-song cassette, no lyrics included. Sharpie Fumes Collective, PO Box 31224, Halifax, NS B3K 5Y1 Canada) (Erin)

Well, I was glad that this **UNION TOWN** demo didn't sound like the SPLIT LIP song of the same name, but the end result wasn't far off. The roots seem to be firmly nestled in that post-Revolution Summer DAG NASTY/EMBRACE/RITES OF SPRING layer of the punk rock crust. Moments conjure up sonic flashbacks of CURRENT. As this tape goes on, the songs get more sophisticated and less straight "rock." The guitar parts get cooler and more complicated. This will probably find its way to the soundtrack of my, Relaxation Summer. I ain't doin' shit! (5-song cassette, lyrics included. Johan Vogels, Tweede Nassaustraat 40-1, 1052 BP Amsterdam, Holland. uniontownband@gmail.com) (Justin)



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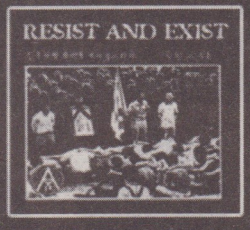

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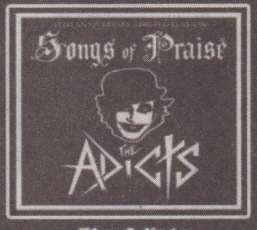

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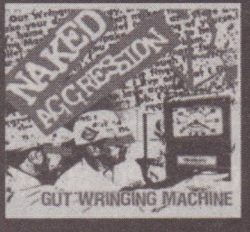


Naked Aggression
"Gut Wringing Machine
Out on August 21st

www.sosrecords.us

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AA) Ariel Awesome
(JB) Julia Booze
(PC) Paul Curran
(DH) Damian Harris
(CH) Cassie Harwood
(CS) Chris Hubbard
(MJ) Meredith Jones
(NM) Nick Mangel
(JM) Jeff Mason
(MP) Mason Punx
(CR) Casey Ress

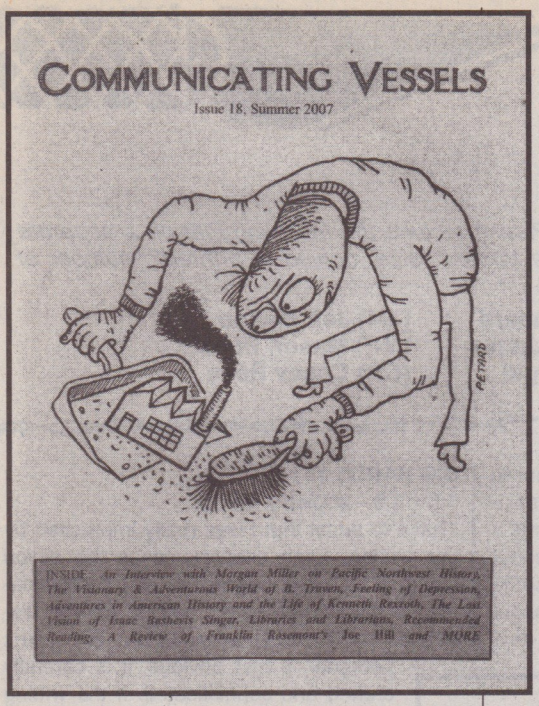
ALWAYS NEVER FUN #1 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 46 pages
Pretty cool black and white, cut 'n' paste rag here from Aotearoa (or New Zealand for the Yanks). The zine is definitely of the anarcho punk or political variety but is done so with a sense of humor which is always important. The music coverage is primarily NZ and OZ. I also like that it is largely not based on band interviews although there are a couple (Pack, Scrumpycharge). It's mainly articles about unsung freedom fighters, heroes, some recipes, good pictures, flyers, etc. For a first issue this is damned good. (NM)
70 Own St. Newton / Wellington / New Zealand

BEAT SHEET vol. 5.5 / stamp or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 2 pgs
This single sheet testament to *cruciality* recounts the editor's weekend excursion with Blank Stare to some out-of-town shows. Flyers and photos are reproduced, and there are a few reviews. One-page hardcore cannot be stopped! By which I mean, this is good example of a decent, short zine. (JM)
6 Wadleigh Pl. / Boston, MA 02127-2728

BIG FUCKING DEAL #1 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied
Initially I felt bad noticing immediately that this zine is *Snakepit*-ian spawn, with a comic interpretation of every single day of this kid's life. The thing is, *Snakepit* only works because it's funny and you forgive the really boring days where all he does is smoke weed and then those spirally things appear in his eyes because sometimes something happens and you care. Or, at least when nothing happens each day he is consistent about noting that so as a visual reminder you see the spirally things and you know to just skip it. Anyway, what I'm saying is, I was giving this zine a chance until I saw the self-conscious two-dates-for-one-drawing notation asking "Am I cheating? No! Both days of this weekend were identical." Um…then maybe you shouldn't subject anyone to them? I guess the success of zines like this prey on the aspect of human nature where we want to know other people's business just for the sake of it and not because their business warrants a juicy read, or the hope that their thoughts about their business may lead the readers to some kind of liberating or motivating catharsis about their own way of seeing things. There are definitely tender moments, like comparing his lady to a seashell that helps him can calculate the earth's orbit, and then it is surprising that he divulges what she says in her sleep. And then there's moments where he writes about needing to think of something to draw for this zine. (JB)
Marc Parker / 2000 NE 42nd Ave. #221 / Portland, OR 97213

BIG HANDS #5 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
I have to admit that I was really impressed by this writing. Each chapter moves the *action* along in the slow, descriptive and contemplative landscape of being sort of lonely, distressed and bored in a small town. But it isn't personal, it isn't obvious, it is carefully crafted and sophisticated. If the writing goes through days not really thinking too much outside oneself, it still expresses a universal remorse for the vacuity of human interactions and the somewhat useless vanity of existence. One thing bothered me, but I could still appreciate the candid confessional nature nonetheless; his view of the women he dates was casually dismissive. If they are disgusting to him then why does he bother with them? Then he wonders why he is always surrounded by men. Hey Aaron, what does *synergistic* mean? (JB)
Aaron Smith / 1104 Imperial Rd. / Cary, NC 27511

CITY TRASH #28 / $?
8.5 x 11 / copied / 40 pgs
The girl in a striped shirt playing a keyboard on the cover of this zine led me to believe that this is a generally lame, garden-variety hipster zine. Man, was I wrong, because this zine is straight up garage punk by way of The Sonics, *Back From the Grave*, Registrators, Teengenerate, etc, something I can get down with any day of the week. I now realize going to school in San Francisco has made me extremely jaded and the saying about judging a book by its cover still rings true. Another attractive feature of this zine is that the author is from Europe, so it gives a different perspective on the aforementioned topics. Bands interviewed include Krontjong Devils, Curlee Wurlee, surf band Mark And The Spies, and The Giant Robots. In terms of the reviews in this zine, they are very helpful if you already like garage and surf and want to hear more that sounds like your old favorites. For me, I had heard of some of the bands mentioned but wasn't sure whether to risk my money on any-



thing-and thanks to this zine, I think I'm better informed. (MJ)
Mark Kuurman / Biezenveld 48 / 7943 Mc Meppel / Holland
citytrash@hotmail.com

COMMUNICATING VESSELS #18 / $3, free if you "cannot afford to pay"
6.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
I doubt I would've looked at this too closely had I chanced upon it somewhere. There's old Yiddish poetry, some writing on Kenneth Rexroth (a radical 20th century poet) and some writing by him, examining Isaac Singer's work. I'm not much for literary criticism, to put it mildly, but this material held my attention and expanded my horizons some. Also included is an interview with Morgan Miller, talking about radical history in the Pacific Northwest. A biography of Joe Hill is reviewed. The editor seems bummed that kids today are all into electronic devices instead of being able to concentrate and read a book. If you are a literary (and/or crotchety) type and this sounds good, check it out. (JM)
3527 NE 15th Ave. #127 / Portland, OR 97211

DIG IT #40 / €4.50
8.5 x 11 – copied – 48 pgs – French
This French garage rock fanzine keeps growing and improving. Issue #40 features extensive interviews with Aussie faves Digger and the Pussycats, The Penetrators (who are in every zine in the world this month), The Gears, and Mary Weiss of the Shangri-Las, to name but a few. There's also in-depth reviews and an interview with the dudes who run two long-standing French punk record stores, Dangerhouse and Armadillo. Lots to read but it's all in French, so start studying! (PC)
c/o Armadillo / 32 Rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / France
www.chez.com/digitfanzine

DOLL #240 / $?
8.5 x 10 – printed – 122 pages – Japanese
Japan's true *Super Rock Magazine*, definitely lives up to that. If you've never seen *DOLL* before, it's really an experience you must have. The cool glossy layout with interspersed coverage of some of your favorite crasher-crusty bands will make most people shit themselves. The fact I can't read Japanese for shit doesn't matter, it's worth it, because of so many pictures, and ads, etc info you can get without needing to read it. Occasional parts in English too. Fortunately I am not as frustrated reading DOLL as I am *Toinen Vaihtoehto* or *Hluboka Orba*, because there is less text and it's more visual. This issue has The Meteors, Ghastly Ones, Pig Destroyer, Açao Direta, WBTD, Post punk kitchen and much more. (NM)
www.doll-mag.co.jp

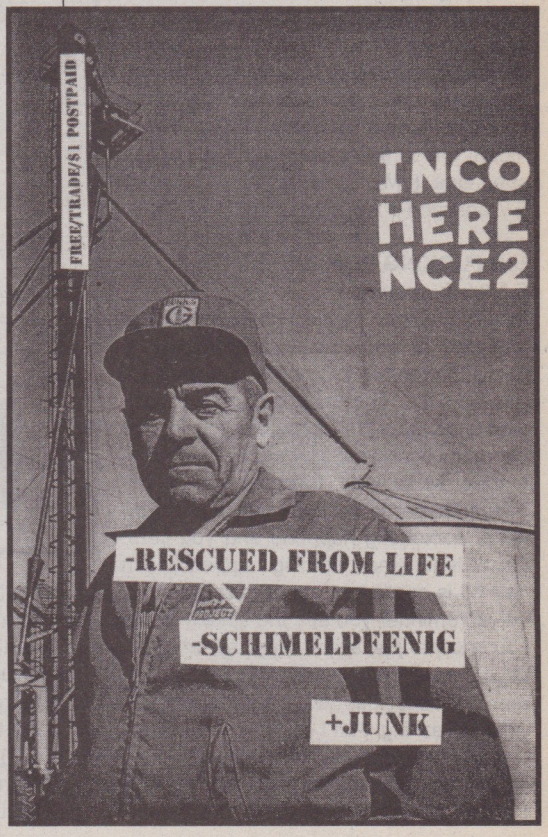
DROPOUT #3 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
What's not to like about a zine with awesome skate pics (mostly pools—fuck yeah!), a rock 'n' roll obsession (a feature on The Boys, and an interesting Penetrators interview) and some Wild West fiction(!)? This is a very readable fanzine with a gritty attitude. I bet they go glossy within a year, though. That's what always seems to happen with any halfway decent skate zine. Get it now and be the coolest kid in the block. (PC)
PO Box 86685 / Portland, OR 97286
myspace.com/dropoutwheels

HLUBOKA ORBA #?
8.5 X 11.5 – printed – 199 pages – Czech
This tome is about enough to make me run to Berlitz and learn Czech. Filip has been doing this magazine since the early '90s I believe and it's really become something special. A fucking slick layout and like a book in thickness, with great artwork. And plus, of course Filip has excellent (crusty) taste (he's in See You In Hell and was in Mrtva Budoucnost, what do you expect!) so that makes it all the more painful there are only bits and pieces I can read. SYIH tour diary, squats in Austria, Guided Cradle tour diary, stuff (apparently?) about Czech history, Bombenalarm, madman Otto Itkonen, Festa Desperado, Smartut Kalol Lavan, and much more. WOW! (NM)
obra@seznam.cz

IF DEATH COMES #4 / 50¢
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
A well-written zine, though nothing I haven't seen before. Tales of train-hopping, drinking coffee, and loitering, in a journal-type format with short entries from other people with similar things to say. If you are into traveling and hopping trains I think you would really appreciate this zine. Great job, more pictures next time. (MP)
Damien / 6265 North St. / Halifax, NS / B3I1P4

INCOHERENCE #2 / Free, trade, $1 ppd
5 1/ 2 x 8 1/2 – copied – 24 pgs
Even if you cross your eyes, this one looks good. The layouts feature layers of cut 'n' paste backgrounds, pleasing the inner child, with cool flyer art and a pinch of poetry by your friend and mine, "Hank the Tank" Bukowski. Uncross the eyes, and you got short but important interviews—one with Clay from Rescued From Life Records in Texas, and Schimelpfenig, a man in Vancouver, WA doing a donation-fed distro in which all proceeds benefit the animals and their rights. Part of the profits are donated to programs assisting survivors of domestic violence. Inspiring! Let us do more of this! *Incoherence* #2 does not live up to its name. Truly an enjoyable read, all the way through the tape and zine reviews in back. How often can you say that anymore? (DS)
A Ford / 622 Seminary-Williamsburg Rd. / Collins, MS 39428

MAGIC SHOES #2 / 1 stamp
4 x 3 / copied / 28 pgs
This is a wannabe Aaron Cometbus/punk Jack Kerouac zine but way, way, lame. The author is a traveling hitchhiker/squatter dude who survives by mooching off his friends and panhan-



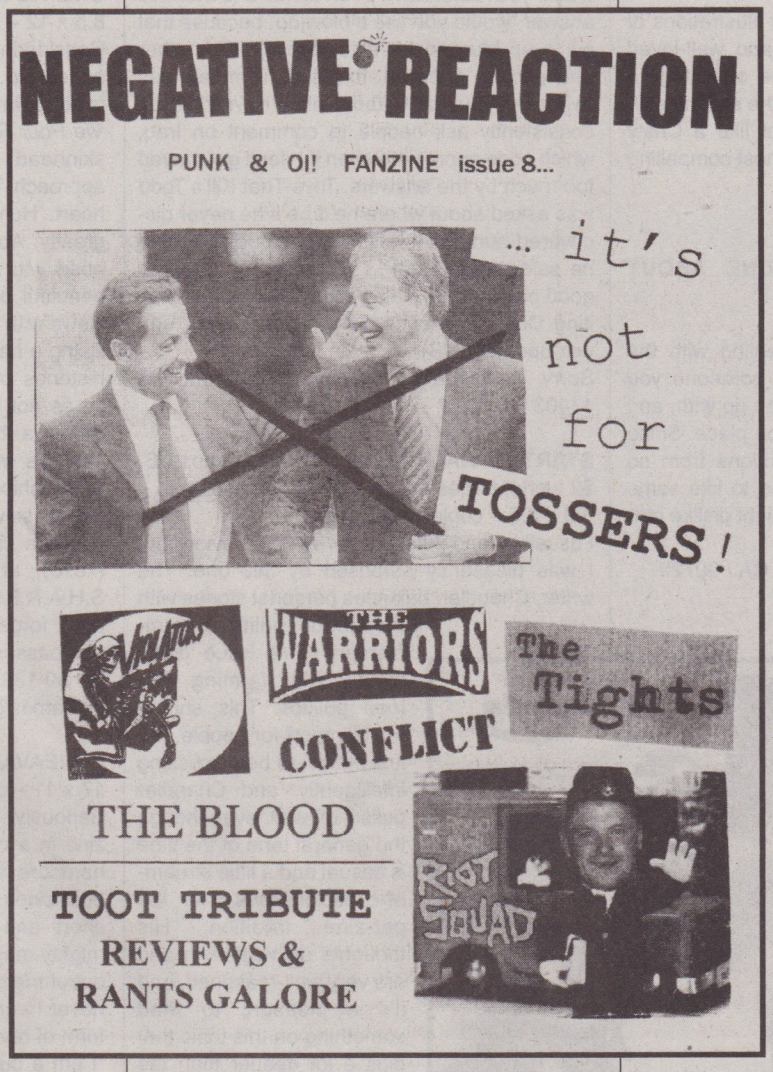
dling through Canada, and this zine is his diary chronicling his daily life. And when I say chronicling, I mean writing about what happens with NO adjectives—the author just lists the events that happen to him like a shopping list. Without a more detailed sense of what is happening within the author's internal dialogue, it makes it impossible for the reader to care about him because you get no sense of who he is and where he wants to go, or for that matter, where he doesn't want to go. This diary relays no journey, beginning, middle, or end, for the author—which makes the encounters he lists boring and pointless. The disappointing thing is that this zine could be really good—if only the author had found a focus. (MJ)
Alex Obnoxious / PO Box 312241 / Halifax, HS / B3K-5Y1 Canada

NAK MUAY / $2, 70 baht, or trade
4.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Using journal-style entries, Matt describes his experiences training in Muay Thai, a style of martial arts originating in Thailand. Some of it is real standard, like telling how he exercised a lot one day. Other stories are more engaging, like his descriptions of pre-fight nervousness, or how he and a companion fought some dude in the street in a road rage incident. I like his philosophy about fighting—that it's dumb to start shit with strangers, as the asshole auto driver found out. His writing is very plain, which I like. I don't relate to the subject matter especially, but I enjoyed reading this anyway. (JM)
Matt Lucas / 1820 Carleton St. / Berkeley, CA 94703
mlucas@angrynerds.com

NEGATIVE REACTION #8 / £3 via PayPal or $6 cash
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 28 pgs
Nice zine here outta the UK. Negative Reaction starts off with some writing of a political nature, mostly focusing on local issues. It's actually amusing how much some of it flies over the head of this Yank: "Next it was the government's new policy of paying OAPs and dole wallahs their money into bank accounts instead of issuing giros, because it would be cheaper to administer." Uh huh... Interviews make up the majority of this zine, and while they're generally above-average, I was kinda bummed that the only bands that got coverage were reunited acts from the '80s—Violators, Riot Squad, The Warriors (a.k.a. The Last Resort), The Tights, The Blood (dude is definitely not stark raving normal), and Conflict. Things wrap up with record, zine, book, and DVD reviews. All in all a good read with a real sense of personality. (CS)
c/o 20 New Front St. / T/Lea / Stanley / Co.Durham / DH9 9LY / England
trevhagl@hotmail.com

NO QUARTER #2 / $4
7.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pages
This is one of the more absorbing zine-reads I've had in a while. An anarchist zine all about pirates and other rapscallions! And mind you this isn't some joke or something, this is a very professionally done, an almost scholarly and historical approach to the subject. Interviews with historians, articles on specific scallywags, book reviews, and more. Most punks are interested in pirates, get the real story here, ya land lubber. (NM)
anarchistpirates.blogspot.com

PROFANE EXISTENCE #52/53 / $10
8.5" x 11" – printed – 164 pgs
Huge double issue of *PE* here. Apparently financial problems delayed the release for awhile, but I would say it was worth the wait—this thick mag is chock-full of interviews, articles, reviews, photos, and more...plus two full-length compilation CDs of political (or just plain ol' anti-social) hardcore punk. With the recent demise of several of the "bigger" punk zines (*HeartattaCk, Punk Planet,* etc.), it's nice to see that *Profane* is still alive and kicking. Now, I'm sure most folks are at least familiar with *PE*. Given its emphasis on politics and its specific range of musical coverage, I'm sure many people already know whether or not they will scoff at or gratefully devour a publication like this, so I'll just say if you're among the latter, this is a very solid issue featuring Nuclear Death Terror, Visions of War, Fall of Efrafa, Signal Lost, The Cooters, Happy Bastards, Skarp, Appalachian Terror Unit, Abductee SD, Chumbawamba (fairly brief but quite interesting interview), Pisschrist, See You In Hell, and the Ungdomshuset squat, plus columns, articles, vegan recipes, and dreads galore. (CS)
PO Box 8722 / Minneapolis, MN 55408
www.profaneexistence.com / pe@profaneexistence.com



RIOT 77 #11 / €3
8 5 x 11 – printed – 52 pgs
Here's another issue of the glossy black & white punk magazine from Ireland that mostly focuses on older iconic punk bands. This issue features interviews with The Briefs, and Deadline. It's got loads of pictures (of New York Dolls, TV Smith of Adverts fame, MDC, Stiff Little Fingers, The Selecter, etc.) and big review section that covers records, books, DVDs and live shows. (AA)
Cian Hynes / 31 St. Patricks Park / Clondalkin, Dublin 22 / Ireland

THE RISE AND THE FALL #10 / $2 ppd, free in LA, no trades
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 56 pgs
Another winner! This is a thoroughly entertaining scene zine covering the San Pedro area, home to the beloved Minutemen (but you knew that). So, as you might expect, their influence is still a force in the lives of greater San P punks and street rats. Issue ten contains a rare treat—Q and A with drummer George Hurley. Down the line you get a history lesson and an interview with Qui, of whose music I have not yet heard, but being a fan of Scratch Acid, I've grown curious (...read interview, learned that a trash talkin' David Yow is in the band). Reports by locals and several more interviews inside:

Matt and Kim, TURTC, Drinker's Purgatory, and then a smattering of editorial and house party details. The old band photo-spread was super tasty. I wish *Lowcard* were more like this…something to strive for, dudes! LLTRATF!!! (DS)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733

RUM LAD #2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pgs
This zine from the UK is mostly illustrations of bands, street-scenes, friends, and well-loved objects. There are some pages of writing in here, but it takes a back seat to the striking stylized drawings. It works, kind of like a Cristy Road zine distilled down to the most compelling elements. (AA)
stevejipwit@hotmail.com

SAVE ME A PLACE: A ZINE ABOUT BREAKUPS #1 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a collaborative zine dealing with the heavy-hearted issues of losing someone you love, breaking up or being broken up with, and moving on or staying in the same place. Since *Save Me a Place* has contributions from so many people, you're guaranteed to like some parts of it just as much as you might dislike others. (CH)
5092 Tripoli Ave / Los Alamitos, CA / 90720
twotonegrl@hotmail.com

SORRY TREES #6 / $1 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
Maybe the most notable content in this still aptly titled zine is the eulogy for Kurt Vonnegut, which is beautiful and concise but which seems to be assembled, not an original piece of writing. That's okay. If I reacted quizzically to the interviews it is because they seemed unprepared. But I do like the question about what would you rather have been asked and then the answer "would you like a blowjob" because that sums up Municipal Waste, doesn't it? Another unexpected question for Butt Trumpet was "what do you think about time travel?" They consistently ask people to comment on Iraq, which I can appreciate even if I don't get moved too much by the answers. Toys That Kill's Todd was asked about where he'd be if he never discovered punk rock (also a good question) and he said "beach bum". I'm not ruining the only good parts. There's also a kid's stories from visiting Central America. And reviews. And, um, war updates. (JB)
Sorry Trees / 818 S. George St. / York, PA 17403

START BY WALKING #2 / $1 or 2 stamps US, $2 world, trades accepted, free to prisoners
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I usually dread getting a per-zine for review, but I was pleasantly surprised by this one. The writer, Chandler, balances personal stories with thoughtful political commentary. This issue deals mostly with farming and food politics. This shit is really import for people, not just punks, to be discussing intelligently, and Chandler pulls it off well, even though the general tone of the zine is casual and a little stream-of-consciousness-y in the per-zine tradition. His thoughts on veganism and are very well-reasoned, and it's a pleasure to read something on this topic that digs a lot deeper than the usual rhetoric. Kudos! (PC)
PO Box 231 / Indianola, WA 98432

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #203 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – Copied – 36 pages – Finnish
Glad to see *T.V.* back and running. Apparently Jantsa, the chief editor of this seminal punk rag since the '80s suffered a brain hemorrhage a couple of months ago which put *T.V.* on hold. Apparently he is doing OK, and cohort Markku is filling in while he recovers. Hope you're doing better Jantsa! On to the mag, *T.V.* is much to me like many international HC mags, in that I can't read it as it's in a language I don't read, but you can glean a ton of information, see awesome pictures, info, etc. Any zine that makes it past issue 200 has to be awesome (cough, cough). (NM)
PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland

UNE VIE POUR RIEN #7 / ?8 ppd
8.5 x 12 – printed – 64 pgs
Considering the price tag, I feel lucky to have ended up with a copy of this fancy French fanzine. In the vein of *Negative Reaction*, *Une Vie Pour Rien* ("A Life For Nothing"?) explores skinhead territory while taking a historical approach. The French zine is not funny, but has heart. Humor-content is where the two differ greatly. Actually, *Une Vie Pour Rien* doesn't need wit. As I said, she is French, contains beautiful photos and sincere (seeming) interviews with English translations—this is serious. Being a hard-working gal myself, I like reading histories of other misunderstood movements, so as not to become another stinking profiler, rather a highly-qualified judge of character. Yes, it's more than fashion, although politics and fashion are friends. So, in this issue you get a slew of interviews from the likes of Camera Silens, Bombardiers, Toro Bravo (xoxo), and Nabat, as well as Hungarian S.H.A.R.P.s Boiler, with no filler… Bite it, but don't forget to chew! It goes down smoother, and passes cleaner too. (DS)
BP 80 138 / 75 623 Paris cedex 13 / France
benjamos@yahoo.com

UPHEAVAL #11 / SASE or $1 world
17 x 11 – copied – 2 pages
Seriously, I haven't been this excited to see a zine in a while. Craig is a longtime worldwide hardcore amigo and *Upheaval* is one of the best zines in the game. Now he's back with a short and sweet newsletter version of the mighty mag. As usual Craig impresses the fuck out of me by finding a ton of killer WWHC I had never heard of, which he mainly covers in the form of reviews this time. A lot packed into this! "I am a punk rocker. Punk is life." Here, here! (NM)
PO Box 301426 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

WELCOME TO FLAVOR COUNTRY #11 / $1-2 or postage.
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
What I'd normally be afraid would amount to a string of corny disconnected creative writing assignments, Kurt pulls off with an impressive ease. In this issue all of the writing is prompted by random phrases cut from magazines. It's conceptually pretty stock, but it results in this really cool mix of personal anecdotes, fiction, opinion, and free association that is somehow more revealing and more intimate than most per-zines. Really cool. (AA)
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WEEKEND NACHOS - "Punish and Destroy" LP - 1st Full length from these awesome Northern Illinois fellows- continues from the 7" and adds a new level of brutality to the mix, one of the years best! LIMITED color wax available.

SECOND OPINION - "Self Titled" ep AND "Youth Revolt" ep repress - Two great 7 inches from this awesome bunch of young guys who blend a few styles of hardcore in 1 band. Some of the best new hardcore out there, combine elements of 80'S east coast bands, Life's Halt and Deadfall.

FUNERAL SHOCK - "3" ep - Three new songs by the super group from the Bay Area, w/ Negative Tom on vox, they still continue to rage.

ANS - "Process of Stoking Out" LP - AMAZING stuff from this Texas skate group. This is their best material yet! Its punk, kind of crossover and skatecore all at once. LIMITED color wax available.

XBRAINIAX/DEAD RADICAL - split ep - Another good fastcore split with the best material yet from both bands! Split w/ Fatalist recs.

STILL OUT & AWESOME-

THEE CANNIBALS -"Suburban Sex" EP-3 AWESOME tunes from this So Cal punk group. HC punk meets garage. Great stuff!

DECONDITIONED - 2 song ep - Still a few of this AMAZING ep left! Quirky and unique hardcore, like later Flag or Scratch Acid.

IN THE FUTURE--

THE CATBURGLARS-"You May Be Dumb, But I Don't Care" EP-Chicago's finest and their AMAZING 2ND EP!

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH- "Goatmeal" 5 inch-split w/ Chainsaw to the Face 10"-awesome fastcore from Idaho!

MODERN MACHINES-untitled EP-more of the same great basement punk from 'Milwaukee's Best'!

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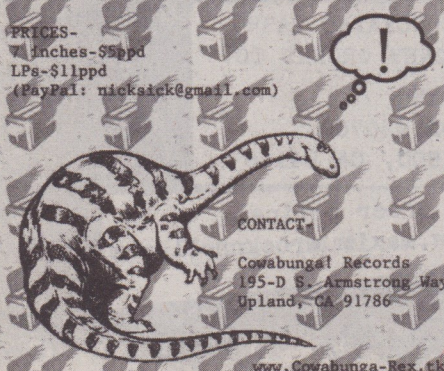

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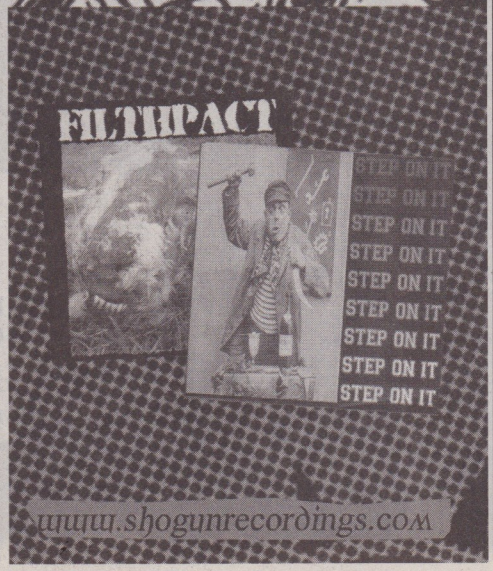

924 GILMAN

AUGUST

Friday 17 $6
Trainwreck Riders • Pinehill Haints (AL)
Abi Yo Yo's • Shakey Bones • Zomo

Saturday 18 $6 DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Resistant Culture (L.A.) • Under Pressure (CAN)
Eskapo • Masacre • Guillotine Youth
Mark Bruback (WA) (spoken word)

Sunday 19 FREE
10AM
ELECTRONICS SWAP MEET

Friday 24 $7
GG Elvis & TCP Band (L.A.) • The Abuse
Dcoi • Lab Disaster • Knuckle Puck

Saturday 25 $6
Moral Decay (IL) • In Disgust
Self Inflicted • Kuru

Sunday 26 $7 5PM SHOW
Look Back & Laugh • Government Warning (VA)
Wasted Time (VA) • Nightstick Justice

Friday 31 $7 DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Ludicra • Word Salad (NM) (reunion)
Wormwood (WA) • Embers • Drain The Sky

SEPTEMBER

Saturday 01 $7
Allegiance • Set It Straight (Last Show)
SBV (S.D.) • Down Again • Scarred To Death

Sunday 02 $5 5PM SHOW
Pat and the Class Struggle
T.B.A.

Friday 07 $7
MDC (OR) • Instant Asshole • Violation
Violent Outrage (O.C.) • Non Existence

Saturday 08 $6
Rock N' Roll Adventure Kids
Traditional Fools • Les Hormones • Dreamdate

Friday 14 $7
Dr. Know (L.A.) • Circle One (L.A.)
Zero Bullshit • Taint • The Schizos

Saturday 15
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Embryonic Devourment

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APERTA LA DANZA is the first album of La Ghenga Del Fil Di Ferro, which will be available starting from June 2007. The CD contains eleven tracks and a mini-poster inside. This work was recorded, remixed, and mastered at the end of Summer 2006 in Putrido Records' studios in an atmosphere of passion and delirium. After seven months of never-ending problems we finally succeeded in giving birth to this important part of us.

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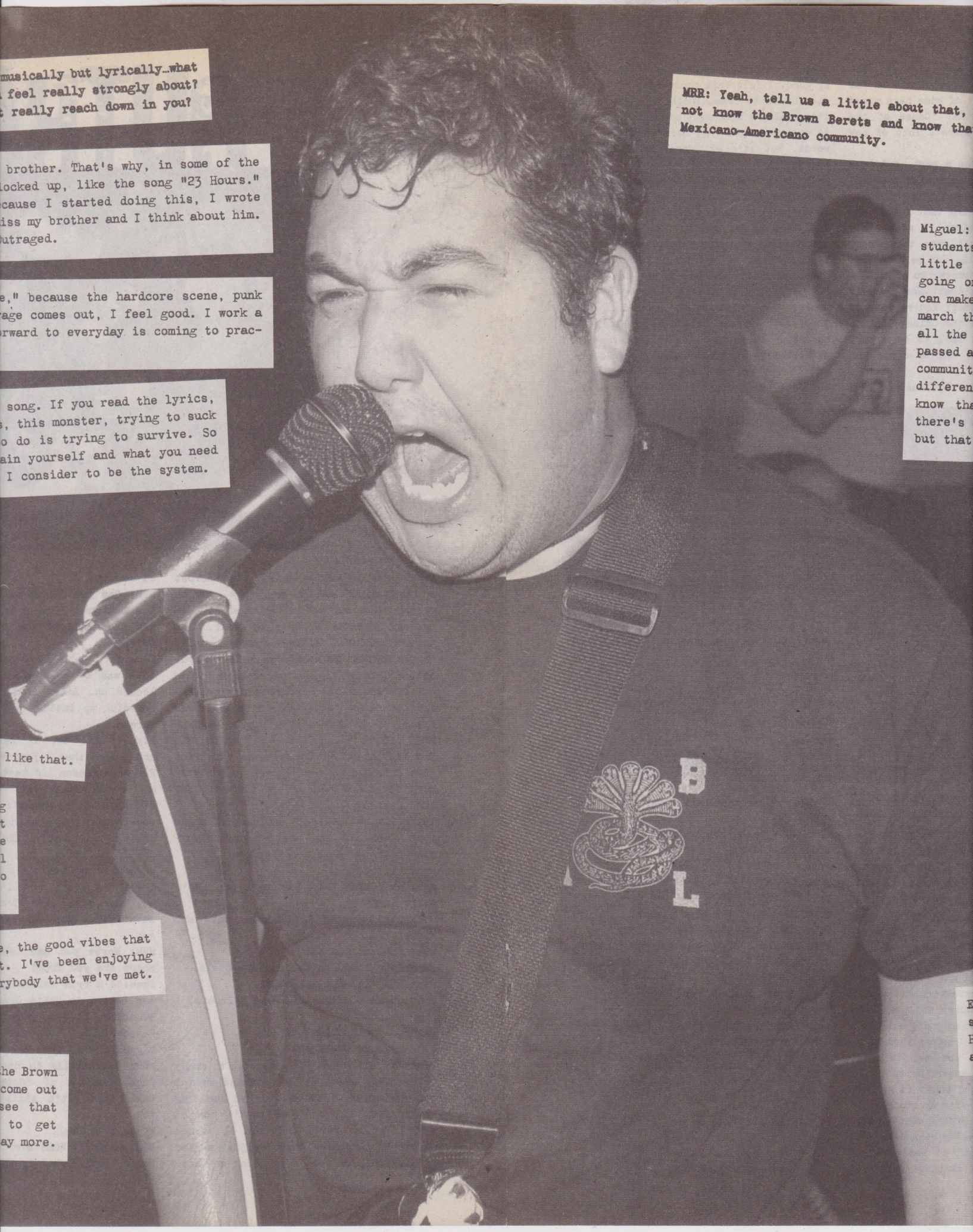

musically but lyrically...what
feel really strongly about?
really reach down in you?

brother. That's why, in some of the
locked up, like the song "23 Hours."
cause I started doing this, I wrote
iss my brother and I think about him.
utraged.

e," because the hardcore scene, punk
age comes out, I feel good. I work a
rward to everyday is coming to prac-

song. If you read the lyrics,
, this monster, trying to suck
o do is trying to survive. So
ain yourself and what you need
I consider to be the system.

like that.

g
t
e
l
o

e, the good vibes that
t. I've been enjoying
rybody that we've met.

he Brown
come out
see that
to get
ay more.

MRR: Yeah, tell us a little about that,
not know the Brown Berets and know tha
Mexicano-Americano community.

Miguel:
students
little
going o
can make
march th
all the
passed a
communit
differen
know tha
there's
but that